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RT. REV. JOHN T. MURPHY, C. S. Sp., D. D.
BISHOP OF PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS
PRESIDENT OF PITTSBURGH COLLEGE, 1886—1899

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXIV.

OCTOBER, 1916.

Number I.

Our Former President Made a Bishop.

THE University is proud to record the elevation to the episcopal dignity of one of her former presidents. On Sunday, August 13, 1916, in the pro-cathedral, Marlboro Street, Dublin, the RIGHT REV. JOHN T. MURPHY, C. S. SP., D. D., was consecrated Bishop of Port Louis, Mauritius. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, performed the solemn rite, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Mangan, Bishop of Kerry, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. Several other bishops and a very large and distinguished body of the clergy attended, as well as an immense concourse of the laity. A most eloquent sermon for the occasion was preached by the Right Rev. George Ambrose Burton, Bishop of Clifton, England, who made his first visit to Ireland to participate in the ceremonies of the day by which an old and valued friend was raised to the episcopate. We are happy to be able to give below some of the most striking passages of Dr. Burton's beautiful discourse, culled from the pages of the *Irish Catholic*. In his far-off mission, the newly-consecrated bishop succeeds the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bilsborrow, O. S. B., who has been promoted to the recently erected archiepiscopal see of Cardiff, Wales.

Bishop Murphy, as we must henceforth accustom ourselves to call him, held for thirteen eventful years the important office of President of Pittsburgh College, which has since become Duquesne University. We feel sure that a brief sketch of his career will prove of interest to the readers of the MONTHLY at the present moment.

Born in the diocese of Kerry in 1854, John Toohill Murphy made brilliant studies in Blackrock College, Dublin. After his graduation in 1872, he was assigned to active and responsible work in connection with the Society's college in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.

His ordination took place in Paris in 1878 and was followed by his profession as a member of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost.

In September, 1878, he was appointed director of studies in Rockwell College, Tipperary, and then, by his splendid talents and wonderful spirit of organization, gave a new impetus to that progressive college under the recently organized intermediate system of education established in Ireland by the government. From a simple country college Rockwell at once bounded to the front rank among the great institutions of learning in Ireland, sharing honors with her sister college, Blackrock. During this time Father Murphy's zeal for the spiritual welfare of countless parishes and religious communities became known throughout the length and breadth of Ireland.

After eight years of apostolic and educational work in Rockwell he was called, in September, 1886, to a larger sphere of action, and was appointed president of Pittsburgh College of the Holy Ghost.

The College had just completed its eighth year, and possessed little more than its new building and a monumental debt. The new president gave himself with indomitable zeal to the task of placing the school on a solid basis, of raising its standard of instruction, and of transforming, magic-like, an unsightly hill-side covered with unsightlier tenements, into a large and beautiful campus, the envy of all the recreation-loving youth of Pittsburgh, and the special pride of the steadily-increasing student-body. It was he that gave a new impulse to the study of the physical sciences, and established the well-equipped chemical and physical laboratories. To nurture and develop sound literary taste, love of historic research, right methods of thinking and arguing, and effective self-expression, both oral and written, he enlarged and furnished the library; he established the debating societies and the College *Bulletin*, predecessor of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY. It was during his incumbency that the present beautiful Gothic chapel and the entertainment hall were begun. His accomplishments as a scholar and teacher came to be known outside the scholastic precincts, and the fame of his eloquence in the pulpit

and on the lecturer's platform spread far beyond the limits of the city and diocese of Pittsburgh.

During the summer of 1899 Father Murphy was called away to assume charge of the flourishing college of Blackrock, where, in the short space of five years, he duplicated the triumphs he had won in America. In the winter of 1904 he was appointed superior of the Congregation's first house in England, Prior Park, near Bath, where he enjoyed the acquaintance and distinguished friendship of the Bishop of Clifton, Rt. Rev. Dr. Burton. The Catholic Students' Association of Oxford University honored him with an invitation to deliver a series of conferences during the summer of 1906. His learned and pious addresses justified their choice, and enhanced his reputation amongst a constantly enlarging circle of friends and admirers.

In the fall of the same year his superiors confided to him the arduous and varied duties of Superior of the American Province. He was welcomed back to the United States; and whilst fostering the works of the Congregation for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, he found time himself to give some notable Lenten courses and several remarkable series of lectures. It was during his administration that the buildings of the Holy Ghost Apostolic College at Cornwells Heights, Pa., were erected—the college in 1907 and the chapel in 1910.

Considerations of health obliged Father Murphy to return to Ireland in 1910. He arrived at a moment when Father Lawrence Healy's term of office as Provincial had expired; and he was at once chosen to fill it, though still suffering from the illness he had contracted in America. Chief among his works during this period were the extension of the Irish missionary band's labors to the United States, and the foundation of the novitiate and theological seminary at Kimmage Manor, Dublin.

It was only as recently as the 15th of January of the present year, as our readers will recall, that the Holy Father, by a *motu proprio*, conferred on Father Murphy the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology, in recognition of his distinguished services to the Church by tongue and pen.

At the consecration of Bishop Murphy, Rt. Rev. Dr. Burton spoke in part as follows:

"Hear the word of the Lord, ye Gentiles, and tell it in the islands that are afar off; and say, He that scattered Israel shall

gather him, and shall keep him as a shepherd keepeth his flock."
—(Jer. xxx, 1).

Grander in our eyes than any pageant of earth, and graver in its solemn import, is the rite wherewith the Catholic Church consecrates her Bishops. The scene enacted before us, in all its

Simple, yet elaborate, splendor, lifts us out of the dull round of our daily lives, and carries us back up the arches of the years to the day when the Holy Ghost said: "Set apart Saul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have called them." Heaven itself seems to open, and that same Spirit who once came down with the sound of a mighty wind and in tongues of fire upon the Apostles glides down with no less potency upon one of their successors. . . .

He has been added to the eleven, and in conjunction with the rest of the Catholic Episcopate possesses the gift of the truth, that saving truth, which within his allotted sphere he is bidden to "preach to every creature." When he carries out his sublime errand, in his journeyings to and fro, the Spirit of Truth, the Dove from on high, and the Angels of Peace will attend him.

The Bishop is equipped for the work of propagating and ruling the Church of God. He, in his own right, and as no one's delegate, gives the Holy Ghost in the Sacrament of Confirmation, in that of Holy Orders, he consecrates other Bishops, and multiplies, like the shoots of the olive tree, the ministers that are to stand and serve at the altar of God. He imparts to those ministers a share in his own power of the Keys, and if they bind and loose they bind and loose dependently on him. To him rather than to them the flock belongs. To him that flock owes reverence, obedience, and loving trust in the fullest measure; for he is not their Shepherd and Father in God, and are not they his "crown and his joy"? No bond can be closer than their binding Bishop and people in one. The sheep are his very own; he knows them by name; he goes before them, and they listen to his voice, and look to him to protect them from the fangs of the prowling wolf. Union with him means unity in the faith, and unity in worship and common action. . . .

You, my Lord Bishop, upon whom the Holy Ghost has just poured out and emptied the horn of the priesthood's grace, belong to a race that has known both how to gather and to keep. No need for me to remind you of your countrymen's achieve-

ments in the fields of missionary enterprise in those remote days when Ireland was in the van of art and learning; when Columba, and Columbanus, and Aidan, Gallus, and Fridolin, and Fursey and Kilian, and so many others carried the light of the Gospel from your isle, and spread it over Western Europe, leaving traces of their labors that endure to this present day. Neither need I point to you how during the long dark night which lowered over your land, and which all of us fondly hope will soon be dissipated for ever, men and women driven from their homes on the green hills of Erin to seek their very livelihood abroad took with them, as the only possession left them, the bright torch of the faith, and handed on the sacred fire which now flames on a thousand beacons in every portion of the globe.

You belong to a congregation, which, though comparatively modern, marches abreast with the older pioneers of the gospel. The zeal of Fathers Desplaces and Libermann, your twin founders, has borne fruit surpassingly abundant. Let America and the islands that are afar off bear witness to their sons' heroism. Above all, let darkest Africa speak, where during the last sixty years no fewer than seven hundred of your congregation have fallen victims to their love for the poor heathen. That touching scene, the death of Francis Xavier on his lonely isle, has been described by many a preacher, and has moved many an audience to tears, but in its main features, in the fatigue, and the fever, and the pain, in the stillness and the peace, and the rapture, that scene has many a time been re-enacted in the death-bed of numbers of your fathers. To them, under God, has it been owing that in many a barbarous and neglected wild, that lay in darkness and the shadow of death, where it was once said: 'Ye are not my people,' they they are now called the sons of the living God. Thanks under God to them, the desert is clothed with bloom and has grown fat, and the once barren hills are now girt around with gladness.

More than this, too, such has been the success that has marked your congregation's labors, and with such energy and careful training do you prepare your members for their arduous and apostolic calling in Rome, in Paris, in Ireland, in America, and elsewhere, that in vast tracts of territory the Holy See has confided the welfare of the Catholic faith to your keeping. You administer now no fewer than ten prefectures and nine vicariates in close dependence upon the Roman Pontiff, while, what is far

more, in three duly constituted sees your fathers have been appointed ordinary rulers. Thus your congregation not only gathers through its missionaries, but keeps through its Bishops.

To this double work you, my Lord, are now called, and I will make bold to say, despite any pain it may cause you, that you bring to this work gifts and advantages which are, of course, all from God, but which He of His bounty has made over to you, and which are, in a very true sense, yours. Yours is the true missionary spirit to which you early vowed yourself. Yours have been long years of training, training both of yourself and of others, and yours is an acquaintance with the details of missionary work and organization such as few possess. Superiorship in religion has long been yours—but you have also an intimate knowledge of the duties and trials as well as of the consolations of a Bishop's life. Nor, though your course is bound for the islands that are afar off, is your lot to be cast among strangers. The brethren of your own congregation await you there in goodly numbers, the worthy successors of Father Laval, the Peter Claver of Mauritius, and as hitherto they have worked well under the wise and kind rule of the English monks of St. Benedict, so will they work well under yours. With these your brethren, and indeed with your whole loyal flock, priests and people, you will find yourself at once most thoroughly at home.

The island of Mauritius, whose capital city, Port Louis, is to be the see of Bishop Murphy, is 9,000 miles from his home in Ireland. It is a British colony lying in the Indian Ocean, about six hundred miles east of Madagascar, and nearly at the antipodes of Mexico City. It has an area of 705 square miles, whose hilly surface produces sugar, rice and coffee in abundance. The island was discovered by the Portuguese in 1505. During the seventeenth century it was held by the Dutch; during the eighteenth, by the French; and since the beginning of the nineteenth, by the English. Though there is a strong native element, Mauritius is largely French and Catholic in population. Its dependencies, over which Bishop Murphy's jurisdiction likewise extends, are the widely separated islands of Rodriguez, Diego Garcia and the Seychelles.

Progress and the Home.

IN this age of material progress there is a tendency to overlook the invisible elements that underlie its great achievements.

We see the towering structures, the ever-glowing mills, the mighty stretches of railroads, and we are proud of their immensity. The eagle-visioned inventor, the many-sided scientist, the gifted statesman, we honor and admire. We scan their features; we observe their gestures, but do not penetrate their character. So, with nations, we look at their marvelous progress but fail to examine the invisible underlying cause.

Occasionally, however, there comes before the public a man unaffected by this materialism of our age. A "high-brow", he is subtle and learned. He delves into this mysterious problem of progress. Sifting and sorting with uncanny precision, he at length reaches a conclusion. And what is his verdict? In accord with common sense he pronounces the home to be the beginning, the basis, the essential condition of progress.

The home is the first of human institutions. It is the natural temple of God. The Almighty Himself instituted it, and raised it to the eminence of sanctity. Now, God wastes no energy. He had a purpose in view in establishing the family. What therefore was this divine intent? Obviously, none other than the end of man, which is the attainment of truth, virtue and happiness.

His inevitable *fiat* prevails. In the home the child receives those first impressions which mold its character and shape its destiny. There the mind begins to develop. Peering into the glowing fire the child wonders, and seeks an explanation from its mother. The wild flowers that bloom in the garden and on the roadside awaken the aesthetic sense. The beasts that prowl or serve, and the fluttering birds that migrate and return, are a stimulus to unconscious study as he advances in age. The stars that twinkle far above the parental roof spur his imagination to increasing activity. In a word, all nature unfolds itself to him before his own home. And only in the home can he find sympathetic answers to his myriad questionings.

The home itself is a treasury of noble sentiments. Whether in pagan regions or in Christian climes, it is an object of reverence and devotion. There the happiest days of life are spent. There youth is trained in the way of virtue and goodness. He is told of God and the purpose of this life. He is disciplined in obedience and self-control. He is taught to respect authority and curb his awakening passions. Insofar as he masters these lessons, in the same measure may he expect to attain success in after life.

But the influence of the home does not end here. Even when the youth has gone out into the world, burning with ardor and ambition, the home retains a most important prerogative. The world is very unappreciative; it is cold and selfish; and oft, before its icy gales, enthusiasm is exposed to wither and perish. It is given to the home alone to offset this otherwise fatal influence. The mutual sympathy and encouragement that exists among the members of the family keeps alive the fire of ambition when the flame is dim and flickering. The stoic homes of Sparta were lacking in sympathy: they were also lacking in that marvelous culture, that intellectual progress, which made Athens the most progressive nation of ancient times.

Here then is the incentive to progress. Here, in the home, is the unquenchable fire that gives the dreamer courage to pursue his elusive vision—the scholar, his unshared conviction—till each attains the golden glow of realization. In the words of the poet Longfellow,

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought.

All the social activities of man have their origin in the home. The science of government and the principles of economics are there developed. Domestic needs control commerce directly, and indirectly, every industry.

In the intellectual world, every production reflects the home-life. Whether a man's talent finds its outlet in prose or poetry, music, painting or sculpture, the character of the individual which is the result of home training is visible to the close observer. Likewise, great statesmanship and noble patriotism, nay great sanctity and priestly and apostolic vocations, may be almost invariably traced back to ideal home environment. But when the home influence is absent or is vicious, the fact is manifested in one's work. For then it is not progressive; it tends not to the threefold end of man—truth, virtue and happiness.

We of modern times are wont to pride ourselves upon our progressiveness. But are we in truth progressive? Do we as a whole advance towards perfection? The home in many cases is no longer the center of human gravitation. Our hotels and restaurants are crowded with diners. The caterer, the laundry and the factory have usurped household worries. Wives delve in politics; husbands seek divorces.

Fortunately, there are some who still have that old-fashioned reverence for the home and are not touched by the folly of the

age. They "observe the ancient custom"; they watch over their children and bring them up in the fear and love of God. Such homes are the salvation of our age; they are the gyroscopes that preserve the stability of nations. From them alone spring the inventors, the scientists, the thinkers, the missionaries, the promoters of progress, the real benefactors of the world.

Briefly we have shown the necessity of the home to progress. The two are cause and effect; they cannot be separated. The home, in fine, is the radiant from which emanates the light of material, of mental and of spiritual progress.

DENNIS J. MULVIHILL, '18.



Autumnal Dirge.

THROUGH Nature's fane are heard the moans
Of melancholy undertones,
For Summer's charms are laid to rest
And folded to Earth's mother-breast.

Autumnal gloom broods o'er the land:
The wind-swept trees all shivering stand
Outlined against a murky sky,
And leafy carpets round them lie.

Upon their choir-arches light
The summer chanters in their flight,
And plaintive lamentations trill
Against the coming Winter's chill.

No sun-kissed flowers bloom to cheer
And brighten up the darkening year:
But Death will yield to phoenix Birth
And Spring again return to earth.

—GEORGE BILINNE.

The School of Social Service.

ON the 17th of this month there will be inaugurated by Duquesne University the School of Social Service. This School is intended for people engaged in business, for men and women engaged in any kind of charity work, especially that of visiting dependent families, for young men who aspire to study in the seminary, for those whose interest it is that the families under their charge should reach a normal standard of economic comfort—and finally for those of the general public who are interested in the working of the different charitable institutions of the city and of the broad social movements in which they have to take a not unimportant part.

The School will make a practical and a theoretical study of the most important sociological problems. First, lectures will be given by experts from the leading philanthropical institutions of the city. Secondly, a course of practical field work will unfold to the student the methods of collecting and tabulating data, of acquiring and interpreting evidence, and of handling the technique of treatment. Thirdly, a class will be held in regular sociological theory, studying the nature of society, the laws of its activity and development, and such sociological factors as imitation, conventionality, the craze and the fad.

Some of the problems of sociology are obvious even to the casual observer. The boys that pass through the Juvenile Delinquents' Court, the unfortunate inmates of our city and county jails, the great number of persons who, without any fault of their own, find themselves destitute of employment, and the large number of families in so many parishes and districts that are below the normal standard of living,—all these and other classes of delinquents or dependents have a constant claim on our attention, study and service. If, on the other hand, we pass by the further side of the road, not only is injury inflicted on the sufferer, but positive harm, both moral and physical, is visited on society at large.

The study of the social organism, however, does not mean a detached and an exclusive attention to the diseases or abnormalities of society. In the same way as botany deals not only with parasitism and the diseases of plants, but also with the normal life of plants, so sociology deals not only with vice, poverty and crime, but also with the normal life of society. In our times, more than ever in the past, there is urgent need of such a general

study of society. Never till our own times has legislation been so dependent on sound sociological theory. Never has national prosperity or contentment so much depended upon the presence of a school of thinkers who have clear and definite ideas on sociological problems, and until there is such a school, legislation can only grope its way along step by step, unable to look far ahead, and, therefore, dealing only with this or that particular crisis which occurs at this or that particular moment. Sound sociological theory is the only illuminant that can cast its beams into the far future and can bring about legislation of a solid and permanent character. It is evident, therefore, that to confine one's attention merely to the philanthropical aspects of sociology means, not only that merely a fractional part of the required work is being done, but that even this fractional part is done weakly and badly owing to the neglect of larger problems with which it is connected, and upon whose solution its own solution also depends.

Just one moment's attention to the clamorous questions that besiege the ear on all sides will soon convince us that certain vital national problems are impossible of solution without the aid of sound sociological principles. Such questions as "How far can emigration be controlled and influenced so as to affect beneficially the general standard of living of the worker?" "How much of labor agitation can be ascribed to a real grievance, and how much to social suggestion and imitation?" "Is there necessarily any warfare between the two classes of the 'haves' and the 'have-nots'?" can be answered only by one who has gone through a sound course of sociology.

The study of sociological theory is absolutely imperative. Without the sound idea, there can be no corresponding sane course of action. Ideas have brought about all the great happenings in the great world of humanity, and they will continue to do so, as long indeed as lasts the great entangled drama of human lives. On the converse side, there is no theory more disastrous than the assertion that "theory does not count." Such false assertions are but the homage that indolence or prejudice pays to darkness. A person who listens to the siren voice of such errors is liable to become a prey to any or all of the false sociological theories that appear so numerous in print, that are sometimes proclaimed so vociferously in the streets, and that, if not contradicted by the opposite sound theory, will lead to unjust and pernicious legislation of every description. The

saviour of society, the really valuable citizen and voter, is undoubtedly he who is endowed with sound sociological principles so as to elect the man, and vote the measure, that will be of the greatest good to society.

It is indeed very desirable that the public as well as the charity visitor should know something about the various philanthropical agencies in Pittsburgh and its vicinity. Families below the normal, as well as certain cases of private distress, present distinct types for study and demand corresponding methods of treatment. In one family, for instance, there might be found a case for the Juvenile Court; in another, a case for the truant officer, and, in another, a case for the psychopathic ward where patients are treated whose mentality, though not quite diseased, is such that they are positively unable to adjust themselves to their surroundings. Still other types of dependent families might occur. Perhaps in them there might arise the necessity of communicating with the officer of health, or with the inspector of factories. Now, if the charity visitor or even the next door neighbor were acquainted with the nature and working of the different philanthropic agencies of the city, not only would he be of considerable concrete use, but the virtue of charity itself, the most necessary of all the virtues, would become more perfected, being practised according to knowledge.

Contrary to this view of the value of what goes by the name of philanthropy, one sometimes hears the disparaging remark that our fellow creatures are thus analyzed and classified in the most cold-blooded way as though they were only members of the plant, or of the brute, creation. Such criticism indeed might be true of one who has no true charity or sympathy in his heart and girds himself to his task with the cold, chilly air of the supposed professional scientist. But this is against our hypothesis. We are speaking of persons who want to do good to their unfortunate neighbors, and whose only wish is to act, not blindly, but according to knowledge. Incredible as it may seem, there are still some who seem to think that all that is necessary is to bring to the needy family a basket of provisions, forgetting the warning of St. Basil that he who gives alms in this indiscriminate way (without analysing and classifying), merely to satisfy importunity, may incur condemnation rather than approval. The whole question then is simple—"Are we going to try to benefit our neighbor wisely or unwisely?"

There is yet another consideration connected with the study of private distress. Underneath these cases there is very often a community problem. Indeed, most of the community problems that rise from improper housing, bad systems of feeding, and abuses of child labor, have been brought to the public attention by what has been observed, tabulated, and condensed into a mass of accumulative evidence, by trained charity visitors, acting in unison and cooperating together. Catholics will perhaps remember that for them it is a matter of obedience to authority to take up the study of such community problems, for, according to the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and of Pius X, it is the duty of Catholics to study carefully and, with the spiritual, mental and physical resources at their disposal, to take their proper share in remedying, the condition of the poorer classes, and especially to remove circumstances of injustice that are the general causes of poverty.

In one word, charity and social service are not merely private or passive virtues. They are social and active. They insist that he who can, should try to know and understand the society in which he lives, so that, as far as his fellow creatures are concerned, his passage through the world may not have been in vain.

Such, in general words, is the character and purpose of the School of Social Service. Among those secured to give lectures are the following, whose names alone are a guarantee of its success: REV. J. A. DEWE, Litt. D., President of the Diocesan Commission of Labor, Dean of the Department of Sociology, *Lecturer on Social Theory*; REV. THOMAS DEVLIN, LL.D., Catholic Associated Charities, *Lecturer on Different Types of Dependent Families*; DR. THEODORE DILLER, Psychopathic Ward of St. Francis Hospital, *Lecturer on the Mentally Defective*; HONORABLE JAMES B. DREW, *Lecturer on Juvenile Delinquency*; MR. THOMAS DUNN, Referee, 8th District Workingmen's Bureau of Pennsylvania, *Lecturer on the Working of the Compensation Law*; DR. J. F. EDWARDS, Director of Public Health, *Lecturer on the Food, Clothing and Housing of the Working Man*; MR. FRANCIS FEEHAN, State Inspector of Labor, *Lecturer on the Wage Conditions of the Workingman*; REV. P. A. McDERMOTT, C. S. Sp., Ph. D., *Lecturer on Social Problems Connected with the Family*; MR. J. O'CONNOR, Representative of the Child Labor Association, *Lecturer on the Conditions of Child Labor*; HONORABLE AMBROSE B. REID, LL.D., *Lecturer on Penology*; MR. SAMUEL

K. THOMPSON, Superintendent of the State Bureau of Employment, *Lecturer on the Causes of Unemployment and Its Remedies*; HONORABLE WILLIAM A. WAY, LL.D., *Lecturer on the Work of the Pittsburgh Court of Juvenile Delinquents*; MRS. JOHN H. BRICKER, President, Consumers' League of Western Pennsylvania, *Lecturer on the Education of the Consumer*; A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PARTING OF THE WAYS HOME, *Lecturer on Certain Aspects of Criminology*.

The Right Rev. Bishop, in a letter addressed to the Very Rev. President, September 6, bestowed his hearty approval on the new school in the following terms:

I am gratified to know that Duquesne University is about to open a school of practical social service in the Department of Sociology. It is one of the most important additions that could be made to the course of social science, and will afford to intelligent men and women the opportunity that many have desired to study the social problems of the day and prepare themselves to better fulfill their part in helping to solve them. It is no exaggeration to say that no one is prepared for proper fulfillment of the duties of any kind of active charitable or social service among the people, without study and knowledge of the subjects and problems which are now to be considered in the School of Social Service of Duquesne University. I heartily approve of the School and trust that many young men and women will avail themselves of the opportunities which it offers.

Yours sincerely,

† REGIS CANEVIN.





Are You a Patriot?

PROBABLY no other word, except religion, has been more abused and misused than the sacred word "patriotism".

As the test of religion is love of God and devotion to His children, so also the measure of patriotism is love towards one's country, and service rendered to its citizens. And as many "religions" fail to show the fruits that all veritable religion should yield, so much of modern "patriotism" proves to be a sham when the test is applied.

Some moralists have condemned patriotism as pure egoism, somewhat magnified and disguised. Speaking of patriotism Ruskin says "It is an absurd prejudice founded on an extended selfishness." Another calls it "a virtue only among the barbarians." These critics made the mistake of judging human sentiments by their roots instead of by their fruits. "The right patriotism," says Emerson, "consists in the delight which springs from contributing our peculiar and legitimate advantage to the benefit of humanity."

Patriotism has two sources, the love of country and the love of home. The former is applicable to the entire mass of mankind that compose a nation, the latter reposes in a narrower circle. The love of home is a gentler and a more spiritual bond than the duty that binds one to his fatherland. The word home is associated with all that makes life enjoyable. There the youth begins his cheerful existence, and there age hopes to find comfort in its declining years.

The loyal and unselfish concern of all men in all ages for the welfare of their country may justly be called a virtue. In all human life there is nothing greater and more ennobling than self-forgetting sacrifice—the yielding up of personal advantages for the benefit of others.

Patriotism is as ancient as the human race itself; it existed in a most ardent form among the Jewish people. In the Pentateuch we are told of the sufferings and trials, sins

and glories of a great and truly patriotic people. It is recorded how eagerly they awaited the day when they should be delivered from the Egyptians, and how passionately they longed for their native land during the Babylonian captivity, for all this meant home and freedom. This desire for "the dear home land" was so intense as to become an absorbing passion, and was the prime motive in making the Jews so formidable against their adversaries.

As it was with the Jews, so it was elsewhere. In Greece, history records the bravery of Leonidas and his valiant three hundred at Thermopylae; the love of country variously shown by Themistocles, Pericles, and the heroes of Marathon, Salamis and Plataea. The honor of Rome was upheld by the gallantry of Horatius and Regulus, and by the true patriotic spirit of the noble Cincinnatus, the Scipios and the Gracchi.

These and a countless host of others might be named and numbered among those who have voluntarily endured every suffering, even death itself, for their native land, as a mark and demonstration of the power of patriotism.

But in the life of nations there is no romance so compelling, none so full of self-sacrifice, heroism and human suffering as the story of our own American Republic. It is a magnetic drama set amid variegated scenes. Great and good men come upon the stage of patriotic human action, and play their parts before the portals are closed and the play ends. In the very foundation of this Republic, during its long struggle for independence, and later on in its efforts to preserve its unity, the true lineaments of patriotism are everywhere apparent. Numerous instances can be found where life-blood was freely offered, and all for the one cause,—the fatherland. Nathan Hale, in regretting that he had only one life to offer for his country, truly portrayed his enduring love and willing self-immolation for the cause and the country he so proudly defended.

But of all the great men who have aided in working out the destinies of the republic, and whose lives fill the brightest pages of the history of the nation, none have better right to be called true patriots than our two greatest Presidents, Washington and Lincoln—the former, the founder of this great nation, good and wise, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"; the latter, the gentle, the kind and merciful, whose character is fittingly expressed in these sublime words: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in

the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are engaged in."

Patriotism should pertain to the whole of public life, not merely to that narrow part of it which is chiefly associated with the idea of bloodshed.

Careful questioning would probably elicit the opinion from a majority of American children, that patriots are only those who by means of arms, have attained glory on the field of battle. They deem it more honorable to perish amid the clash of bayonets than faithfully to serve one's country in time of peace.

This should not be. Good citizenship should be irradiated and exalted as the largest and noblest part of patriotism. It may be that we have our worst enemies yet to fight, and unless the youth of to-day is taught a truer meaning of patriotism, the insidious foe within our midst may draw our life-blood ere this generation has passed away.

In the distant future we may reasonably hope that patriotism will be a sentiment like the loyalty which binds a man to his *Alma Mater*, an affection purged of all malice and jealousy, an incentive to all honorable conduct, an infinite potency for doing good.

There are, after all, few shows of emotion of which one has less reason to be ashamed than the little lump in the throat, which the returning American tourist feels when, sailing up the bay, he beholds the burning light of the Goddess of Liberty, welcoming him back to peace, quiet, rest and home.

FREDERICK C. MALEY, '17.



Hopefulness.

SUN of golden Autumn
 Sets o'er meadows sere.
 Soon will winds of Winter
 Sweep o'er land and mere.

Cloudlets sail the heavens
 Tinged with golden rays,
 Melt in misty purples,
 Vanish in the haze.

Faded petals scatter
Where the roses bloom;
Moods of buoyant gladness
Yield to cheerless gloom.

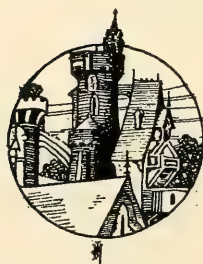
Memories of Springtime
Bide beneath the leaves:
Summer's fairy freshness
Weeping willow grieves.

'Neath the silent woodland
Summer gardens die;
Through the naked branches
Mournful breezes sigh.

Eftsoon will the robins
Fly o'er hill and dale;
Soon will grey-clad Nature
Don her fairer veil.

Sadness has its beauty
And its guerdon gold:
Patience, hope, endurance
Bring reward untold!

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



Flying Kites.

IMAGINE the sad plight of a boy who has set his heart on being the champion kite-flyer of his neighborhood, but hasn't the price of a ball of twine!

That was the situation of Charles F. Marvin, now Chief of the United States Weather Bureau.

When Marvin was a lad of ten, back in Columbus, Ohio, he was morally certain that all he needed was simply a lot of good, fine twine to sail a kite so high and so far that he would have the whole town inquiring his name. And in the face of that vaulting ambition, he was obliged to content himself with little kites, which he flew with thread taken from his mother's work-basket.

Other boys who had more spending money than little Charlie Marvin built big kites and sailed them with gay abandon, unreeling yard after yard of twine that they had gone and bought in the five-and-ten. All the time Marvin knew that he could build bigger and better kites than any of them. But what was the use of building big kites when he had nothing to hitch them to but thread? He simply had to fly his little infant-size kites and get what fun out of life he could. He put up with the jeers and rude jests of his playmates—and bided his time.

That brings us down to the real point of our story. All we have been saying has been simply preliminary. The fact that Marvin was not discouraged, but hopefully bided his time, is the essential thing to keep in mind. To-day Charles F. Marvin not only provides our weather and a never-failing conversational toehold, but is also about the most conspicuous example one can think of, right off-hand, to show what can be done with deferred hopes. It was a great many years before Marvin finally "put it all over" those other boys who had jeered at him and made sport of his little kites sailed with thread. But he did it, and his example should be a great source of encouragement, comfort, and inspiration to us all.

Marvin outgrew the regulation kite-flying age and got into the United States weather service. Then he recalled his throttled ambition to sail kites higher than anybody else. This time he had a government back of him, and he did not have to bother with thread; instead, he got plenty of fine high-priced wire, and he sailed kites to a height and distance that would have made those boys back in Columbus heartily ashamed of themselves. Marvin not only got the laugh on those Columbus "smart-Alecks", but made more progress and broke more height records in the use of kites for government forecasting work than has ever been done before or since in the whole big wide world. You see, it was a mere matter of waiting, and keeping up hope.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '20.

Golden Jubilee of Father Richert.

SATURDAY of Ember week, September 23, was the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. James Richert, C. S. Sp., to the holy priesthood in the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. The venerable jubilarian has resided in the University for the past few years, since he gave up the active work of the mission for a life of repose and retirement from the labors of nearly half a century. The Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated by the Rev. Father himself, at 10 A. M., on Saturday, while the sermon for the occasion was preached by the Rev. Theophile Meyer, C. S. Sp., pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Emsworth, who has been practically a life-long friend and confrere of the Reverend celebrant. Although at the latter's earnest personal request the celebration was of a private character, a good many old friends of Father Richert attended. Among them were quite a number of the good people of Millvale, and, in addition to the Faculty and students, the following members of the clergy: Rev. Fathers Alachniewicz, Lee, Meyer, Olfen, Roehrig, Ruhl, Rydlewski, Schabel, Schultz, Spannagel.

The venerable jubilarian was the recipient of several valuable presents, chief among them being a beautiful gold chalice from the people of Millvale.

An autograph letter from His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., conveyed to him the Apostolic Benediction.

Father Richert was born in 1843, in the diocese of Strasbourg, and received his early education in France, under the direction of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost Order, which he subsequently joined. At the close of his theological studies, in the Seminary of the Society, in Paris, he was ordained priest in September, 1866. His first assignment was to the College of Rockwell, which had just been opened by the Order, near Cashel, in the south of Ireland. Here he labored successfully for five years, not only among the students of the college, but among the peasants of the neighboring parishes, with a zeal and devotedness, combined with a delicate and gentle courtesy, that have characterized his ministry always and everywhere. In 1873, he volunteered his service for the African missions, which were then in urgent need of laborers; but after a brief sojourn in the climate of Sierra Leone, the "white man's grave," he was stricken down and was obliged to return to France, his native country. Shortly afterwards, when the restoration of his health permitted, he was sent over to the United States, where he joined the first

band of pioneer missionaries of the Holy Ghost Order, who were then inaugurating their great work in this country, by the opening of mission centers at Piqua, Ohio, and at Sharpsburg, Pennsylvania. In 1876, he became identified with the parish of St. Anne's, Millvale, where he labored faithfully for six years, and to which he returned for brief periods, in later years. Even when younger confreres were subsequently appointed to the pastorate of St. Anne's, he was always happy to be called to their assistance, among his "good old people" of Millvale, with whom his memory is still held in grateful veneration.

Meanwhile, in 1882, he returned to Europe, where his special talents for work among the young people marked him out for chaplain to the Agricultural College of the Christian Brothers, at Beauvais, France, where he found additional scope for his zeal by missions which he gave to the people of the surrounding districts. After an absence of eight years he returned to the United States, and was placed in charge of the French parish of St. Joachim, Detroit, Michigan. This post, however, he soon afterwards exchanged for that of superior and director of novices under Very Rev. Father Murphy, C. S. Sp., then provincial, and now Bishop of Mauritius. For a short time he again took up the work of the sacred ministry at Millvale, but this time at St. Anthony's; and after some time, recognizing that his eyesight, as well as his general health, was failing, he retired to Duquesne University, where he felt he could spend the closing days of his long life in happy peace and holy preparation, amidst the fathers and professors of the institution, some of whom were among the children and pupils of his earlier days at Rockwell forty-five years ago.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Beginnings.

"Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show,
We may our ends by our beginnings know."

WE have begun again the journey along the Highway of Knowledge. We had but a momentary surcease; an umbrageous nook by the wayside, wherein we rested only to rise again, and obey the insistent cry of "Onward." Each moment of our lives is a beginning accompanied by corresponding changes and variations, like the waves of the sea ceaselessly breaking over the white sands and grey rocks along the shore, or like Nature herself in her momentary garbs, now bedecked in gorgeous colors, to-morrow draped in sombre grey or all-concealing white.

But while we may truthfully be said to be always beginning, there are moments in our lives at which a new start is more perceptibly made, and we who are entered upon the scholastic year of '16-'17 have begun a new lap in the cycle of our existence. We journey along through the fields of knowledge, and we cannot stop. It is ever "On! On!". The road ever beckons, the horizon receding as we go. The goal lies far away in yon misted mountains.

"Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

Who can truly say, "I have done—this is my goal—I am where I would be"? When this is said—and believed—then has decay set in. Then indeed is there progression like the crab's—backwards.

Nothing is permanent or fixed. Everything must go on. Success and ambition are as precarious as the butterfly fluttering in the summer's breeze. No man can attain the proverbial pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

The student cannot cease his striving onward. The paths of knowledge may be pursued to the Throne of "Him-who-knows". The astronomer is lost among the mazes of the stars, the philosopher dies before he has rightly begun.

Since a good beginning is more than half the battle, it is imperative that we make the proper use of our time just now. Since life is a succession of beginnings, and the grasping of opportunities a prime factor of success, lay the foundation now, under the guidance of *Alma Mater*, whose curriculum makes for all of that is highest in mental, moral, and physical training. Heed Shakespeare when he says,

"Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted.
Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time."

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



"Because No Man Thinketh."

IT were altogether too pessimistic to wail that the world as a whole is evil. God finds it not so. Why should we complain?

True it is that the trend of circumstances proves that we naughty children are putting dear old Mother Earth in a rather bad light by our quarreling with the toys she has placed in our nursery. From the present behavior of the people of the world, those of us who can keep a level head are led to think that the men of our age are not given over to the contemplation and furthering of God's plan as regards creation. In the rush after wealth and power very few rulers and very few people stop to think. Race and class hatred, envy, suspicion and distrust are taken in, while charity is turned out of doors. Cleverness takes the place of morality in regulating the prices of food stuffs; wage problems are not properly solved; and those who can interpret the signs of the times have the masses at a disadvantage. Little wonder then that in many quarters the general movement is undeniably retrogressive.

The "dear people" themselves are largely to blame because of their failure to analyze conditions and to assert their numerical strength. Street talk and mere opinions given out by the

prejudiced are taken for facts, while fear, mingled with mercenary motives, runs away with common sense. "I have to look after my job, so I will let the other fellow vote for the right man," says one toiler; so say thousands of his comrades, and another farce is staged at the polls. Is it for this the fathers of our country endured so much to make us a government of the people?

"No man thinketh in his heart". But how can a man be expected to think properly unless he has been educated? If we are to judge by the products of the past, and, for that matter, by some of the results of the newest brand of instruction, we are forced to say that the whole man has not been educated. His nobler self cannot surmount the blunders of a superficial training that is playing him false. Pernicious forces are turned loose upon him, and he is found wanting. Extravagance, fashion and passion are trying only too sorely the souls of many mortals who are striving to fill the places once occupied by men.

As Americans our patriotism ought to prompt us to use the means that will bring about a proper adjustment of conditions. All of us should do more *individual thinking*, and when in doubt ask advice of those who are trustworthy and able to enlighten us. Let us be sure we are right, and then, God helping, we shall be able, as so many parts of the government, to bring about such a happy condition of affairs as will restore Columbia to her pristine glory.

VICTOR KENNEDY, '17.



Efficiency in Study.

IN this initial month of the school year it would well become every earnest student to turn his thoughts upon himself, to take an inventory of himself, as it were, and see if there is not some way to increase his efficiency. In doing so, the average scholar is apt to find that his mind contains a heterogeneous mass of irrelevancies—an accumulation of data disjointed and without proportion or symmetry. The wise student—for the unwise will not see the error of his way—will immediately look for the cause. He will discover that he has been wont to allot to the purpose of study one connected period of time sufficient, perhaps, for the indiscriminate cramming of Latin nouns, Greek derivatives and sundry formulas of physics, chemistry and

quadratics. The inevitable result is a mental chaos which renders knowledge, not only impractical, but also confusing.

Apropos of this, it would be advantageous to give heed to the plan of study inaugurated in certain municipalities where the influx of new High School students is so great as to embarrass present class-room accommodations. To cope with the situation it was found necessary to curtail class-room study and have only continuous recitations in the schools. That the students might not suffer, it was found advisable to draw up a set of rules to govern their home study. Conspicuous among them was the injunction against plodding stupidly through all the assigned lessons at one sitting. They were urged to break up their study into as many non-continuous periods as there were subjects to be mastered. In this manner, it is claimed—and with every show of reason—the mind, being kept free from stagnation, is able to get clear, concise ideas which *per se* will stimulate interest, the open sesame to advancement.

DENNIS MULVIHILL, '18.



“Let’s Play.”

ONE sunny day, early in the summer, the writer had considerable free time at his disposal, and it occurred to him that it would be a useful recreation to observe how the children of the city and the suburbs passed the long hours of a summer day.

He sallied forth quite early from his suburban home, and soon came upon the public play grounds. Here, a group of small children were making sand-huts and mud-pies; there, larger ones were playing tag, and still others were amusing themselves with the swings, bars and rings. After some time it suddenly occurred to the observer that there were not many boys on the playground. He therefore somewhat regretfully left the scene of innocent gaiety and passed on.

After a short search the boys were found. They were playing ball on their favorite grounds—a vacant lot, whose owner was kind enough to let them use it unmolested. This scene was found even more interesting than the lively picture of the playground, which was now speedily forgotten. The game proceeded with great spirit; a great deal of good-natured bantering, an occasional disagreement, and much shrill cheering, as lusty as ever greeted the big leaguers’ triumphs: one would have thought

they were tired long before it ended. Well, about noon the nine innings had been played, and all—including the student of sociology—dispersed in various directions. After a hurried luncheon, the writer returned to the "ball park", to find the players, with only two or three exceptions, already back in position. The game was resumed; but about two o'clock some one shouted, "Let's go swimmin'!" Then, as if under a magic spell, they all made a "bee-line" for the public pool. One only, evidently the "manager", remained to take away bats and gloves.

Naturally, the investigator transferred the scene of his observations to the river. When he arrived there, half of the crowd was already disporting in the water, and the other half lost no time in joining them. The lure of the waters was strong upon him when conscience reminded him there was yet work to do, and with many a backward look, he turned his steps toward the city.

But what a contrast he found!

With no place to play but the street, the children of the city amused themselves as best they could on the street. Sometimes their amusement took the form of teasing one of their number, or teasing the fruit-vender or the ice-cream man. Some found it great fun to steal fruit from the push-cart or the grocery front. Little boys, and even little girls, stole rides on the back steps of auto-trucks. Crowds of them hung around the movie theatres, studying the bright-colored posters, peering longingly between the curtains of the entrance, and drinking in the tunes of the hurdy-gurdy—haunted these places until they were driven away by unsympathizing "officers of the law." Rarely could a game of catch be seen going on, except in rubbish-heaped, ill-smelling alleys. Such were the opportunities for play afforded to thousands of its children by the city!

The playground movement is not a fad. It is a necessity. Those that would *teach* children *how* to play are faddists indeed; but those who recognize the child's need of play and of a place to play, and who take steps to provide such places in adequate measure, are merely people with good common sense and common humanity. The greed for money returns from real estate has long since done away with the family playground in large sections of our cities. The children of the past generation and the present have suffered from such cramping of their quarters. To those that have caused their suffering, to apply the remedy!

FRANCIS C. STREIFF, '17.

CHRONICLE

College and High Schools.

On Monday, September 18, the school courses were reopened at the University buildings on the Bluff with Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Rev. Francis X. Williams,

The Delayed C. S. Sp., who has recently been added to the
Opening teaching corps of the institution.

In spite of the severe handicap occasioned by the quarantine of pupils under 16 years of age, the attendance was most gratifying. Not only have last year's students returned almost to a man, but in every class new faces appear, and—significant fact—some that have been missing for a year or more. The enrollment of first year men is such as to make the 1916 opening the banner one of Duquesne's existence. The absence of the younger Prep. school element during the first two weeks was quite noticeable, but staid and solemn dignity yielded to gay spirits and care-free abandon when the second of October came round and the ban was raised.

REV. FRANCIS X. WILLIAMS, C. S. SP., M. A., '15, recently ordained, has returned to his *Alma Mater* as a teacher of Classics and Music.

New Faculty
Men

MR. JOHN J. DONOVAN, B. A., a graduate of Manhattan College, New York, will teach Pedagogy and English in the College Department. He took post-graduate work in these studies at Columbia, Harvard, and N. Y. Universities, and taught for some years at Manhattan.

MR. WILMER BRICKLEY, an Indiana Normal graduate and one of its versatile athletes, will teach Mathematics in the High School and Scientific Departments. Mr. Brickley has had three years' teaching experience.

MR. JOHN P. MADDEN, B. A., a product of St. Bonaventure's College, where he was for some time an instructor, has been added to the corps of teachers. He has been engaged to teach Geometry and Algebra.

MR. JOHN P. HARRINGTON, B. A., St. Francis College, Loretto,

is also a new addition. High School English will be his subject.

MR. ROBERT CARTER, B. SC., Mt. St. Mary's, has, after an absence of two years, returned to resume charge of classes in Chemistry and Biology in the new Science Hall.

In a letter from the Mexican border, whither stern duty called him, the former teacher of Chemistry and Biology shows his devotion and loyalty to D. U. It is

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|----------------|--|
| Mr. Sullivan's | a truly characteristic letter of such a spirited |
| Letter from | man. A few passages from it may prove |
| El Paso | of general interest: |

"While having the greatest time of my life riding into the mountains these beautiful afternoons, or drilling, or practicing first aid, I often think of you and my work waiting for me.

"How's football? Much punting and drill work down here. 'Tis great here—eating our heads off on 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ c. a day, and hiking 10 to 20 miles too.

"With kindest regards and wishes for success to you all, I am

Sincerely,

HERBERT SULLIVAN."

REV. A. B. MEHLER, C. S. SP., took a four-weeks' Teacher's Summer Course at the Rowe School of Accountancy, Baltimore.

REV. JOHN F. MALLOY, C. S. SP., followed three English courses at the summer session of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, extending over six weeks in July and August.

The Very Rev. President preached the annual retreat of the Baltimore Sisters of Mercy, at their summer home in Sea Isle City, New Jersey, and attended the conventions of the Catholic Federation and of the Catholic Press Association in New York City.

The entire college department now uses the rooms on the first floor of the main building, including two commodious lecture rooms, vacated by the transfer of the
Improvements chemical and physical laboratories to the new Science Hall.

The redecorating of the chapel was just completed for the re-opening of classes. To a more eloquent pen we leave the task of dilating on its glories.

During the summer vacation the Angel of Death was busy in the homes of our students, past and present. Amongst those

Deaths

whose death has cast gloom over the halls of the University was William F. O'Malley. He had just completed the Academic Course last June. While a student of the University, he had featured in baseball, football and basketball. At the funeral Mass, Rev. C. B. Hannigan, C. S. Sp., was celebrant, and Rev. Eugene McGuigan, C. S. Sp., was deacon and pronounced the eulogy.

Charles E. Dunn, a student of the Commercial High School died very suddenly on August 31. He was a promising youth and a general favorite among his associates.

Cornelius J. Beggy departed this life on August 27. He began his studies in the University with the present Junior Class, and was one of its most talented members. Fathers Zindler and Rossenbach assisted at the obsequies, at the Holy Innocents, Church, Sheraden, August 29.

After an illness of several years' duration, borne with Christian fortitude, the father of Thomas and Dudley Nee died August 12. His funeral was held from St. Catharine's Church, Beechview, August 16. Father McGuigan preached the sermon. Father Zindler also was present in the sanctuary, and the class of '16, along with several other students, attended.

The father of Charles, John and Leonard Kane was called by his Creator on June 24. When a young man, he came from Ireland to Pittsburgh, and was soon established in the grocery business on Penn Avenue. Having built up an expensive custom in the course of years, he sold out at great advantage, and thenceforward, up to the time of his death, he was identified with real estate interests in the East End districts. Of unusual intelligence, sterling integrity and ceaseless energy, he held a high place of honor amongst Pittsburgh's most progressive citizens.

The father of William Heilman departed this life early in July.

James G. Corcoran, the father of William and Walter Corcoran, past students, died on September 10, in the Mercy Hospital, of pneumonia. He was born in Canada and came to this country 30 years ago. Taking up contracting work, he soon became known as one of the leading men in that business, both in this country and Canada. He helped to build the Wabash railroad into Pittsburgh and held the leading contract on the Croton aqueduct in New York, one of the largest in the world.

Mr. Corcoran was a trustee of St. Paul's Cathedral and a large contributor to charity.

Philip Reilly, a former student of the University, passed away on August 20. At his funeral Mass, in St. Paul's Cathedral, August 23, all the officers were members of the Alumni: Rev. William McMullen was celebrant, Rev. Raymond Conway deacon, Rev. Clarence Sanderbeck subdeacon, and Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Coakley preached. The University was represented by Rev. Fathers Mehler and McGuigan. Mr. Reilly was the brother of Eugene S. Reilly.

The Fathers, the Faculty, and the students of the University, offer to all these bereaved families their heartfelt condolence.

Professor J. M. Deviny has the sympathy of all the student body in the loss of his beloved wife. She succumbed to a long and painful illness on August 20, and was buried from St. Catharine's, August 22. Rev. H. J. McDermott and Mr. and Mrs. Walker were present at the Requiem Mass.

Rev. John J. Bullion, LL. D., permanent rector of St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Homestead, died September 7. Father Bullion was one of the most distinguished and best beloved priests of this section. His death will be keenly felt by the diocese of Pittsburgh. He is counted among the benefactors of the University, having founded a perpetual burse. Very Rev. Father Hehir and Rev. Father Mehler assisted at the Requiem Mass, which was attended by an extraordinary concourse of laymen and priests.

EDWARD QUINN, '19.

Law School.

The School of Law reopened on September 25, with the same faculty as last year. Prospects are very bright for a splendid Freshman class, and the secretary, John P. Egan, Esq., has been busy registering intending students for the past six weeks. The very convenient hours at which the lectures are given may account for this increased enrollment, but probably the unvarying success of the three classes already graduated has induced most of the candidates to inscribe themselves on the registers of the D. U. Law School.

The Prep.-Law classes, with both day and night sessions,

resumed work in the University buildings on Bluff Street on September 25. Professors Connolly, Cronin and Norris are conducting these classes as heretofore.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

The *Post* for September 26 had the following to report:

"Over 400 students, ranging from 20 to 60 years old, registered last evening for the night school courses of the Duquesne University School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance in the Vandergrift building, for university training in business. Bankers, business men, expert accountants, bookkeepers, salesmen in jobbers' houses and manufactories were among the students who registered with W. H. Walker, dean of the school. Three years ago the school began with only six students."

This large number of earnest workers is attracted more particularly by the exceptionally brilliant character of the teaching staff and of the school equipment. There is scarcely a single school west of New York that has such a numerous and first-class corps of certified public accountants on its staff as has Duquesne University's Finance Department in the Vandergrift building, whose whole fifth floor is devoted to this important work. This term there is to be an advanced course in "Costs and Industrial Efficiency", under Ernest C. Crowther, C. P. A., which will be open to expert accountants, factory superintendents, salesmen and managers of all industrial and manufacturing establishments. A special practical course for credit men, salesmen and managers began September 29, with classes each Friday under the supervision of T. D. Donovan, L. M. Robinson and Elliott Frederick.

School of Oratory.

The School of Oratory and Public Speaking is now open in the Vandergrift building, fifth floor, where individual and class instruction will be conducted by the dean, Mr. Clinton E. Lloyd, who will also be ready to arrange for private courses and detached instruction, as well as for special coaching of actors and readers either in dramatic rehearsals or in individual parts and select readings. A handsome prospectus has been issued.

Alumni.

UNDER the caption "McCann", Dr. Frank Crane contributed the following trenchant paragraphs to the *New York Globe* of July 15. They refer to ALFRED W. McCANN, '02, student, actor, poet, and instructor in speech arts while here, but now become one of the country's greatest pure food advocates:

"Straight as an Indian, and with hair as black, McCANN impresses you as a woodsman, who hunts in the city. For the city has its wild beasts, its bloodthirsty cougars and tigers, its skulking jackals, its treacherous snakes and spiders and mosquitoes, who, though human in form, are true to their destructive instincts. These are the game McCANN hunts. He knows them, their hiding places, their tricks, and their covered ways. And he is not afraid of them.

"He is the best fighter in New York, not excepting the famous colonel of Oyster Bay. No pugilist in Madison Square, no bouncer in an East Side dive, is readier to fight. He hits hard. Some reformers are strong on generalities. McCANN gives names. He is as merciless and direct as any of the murdering crew who kill babies with bad milk and poison grown-ups with denatured bread.

"Americans are notoriously indifferent to crimes of business. You can rob, swindle, adulterate, and cheat all you please, if you will only do it in the course of trade. Hence they need McCANN.

"McCANN's programme is simple. It is the Irish sentiment: Whenever you see a head, hit it. Whether the head belongs to a billion-dollar packing company that is supplying nauseating, unedible beef left-overs to the soldier boys, or to some politician who has fixed things with the authorities so that he can market his rotten eggs or tuberculous meat, makes no difference. They know that when McCANN gets after them it is not going to be any amusing display of Philadelphia fireworks, but somebody is going to get hurt.

"They have sued him in the courts, judges have reproved him; large, prosperous business men have called him a meddler and a notoriety seeker, thugs have threatened him, and the whole crew that made profit on human misery are leagued against him. Whereat he is glad. For what a natural fighter wants is somebody to fight. And the more the merrier.

"Nobody who is straight and square need be afraid of McCANN. But you have to show him. He's "from Missouri" as to food. He knows. The doctors cannot squelch him with an air

of authority. Professionals cannot brush him aside. You cannot buy him, nor frighten him, nor fool him, nor bluff him. He is a Daniel Boone in the wilderness of civic negligence and crime. He is cleaning out the savages and making way for civilized, honest, humane, square business.

"There is only one McCANN. It's too bad. There ought to be a carload of them.

"His is the kind of patriotism we need. It is a grand thing to march away to shoot the Mexicans, but is it not as grand to fight the good fight for the lives of our children and for the protection of our people from the food and medicine fakers?"

THE Chatauqua has come to the city. Hitherto that interesting institution, which some one has (without malice, however) denominated "an intellectual circus," has confined its visits to towns. The orators and artists of the Redpath-Brockway Circuit pitched their tents in the Schenley Farms district from July 7 to 13. And the man entrusted with the management of this complicated and useful institution in its first visit to the big city is JOHN F. CHAMBERS, '02-'07, successor of Alfred McCann as teacher of elocution. The prospectus of the Chatauqua has this to say of him: "Mr. Chambers is one of the most experienced platform men among the superintendents this year on the R-B Chatauqua. He is an extremely versatile man. Not only is he a reader and character impersonator of note, but he has had wide experience in every branch of the business management of Chatauquas. A thorough gentleman, an accomplished entertainer, Mr. Chambers knows the needs of every situation so well that he may be relied upon to have everything in such readiness at all times as to conduce to the physical comfort both of the talent and of the audience."

It will probably be a surprise to many of our readers that the composer of the musical accompaniment of "The Birth of a Nation" and of several other of the great motion-picture shows is an alumnus of D. U. JOSEPH CARL BREIL was here in '85-'87. He stopped off in Pittsburgh, September 22, on his way to Los Angeles from New York, where he had supervised, from a musical standpoint, the premiere of "Intolerance," a D. W. Griffith picture shown there recently.

Mr. Breil's fame, by reason of his work in "The Birth of a Nation", is international. The famous spectacle has been shown in such widely separated centers as London, Buenos Aires and

Melbourne, and Breil's music was a great help in giving the picture popularity. The New York musical critics are lauding Breil's work in "Intolerance".

Mr. Breil was born and reared in Pittsburgh. He was for several years leading tenor in the old St. Paul's Cathedral. He left this city 16 years ago. After various ventures he wrote the music for "The Climax", a play written by a Pittsburgher. Pittsburghers who saw this drama always speak with the highest praise of Breil's "A Song of a Soul".

In 1912, Mr. Breil was summoned by Daniel Frohman, who requested him to write a score for "Queen Elizabeth", the first production by Frohman's Famous Players Company. He did so, and also for the second multiple reel feature, "The Prisoner of Zenda".

In conducting an orchestra for "Cabiria", for which he wrote two or three interpolated numbers, he finally drifted to San Francisco, where Griffith divined the possibilities in the work of the Pittsburgher. This was in July, 1914. In a little more than two years he has made nine trips across the continent. He no longer directs an orchestra, but supervises.

"It will be impossible," said Mr. Breil, "to show a big feature film in the future without music. People will not sit in a theater for three hours unless the picture is accompanied by music. The mistake that is often made is 'playing over' the picture. Music should be subtle, seductive and suggestive, and merely tickle the auditory nerves of the audience, except in battle scenes where crashing sounds may be allowed."

FROM the press of the *Filaret* has been issued a sizeable volume of poems whose author is REV. JOHN J. DEKOWSKI, C. S. Sp., '06. They run the whole gamut of sentiment, religion, patriotism, humor, in captivating fashion. This gifted poet writes English verse almost as fluently as Polish, and we hope he will translate "*Iskierki Serdeczne*" himself for the delectation of his English readers.

DR. JOSEPH PATRICK CLEARY, '08, formerly telegraph operator on the staff of the *Dispatch*, and veteran of the Philippine War, is now practicing medicine in Chicago, with headquarters at the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium, North Crawford and Bryn Mawr Avenues.

BY all odds, the most successful of our younger alumni is RAYMOND A. SIEDLE, '14. He is the Philadelphia representative of the Forest Hill Cemeteries Association of Chicago, with an elegant suite of offices in the West End Trust Co. building, Penn Square. We are glad to realize that his training here went far to fit him for the arduous and responsible duties connected with a work unique in its kind in the Eastern States. One of the surprises in connection with his position is the fact that all his subordinates are his seniors in age. He has a handsome salary and a commission on his sales.

EMMETT CREAHER's many friends will be pleased to hear that he has completed his two years' novitiate at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, and is now a Jesuit scholastic. He writes in glowing terms of "the joy experienced in giving oneself to God". He pronounced his first vows on September 8. EDGAR KENNA, '12, made his profession in the Jesuit Order on August 15.

AMONG the Doctors of Medicine graduated by the University of Pittsburgh in June were JOHN NEAGLE HAYES, '13, and WALTER WILLIAM SCHMID, '13. To Dr. Hayes were awarded the Heard Prize, for highest percentage in all branches in the School of Medicine, and the Appleton Prize, for highest aggregate marks in Medicine, including Pediatrics, Psychiatry, Neurology and Dermatology.

AT the same Commencement, GILBERT F. MCGREEVY, '13, received the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery.

WEARING a badge from the Department of Public Safety, MATTHEW MCATEER, Ex-'16, looks somewhat dangerous. But he is nothing more formidable than a reporter for the Tri-State News Bureau. We are glad that he has embraced this opportunity to develop his talent as a writer.

ON August 30, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, East End, was performed the ceremony which linked the lives of Miss Anna Marie McFarland and DANIEL J. MCFARLIN, '10. Dan was one of the best students graduated from the Scientific Department, and made a splendid record in the engineering school at Carnegie Tech.

THE wedding of Miss Marie Murray and EUGENE J. LEY, '10, was an event of September 6, at St. Andrew's Church, N. S.

Eugene has been living in Canton, Ohio, for the past two years, where his sprightly talent for dramatics and his genial social spirit have already made him a host of friends.

ON September 19, at St. Canice's, Knoxville, the marriage of Miss Dorothy Wilzer and GEORGE A. BLEICHNER, JR., '16, was solemnized. George has been taken into his father's business as a partner.

GERHARD J. BROCKE, '19, and Miss Mary Jennings were united in holy wedlock at St. Francis Xavier's, N. S., on October 4.

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RAY J. BAUM, '18.



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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1916.

Number 2.

Thanksgiving for Labor.

VILLANELLE.

I THANK Thee, Lord, I've work to do;
Each day, a welcome task to face :
I pray, my strength each morn renew.

Right cheerfully, sweet Lord, I view
The labor that I must embrace :
I thank Thee, Lord, I've work to do !

My path, indeed, no roses strew;
Laborious is the breathless pace :
I pray, my strength each morn renew.

This toil my spirit will endue
With virtues rare, and saving grace :
I thank Thee, Lord, I've work to do !

A power of will I never knew
My olden weakness will displace :
I pray, my strength each morn renew.

Self-mast'ry, diligence and true
Content, to labor I can trace :
I thank Thee, Lord, I've work to do;
I pray, my strength each morn renew !

LUKE O'BYRNE.



Hamlet's Character and Environment.

WE feel that no apology is due to those who may object that our subject lacks timeliness, since such is not the case with Hamlet. He is like the poor: we shall always have him with us. He is a psychological problem, and as humanity cannot get away from itself, so this Hamlet, this mere creature of a poet's brain, will ever demand recognition by those who see in him a kinsman. What adds to the general interest is the fact that those to whom we look for a genuine analysis of this puzzling character fail to agree on certain main points, such as his state of mind and his worth as a Christian. This lack of decision on the part of professional critics leaves every student free to bring Hamlet within the range of his own speculation. It will be our modest endeavor to treat of the conditions at Elsinore which the great bard manipulated so well as to place his Hamlet in the world for all time.

While the fatalist and the sceptic, the pessimist and the epicurean alike are prone to claim him, still it does not seem proper to say that all men are as so many Hamlets. We have a common humanity with him, it is true, but then we cannot have the self-same personality or the same assemblage of virtues and foibles. We have our own habits, good and bad; Hamlet had his. Hamlet felt the world and the things of the world weighing heavily upon his shoulders; so do men feel to-day. Humanity in the case of Hamlet tripped and fell into dire distress; but we are hardly justified in inferring that humanity as a whole cannot rise above its environment. The author of humanity is compassionate. Human reason knows of God's especial Providence as regards mankind, and it is also aware that the means which Nature holds out to man are, in themselves, wholly insufficient to leading him to a life of supernatural glory.

Hamlet was one of that class who expect something from the

world to keep them immune from suffering. Lacking in patience and courage, he was unable to live up to the better part of himself, and became oblivious of the fact that

There is a destiny that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we may.

Not being able to govern events, he did not think it worth while to govern himself. This is the man whom some would set up as the common representative of humanity in the given circumstances. This election neither does justice to those who practice heroic virtue in the belief that the hardships of this life, if borne with resignation, are the raw material for the life of glory hereafter; nor does it reflect favorably on those who resist the natural tendency to take care of self, first, last and all the time—our friends, the humanitarians. We want heroes of the more buoyant kind, do we not?

Most delineators of Hamlet's character are wont to judge by his actions after they have put him down as suffering from insanity; and upon this assumption they base all their conclusions. Now, while this question of Hamlet's madness, like Tennyson's Brook, will "go on forever" without receiving an entirely satisfactory solution, still we may throw some light on the matter by considering the events described in the drama, with the object of seeing whether they were of such a telling force as to place the Prince in the class of the feeble-minded.

It is well to bear in mind that in Hamlet the effervescence of youth had not as yet abated; we can, then, hardly expect to find him already settled down to the ways of mature manhood. Besides this condition there was a series of extraordinary events that distorted the character of the young man into a figure none too beautiful to look upon. Among the first of these several baneful influences was the appearance of the ghost. Some argue that, because Horatio did not lose his balance after such a visitation, we should not fear for Hamlet. But then the murdered ruler had not been the father of Horatio, nor were the uncanny charges imposed on him, but on the filial devotion of Hamlet. At this point also the real conditions of the new royal household occur to us. The uncle of Hamlet is now at the head, and in this man the boy recognizes the murderer of his father and the unworthy lord of his mother. The strained relations arising from such a circumstance were in themselves sufficient to stretch self-control to an undue degree, but hardly strong enough to bring about a complete overthrow of mental poise.

From the very outset of the tragedy we find Hamlet analyzing his own nature and the natures of others; even Ophelia is not too sacred to escape his scrutiny. According to Lowell, "If such a man assumed madness, he would play his part perfectly. If Shakespeare, himself, without going mad, could so observe and remember all the abnormal symptoms as to be able to reproduce them in Hamlet, why should it be beyond the power of Hamlet to reproduce them in himself?" But with all his analysis and convictions, his own emotions were against him; he speaks of daggers but does not use them. Let us here note the art with which the poet contrasts the conduct of a *man* with that of a mere *sentimentalist*. The murder of Polonius imposed on Laertes the same duty as burdened the shoulders of the Prince. In the case of Laertes, resolve is instantly transformed into action; he investigates, assures himself, and goes straightway to his revenge. Not so the sentimentalist Hamlet. His search follows devious paths, and his revenge involves several innocent victims in disaster.

What seems to have been the climax of that distress, which to a certain degree, really did prove fatal to his mental status was his unsuccessful suit with Ophelia; and this, together with the conditions already mentioned, brought about, to use the words of Dr. Buchnill, a malady known as "melancholia attonia". This constitutes a state "which thousands pass through without becoming truly insane;" and as reason does not entirely abandon the patient we have some grounds on which to base a belief that Hamlet was so afflicted. He showed signs of the disease when he made a fool of himself before the young woman; but when defeated in his purposes and knowing that the royal pair and others suspected insanity, he exaggerated his condition in order to outstrip them in wit. Without his distress Hamlet would have been a downright cad—a criminal—to play so disastrously with the affections of an innocent child; and even when he shows signs of "coming to" he allows the callousness of his nature to appear.

In placing the unfortunate young man in this mood we are inclined to think that the problem of his madness is, for the most part, solved. It takes but little time, after something out of the ordinary has happened, for him to regain his mental balance, tinged with melancholy though it be. The ghost interrupts him as he is chiding his mother, and for a time the boy is so visably affected that the Queen notices his condition; but the

apparition does not unhinge him completely—no more than Macbeth's similar experience with the ghost of Banquo made of the usurper a raving maniac. In this latter case we should expect even more telling results than in Hamlet's, for Macbeth actually felt the sting of the ghost's reproaches, while Hamlet was merely entreated to become more active in avenging the murder of the father whom he had idolized.

While some of us are wont to condemn poor Hamlet for not showing his finer sides in those occasional intervals when his mind appeared more or less normal, let us remember that he was like many who live too much in themselves. We must judge with caution, not only the Hamlet of Shakespeare, but the Hamlet of to-day as well, lest we condemn ourselves. We may fail at times to battle as we should against odds, allowing ourselves to go down the stream of unwholesome environment, like flotsam borne on the eddying current of a river. Neither should we be too sure that Hamlet was entirely devoid of all that is praiseworthy. He is all the more pathetic by virtue of a continual resilience of a simple and generous nature, such as he shows in his relations with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern before he suspects them, and in his reconciliation with Laertes; and on this account we half forget his infirmities, and our disdain gives way to pity. But what really makes him rise many degrees in our estimation is the heartfelt homage that he paid to one in whom he saw the existence of all that was lacking in himself—"of all that he himself would fain have been"—the one to whom he exclaimed:

Thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee.

And so, taking all in all, we shall discover that it was a mind of mighty calibre that has not only created a type of character which is by far the most disastrous that can fall to the lot of man, but has also portrayed in concrete form the failure and the ruin that must arise from the indulgence of those foibles of which Hamlet is the embodiment.

VICTOR J. KENNEDY, '17.

One Little Prayer.

RONDEAU.

ONE little prayer, blest spirits passed away—
Passed to the bourne, our friends of yesterday,
Immortal dead, whom prison bars confine—
To comfort you. May mercy's star-beams shine
O'er fiery waves that purge your guilt away.

To loose your chains, we pilgrims in the fray—
The lesser in this great communion—pray,
And chaplets, rose-like, to the Queen entwine—
One little prayer.

The hour draws near, and soon, beneath the sway
Of dissolution, we shall faint away.
In that dread hour, when searching light divine
Illumines life's most intricate design,
From you we'll welcome, in our soul's dismay,
One little prayer.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Tempters.

WHAT latent force held them together is scarcely conceivable. Both were talkative; neither a good listener. Rotund Seth Goodlow's mind saw little more than the durability of mundane things; dapper William Dell's thoughts projected not far from his small haberdashery on Main Street, in the town of Liconisco. Albeit, the fact remains: the implement dealer of *Zenia en route* to the great and wicked metropolis for the first time had for his traveling companion across New Jersey the self-same William Dell. The latter had just visited Independence Hall and other spots of interest in Quaker Town, and obligingly favored Goodlow with a detailed description thereof. It also developed that he, too, was making

his initial journey to Manhattan. So it came to pass that these worthy tourists decided to collaborate in kalsomining the Great White Way.

Preliminaries having to do with baggage and hostelry were quickly disposed of, and they meandered to the "Elevated", preparatory to boarding a train for the Battery. Both scrutinized with interest the quaint station perched at the top of a flight of broad iron steps. Almost simultaneously their eyes encountered a large placard suspended conspicuously above their heads. It read, "Beware of Pickpockets."

A psychological jolt was the result of this intelligence. Dell nervously located his valuables while Goodlow did likewise. "Ahum!" said Dell, which literally translated, meant that he was already on his guard. Seth merely allowed his obese brow to contract into twin ridges and promised himself to be extremely careful.

At the Battery everything inspired admiration and ejaculations. Not least did they wonder at the massive metal goddess towering above the distant waters. They decided to cross the bay, but could not agree as to the whereabouts of the ferry.

To solve the difficulty Seth was for consulting a big, rubicund officer who symbolized law and order at a nearby crossing. Dell, however, would have none of that, but with blustering confidence drew his companion with him. And after a brief interval they arrived unerringly at the desired pier.

Goodlow was surprised at this uncanny display of knowledge. In fact, he was amazed, astonished, confounded. He expressed his wonder to Dell.

"Tut, tut," answered the Liconisco citizen evasively, and with affected nonchalance.

He, it seems, had assiduously studied all available literature, maps and tourist guides relative to the great metropolis. In this manner he had amassed an immense amount of miscellaneous information of which he was decidedly proud. The effect which he saw he had produced upon his companion was like applause to a magician. Furthermore Dell, consciously or not, assumed a very knowing air.

Stout, naive Seth Goodlow was abashed at his companion's change of manner. His jauntiness and mysteriousness was annoying. What did it mean? In his slow, methodical fashion the implement dealer pondered; he meditated and speculated; in the end he even reasoned.

At last! The clew! The dominant clew, about which everything revolved—the police, the law! His companion feared the law. He knew the city, but he had said that this was his first visit. Goodlow wheeled the ponderant evidence into place and reached the startling conclusion, “A confidence man!”

Now, there is a vein of adventure in every man living. In Goodlow it had lain dormant for years. Just as he was enjoying wide renown, as a steadfast and sensible business man, the coagulated blood in his veins simmered and liquefied. It carried him to New York and plunged him into his present predicament. It led him now to decide to stay with this adventure.

Natural prudence advised him to be careful, since he had also decided to stay with his purse. Therefore he became wary and circumspect. He was continually alert. He dangled his ample hands unnaturally so as to frustrate any approach to his wallet. He maneuvered in order that his companion should always lead through jostling crowds.

William Dell of course noticed the queer actions of his acquaintance and was surprised. Several times when passing through hurrying throngs did Goodlow’s awkwardly swinging palms rub obtrusively against his wallet pocket. Thus Dell became uneasy and even suspicious.

While they remained in this mental attitude conversation naturally lagged. Taciturnity, however, ill became either of them. Dell was naturally garrulous, but Goodlow was unnaturally so. It is, then, no twentieth century wonder that, in the course of their peregrination, having casually met with one John Brenaude, a frank, clean-cut young man, and having found in him an attentive listener, they prevailed upon him to dine and otherwise pass the evening with them.

Brenaude was a youth, well built and with the russet appearance of health not found among the city-bred. He, it seems, had been reared upon an up-state farm. But even this sequestered nook was not secure against the glamor of the city, the lure of Wall Street. Hence John Brenaude, aged one score and one, had left the soil to begin climbing the ladder to financial greatness, so he told them. In the brokerage of Wooding & Donn he clerked for the munificent remuneration of \$60.

By much economy he had contrived to hoard no less than \$25 each month. No, he did not invest in government bonds; neither did he finance a banker’s hasty flight to Canada. He sank his money perennially in margin speculations, after the manner of Wall Street employes.

This day had witnessed the mad decline of N. & S. railway stock which wiped out his last holdings. He had been particularly optimistic too. In fact, he had confidently expected to make a "killing", because he had quite by accident got hold of inside information relative to a boom on N. & S. Enthusiastically he had played his entire savings. Thereupon N. & S. took a prodigious slump, much to Brenaud's discomfiture. This to him, however, only substantiated his tip. There was to be a "killing" worth while. The inner circle evidently intended to buy only at rock bottoms and then make N. & S. soar. Nevertheless, his margin was gone and Brenaud was defunct, insolvent, with opportunity knocking.

Steeped in melancholy, woe and self-condemnation, John Brenaud was wandering aimlessly when accosted by our worthy tourists. He answered their query and was about to pass on his way with a superior smile. Something checked him. Remembering his own Rubenesque behavior as a financier he decided to be more charitable. So he paused, became acquainted and accepted their company as a diversion.

Seth Goodlow was now positive of his associate's duplicity. He confided his suspicions to John Brenaud at the first moment that offered.

Had the young speculator been in a less morose mood he would surely have shrieked with mirth. As it was, the thought of his own monetary troubles made him obsequiously solemn. Goodlow took this as corroboration of his fears and rapidly outlined a scheme to outwit the sleek confidence man. In cynical amusement Brenaud consented to aid in trapping the little bandit.

As a precautionary safeguard Goodlow's well-stocked wallet was given into the custody of John Brenaud. Goodlow, by his own provision, was to be the decoy.

In accordance with their preconcerted arrangements Seth Goodlow ambled along beside Dell familiarly. He jostled Dell, he jolted Dell and he jogged Dell in his anxiety to have his pockets picked. He succeeded in making Dell nervous, suspicious, exceedingly apprehensive and almost hysterical.

So it happened that Dell turned to John Brenaud for counsel as they stood gazing idly across the Hudson awaiting the result of Seth Goodlow's search into the durability of Grant's tomb.

"Yes," acquiesced Brenaud facetiously, "that pachyderm sure is queer."

William Dell inferred from this metaphorical mysticism that

the pursy Goodlow was highly dangerous and he sputtered, "What—what would you do?"

"Oh, just mind your valuables," returned Brenaud.

"Where?" asked Dell with a tremor in his voice.

"At the hotel."

"But—but until then?"

At this point Goodlow came up murmuring his satisfaction with the "huge, magnificent, time-defying mausoleum, a fitting tribute to a great man by a great people."

In the midst of this rhapsody a thick roll of greenbacks was pressed into Brenaud's hand with the whispered injunction, "Until we get to the hotel."

Surprised, astonished, Brenaud wondered at the innocence of these rustics and pitied their simplicity. Also, he battled with temptation. The enemy was strong. A thousand black imps wormed their way into his imagination. They made him feel like a great financier about to shear the lambs. Yea, verily, business is business; sentiment is a sign of weakness.

John Brenaud vanished suddenly and silently from the lives of Messieurs Goodlow and Dell in a jostling Broadway crowd.

Alas! poetic justice is not satisfied. N. & S. railway stock was tossed skyward by the bovines of Wall Street, but not until John Brenaud got in on the deal.

This, my friends, is the missing chapter in the published career of John Brenaud, the great financier and magnanimous philanthropist who adorns the pinnacle of success, a stimulus to American youth.

DENNIS MULVIHILL, '18.

Vanished Splendors.

TRIOLET.

GAY Autumn is dead
 And the breezes are sighing;
 Gold, ochre and red,
 Gay Autumn is dead:
 'Tis grey Winter's bed
 Where her colors are lying.
 Gay Autumn is dead
 And the breezes are sighing.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

Inside a Bank.

DID you ever pause to consider the amount of mental and physical energy involved in the banking business? If you have never done so, perhaps you will find interesting the following informal excursion behind the marble wainscot and brass grills.

The few remarks which follow are based upon a personal experience which the writer enjoyed during the four years of his connection with two of the largest banking institutions in this neighborhood, before he concluded to resume the classical studies which will enable him to enter one of the learned professions.

Banks earn their money partly by lending money and charging a rate per centum thereon, and partly by charging a rate of exchange on drafts, notes, checks, stocks and bonds.

The Teller pays out money and receives deposits. But while waiting for customers, and after business hours, he has many other duties to perform. He enters an account of the checks, received by him, on a "teller's sheet". He then sends the checks to the Proof Clerk who balances them and distributes them among the Clearing House Clerks, Country Collection Clerks, Bookkeepers and Note-Tellers. The Auditors check the balances to see if they are correct.

The Clearing House Clerks assort the checks into bins, each representing a Clearing House Bank, balance them and write the statement of out-going checks. Incoming Clearing House Checks are balanced and assorted according to individual accounts, bank accounts and banks which they represent.

Every bank has its corps of perennially busy Individual and Bank Bookkeepers. These have charge of the accounts of individuals, corporations, banks and trust companies. They balance the Pass-Books once every month, and their Ledgers, every day, against the total charged to them by the Proof Clerks. Qualities not commonly ascribed to mere bookkeepers are essential to these functionaries in banks. Besides an exact brain and a tireless eye, they must have the imagination of a poet and that of a detective combined. Naturally, they examine very closely and criticise the endorsement, the signature, the amount, as well as the date of the checks, and also see whether any stop-payment has been entered against the check. If the latter is in any way incorrect, payment is refused, and the check is returned to the bank from which it was received. If, however, it is properly executed, it is charged against the maker, then cancelled and

filed in the vault until the account for the period is balanced. The maker then receives his cancelled checks, and if he has any claims to make, he must present them within a certain time specified by the bank with which he is doing business.

The "General Bookkeepers" must make certain that the reserve funds are kept up to the standard as required by law. They must also make a daily statement of the condition of the assets and liabilities of the bank, and lay it before the Chairman or President, who presents it in due form to the Board of Directors.

The "Messenger", although at the foot of the ladder, holds a very responsible position. He is usually the first on duty in the bank and assists with the mail, balances the checks with the help of an adding machine, stamps the clearing house checks for the morning clearance, takes the checks to the clearing house and exchanges them for checks drawn on the bank he represents, and brings them back to the bank. He then obtains from the "Note-Tellers" the drafts and notes which are due, and presents them to the maker of the note or drawee of the draft, while, if payment is refused, he serves a notice and returns the bills to the bank, with reasons for refusal of acceptance or of payment, written on the back thereof. He then makes a trip, as it is properly called, returning checks which for some reason are not paid by his own bank. These checks are returned to clearing house members before 2 P. M., otherwise the messenger is held responsible for their payment. After he returns from the trip, he must balance his cash (sometimes over a thousand dollars) and give it to the Teller. As soon as all these preliminaries are fulfilled, he takes all the money to the express office, assisted by the vault-keeper, who is heavily armed. When he returns, he is required to assist any employe who may be in need of his services. His work is completed only when all the cash in the bank is balanced.

"Country Collection Clerks" make a record of the checks drawn outside of the clearing house banks, stating on what bank they are drawn, and the city or town where it may be located. These checks are sent by mail or fast express. The greater amount of checks are drawn on Reserve Cities, the most prominent of which are New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland and Richmond.

The duties of the Note-Tellers and Discount Clerks are

similar. They handle notes and drafts for collection, and notes for discount, the chief source of income.

The "Coupon Clerk" receives and sends out for collection all bond coupons, which are drafts covering interest due on bonds, as well as the bonds themselves. He must make a record thereof, and forward them, by registered mail insured, to the bank where they are payable. He must, above all, be familiar with the County, State and Federal Income Tax Laws, in order that he may give aid to anyone wishing to have coupons redeemed, as a certificate of exemption or non-exemption must be attached, according to the kind of coupon it may be. Coupons of Cities, Towns, States, or of the United States Government, and of all municipal corporations, do not require a certificate under the Federal Law, although such a certificate may be necessary under the County or State Law.

Here are a few of the questions and arguments that the Coupon Clerk daily engages in :

Customer :—" I want to have some coupons collected."

Clerk :—" Have you a certificate executed?"

Customer :—" I have not."

Clerk :—" Do you, or do you not, claim exemption?"

Customer :—" Explain what that means."

Clerk :—" Under the Federal Income Tax Law a person having an income over \$3,000.00 is subject to a deduction of one per cent. on his income over that amount."

" Do you claim exemption under that provision?"

Customer :—" Yes, I do claim it."

Clerk :—" What is the amount of your total exemption?"

Customer :—" I do not know."

Clerk :—" Are you married or single?"

Customer :—" How does that concern you?"

Clerk :—" I must know, in order to execute this certificate. Married persons are allowed to claim \$4,000.00 of their income without being taxable. Single persons are allowed to claim \$3,000.00 each."

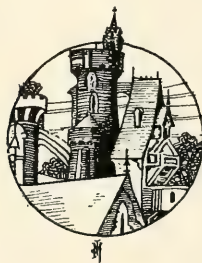
Customer :—" All right! make mine \$4,000.00 as my income does not exceed that amount."

Every day the bank clerks experience the same trouble.

Some persons, especially women, will not tell whether they are married or single, and become very indignant about it, even gently suggesting to the clerk that they will have him discharged.

Not long ago a Reverend Minister of the Gospel sent some coupons through for collection, on which the paying bank deducted four mills for State Tax. He became very angry, claiming that the amount deducted was in excess of the amount calculated by him. The clerk tried to explain the law, even showing him the letters received from the government, but it was impossible to convince him of his error and, in consequence thereof, he did not get any rebate from the State. The Rev. gentleman can, no doubt, deliver a very eloquent sermon, but his education in finance is sadly deficient, and his indignation was wasted on the wrong person.

ALVIN W. FORNEY, '18.



To Heaven, I Hope.

TRIOLET.

A DRIFTING cloudlet in the air,
 When ruled the sad November,
 Was taken up, I knew not where,
 A drifting cloudlet in the air:
 It seemed the incense of a prayer
 For one I'd fain remember:
 A drifting cloudlet in the air
 When ruled the sad November.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



Pittsburgh of the Future.*

JUDGING from what Pittsburgh has done in the past, we may expect still greater things of her. Beginning with the settlement at the Point in 1755, she has grown to be one of the leading industrial cities of the world, and her expansion is sure to continue.

There is little reason to fear but that she will retain her supremacy as an iron and steel city. She is favorably situated on the highway of commerce between East and West, convenient to the great lakes, by the cradle of the Ohio river, at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela, in the midst of the world's richest coal fields, with the neighboring counties ready to open up their vast mines at her command. Hence her far-famed steel and iron industries are sure to increase. Her giant mills will continue to grow. We hope that the government armor plant will be built here. The industrial fame of our city will be magnified, and her future development hastened, by such agencies as the Pittsburgh Industrial Development Commission and the Foreign Trade Commission, which already have accomplished much in this direction.

Railroad and river transportation agencies, which to-day carry a greater tonnage than that of any other city, will become more efficient year by year, while her means of travel are certain to improve. The public dissatisfaction with our present electric car system will force improvement, while subways and tunnels will spring into existence to relieve the congested traffic conditions and connect more closely with the downtown district, our beautiful suburbs of the South Hills and the East End.

Education will move ahead rapidly. We have at present an excellent system of public and parochial schools; splendid buildings have been erected, others are in process of erection, and

* This essay won the first prize in the Fourth High Division, among essays submitted to the Pittsburgh City Charter Centennial Celebration Committee. Subjects were assigned, and a limit of 500 words was set. The contestants were known to the judges only by pen-names.

more will follow. Our higher schools will advance. Duquesne University is in her infancy; new schools will open until she has a complete university giving a thorough training in all the higher branches of profane and sacred knowledge. The University of Pittsburgh will keep pace with the other great schools of the world. Carnegie Institute and Technical Schools will take no backward step, but will exercise an immense influence on the "Pittsburgh of the Future." Our city will become a home of the arts. She is preparing for this by holding art exhibitions and by giving her people an opportunity to hear the world's best music.

Finally, Pittsburgh will be "the city beautiful." Her parks, suburbs and residential districts will lose nothing of their present beauty, but will become more beautiful. Her unsightly spots, her bare hillsides, her rubbish dumps will disappear or be clothed in verdant green; her smoke nuisance will be no more. The future Pittsburgher will find a way to beautify the face of Mt. Washington and similar places. The downtown district will continue to add new and imposing structures like the City-County Building, the Union Arcade, and the Courthouse. Hotels like the William Penn will become more numerous. Magnificent temples, of which St. Paul's and Trinity are the forerunners, will bedeck our city's bosom like the bright jewels of a diadem.

Such is the future Pittsburgh as I see her in my mind's eye.

"JUNIUS"—MARTIN J. CARL, 4 H.



Pittsburgh, the World's Workshop.*

A WORKSHOP is a place in which any kind of manufacturing is carried on. Pittsburgh resembles a great workshop in which an endless variety of articles is made, and whence they are sent to every part of the world.

Owing to its location at the junction of the two rivers, the Allegheny and the Monongahela, Pittsburgh is naturally a center for manufacturing, and the many other industries which make it a great workshop. The fact that it is so near to the coal deposits

* This essay took second prize, in the Third High Division, in the Charter Centennial Essay Competition.

of Western Pennsylvania, the greatest in the country, and that this coal may be shipped quickly and cheaply down the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, are valuable assets to manufacturing. It has also great natural gas and petroleum resources.

The principal industry is the manufacturing of steel. Great quantities of iron ore are converted every year into pig-iron, Bessemer steel, crucible steel, steel rails and structural steel. In the Pittsburgh district are located the Carnegie Steel Co., the Westinghouse Co., the Pressed Steel Car Co., and many other smaller companies engaged in the steel business. These corporations turn out finished products of many kinds, such as electrical apparatus, steam machinery, air-brakes, steel cars and bridge work. In addition, Pittsburgh manufactures many other articles: glass, tin, tin-plate, coke, rolled-brass and copper. In the production of glass, it ranks the highest in the country, while the other manufactures are carried on extensively.

The transportation facilities of Pittsburgh are of the best. It is a railroad center of importance, acting as a connecting link between the east and the west. The principal railroads of the eastern portion of the United States have terminals here. These handle a large portion of the freight which passes through the city. There is also much freight carried down the Ohio River to points south. Many barges propelled by steamboats may be daily seen on the rivers, carrying coal to the city and to points south. The iron ore is brought in by the railroads from the Lake Superior district.

People in a large city in which many industries are carried on, receive a great many benefits therefrom. By their industry they are enabled to amass wealth and acquire many of the qualities of sturdy manhood; and in their investigations they learn many things which are of value to science and the world in general. They are able to furnish themselves with better homes, more conveniences and luxuries. The city is also able to provide the people with better educational facilities, and with many public amusements, which they would otherwise be unable to secure.

As a result of the many industries of this great city, we find the whole world begging our manufacturers to receive their orders and contracts for the furnishing and equipping of all kinds of enterprises, thereby unconsciously attesting the truth of the well-established adage, that "Pittsburgh is the Workshop of the World."

"CRUCIBLE STEEL"—EDWARD L. REILLY, 3 H.

Pittsburgh's Educational Achievements.*

THE whole educational movement in Pittsburgh has been but a successful attempt to keep pace with the constantly changing industrial and social conditions of the city.

Private schools are the first to arise in response to the educational need. In the year 1787, "Pittsburgh Academy" opened its doors "for the education of youth." It was a pay school, and it taught "Arts, Sciences and Literature." Not narrow, like the majority of the contemporaries, it admitted persons of every Christian denomination as trustees. So rapidly did it develop, that, after a public exhibition held in 1804, the newspapers said that "boys of ten or twelve performed wonderfully well in declamation and in acting." Its history has been a story of constant development, until, at the present time, it is called the University of Pittsburgh. Its curriculum is a splendid expression of Pittsburgh's cultural, professional, and industrial life.

On a par with the University of Pittsburgh, but in a different field of educational endeavor, are Duquesne University and the Carnegie Technical Schools. The former stands at the apex of the thriving Catholic school system; the latter is the typical expression of Pittsburgh's ambitious industrial life.

Another achievement for Pittsburgh, forgotten perhaps to-day, was the opening of schools for colored children. Away back in 1819, such a school was opened, and all through the 30's and 40's the city officials time and again insisted on the development of schools for the negroes. This fact is all the more admirable when we recall the condition of the negro in other States of the Union before the Civil War.

Our chief educational achievement, however, is the development of the public and parochial school system. The first special schools for the poor were opened in 1821, and they were supported by County taxes. In 1859, twelve of these schools existed in Pittsburgh. That same year, the first High School was opened. It offered two courses—commercial and classical—and registered one hundred and thirteen pupils on the opening day.

At the present time, the Pittsburgh School District contains more than one hundred and thirty public schools, at least twelve

* This essay won second prize, in the Second High Division, in the Charter Centennial Essay Competition.

of which are High Schools. This remarkable achievement is the result of hard work and co-operation on the part of the members of the Board of Public Education. Such courses as Kindergarten, Hygiene, Music, Art, Industrial Training, Household Economy, Writing and Commercial Work, Teacher Training, and Nature Study, not only show the progress we have made in educational work, but also reveal the remarkable skill with which our School Board has solved the problem of adjusting the educational programme to our complicated industrial and social life. To-day, our public schools far excel those of other cities within a vast area; and it should be remembered that this condition has been achieved without burdening the people of this city by enormous increase in school taxes.

The parochial school system has also attained a remarkable development, in every way parallel with that of the primary and high schools supported by the public funds.

As "Pittsburgh Promotes Progress," I feel certain that our educators will not rest content with our present status, but will continue to work earnestly to make our schools reflect perfectly the life of the city.

"MARIUS"—WALTER J. STEINECKER, 2 H.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Our City a Place of Pilgrimage.

THERE is much truth in the old adage "Familiarity breeds contempt." We might further emphasize it by adding "distance lends enchantment." Certainly it is to be regretted that residents will visit every point of interest, historic, scenic, and artistic, distant from Pittsburgh and its vicinity, knowing little or nothing of local historic landmarks.

Not only do we neglect to visit our landmarks of historical importance, and sites of patriotic interest, but we fail to appreciate the fact that our city has risen to the distinction of an educational, an artistic and a musical center which can teach something, not only to people of other American cities, but to visitors from across the seas.

It is to be remembered there was a time, and that not so many years ago, when our city was not the mecca for distinguished visitors seeking to profit by our achievements in architecture, art, and education, and varied fields of endeavor other than industrial and commercial.

Surprising it may seem to some, and yet how many persons, experts in varied activities, visit our city for the sole purpose of studying our institutions! Almost daily, visitors of note furnish testimony of our city's importance as the home of beautiful and impressive buildings, a center of music, art, and education. Such buildings as the library, music hall, museum and art galleries, Memorial Hall, monumental churches, conservatories, observatory, schools, are continually attracting a class of strangers, differing from the ordinary class of sightseers in that they look upon these buildings and institutions with expertly critical eyes.

The chief significance of the fact that Pittsburgh is honored by many and distinguished visitors consists not so much in the visit as in the object of their presence and the satisfactory results attained therefrom. They come to learn, and they do not go away disappointed.

Know, therefore, that these visits of inspection emphasize and exemplify in a striking manner Pittsburgh's recent progress. They constitute a significant tribute to our community's position among the great cities of the world, famous not only as the "Steel City", the world's center of industry, but as having attained through its labor and wealth a seat on one of the pinnacles of art.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Holy Name Procession.

ANYONE who viewed the inspiring spectacle of Sunday, October 8th, must have experienced an influx of noble sentiments as he watched the solemn files of men marching behind the banner of the Holy Name Society. It was not intended to be one grand display of numbers; but, as in former years, these men, representing every station of life, assembled to do honor to the Holy Name of their Lord, to make an open profession of the Faith that is in them, and to set an example for their fellowmen of every creed.

The unostentatious orders of the day served as a striking contrast to the busy and noisy weekday, with its war reports, with its stocks and bonds and with its heated arguments on politics and baseball. Young and old, each one had his own thoughts as he followed in the footsteps of his Bishop. Some no doubt called to mind the unsuccessful search of Mary and Joseph when they looked for the Boy God amid the tumult of the town. Manfully these marchers proceed until they arrive at the Temple and there they find Him. Once more these souls are admonished, in the peaceful quietude of His Presence, to be about their Father's business—that great business of knowing, loving and serving God, of causing other men to honor Him and thus securing their own souls' salvation.

While the true Christian may go in for hero worship, and for civic demonstrations, he is often saddened when he recalls the reverence in which the great ones of the world are held. Their

names are chiseled on marble, while the Name of the God of heroes—that Name which should be used only in praising Him and in imploring His Mercy—is forced into the vocabulary of the impious as a mere by-word, an off-hand expression of surprise or of indignation. That the Holy Name men are determined to fight this evil is shown by the example of their lives as professional men, as employers and as employees. They are Catholics all the day long. Finally they show a proper spirit by means of their annual procession. Long may they continue here and elsewhere, to declare to the world the awful sanctity of the Name of God, and may they some day be the cause of the erasure of blasphemous and indecent talk from the catalogue of sins!

VICTOR J. KENNEDY, '17.



Modern Dinosaurs.

IN centuries gone, whose numbers science is pleased to speak of in the thousands, nature generated plant and animal life on a scale of marvelous luxuriance and massiveness. There were forests of gigantic growth and beasts of mammoth proportions, of which our modern tropical jungles, and the animal life they nourish, are but faint suggestions.

The mammoth, the dinosaur and dinothere roamed over the earth, an idea of whose size may be learned from recovered skeletons mounted at Carnegie museum. Ichthyosaurs, of the genus Reptilia, dwelt among the waves of the sea, while the giant beast-like pterodactyl, avian in its tendencies, winged its labored flight on the strata of the air. From their massiveness we may judge of their destructive ability. A dinosaur could with ease uproot the sturdiest of the redwoods of California.

With the appearance of a man on earth chaos and formlessness evolved to system and order. His rationality made him lord of the world. He cultivated the fields, and tamed destructive animals for his use; as the centuries advanced, he built cities, constructed roads, laid highways of steel, charted the boundless seas, explored the regions of the air and penetrated the depths of the waves.

He rivaled nature by constructing gigantic dinosaurs of steel, which crawl over the battlefields of Europe, leaving death and destruction in their wake. These are the instruments of

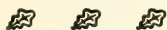
death commented upon recently in the press, and nicknamed by the British soldiers "tanks".

Countless centuries have rolled by. From dinosaur to dinosaur embraces thousands of generations, and with all the progress and civilization from the beginning of man, we have arrived, shall we say, at the beginning?

No, all nations are not bent on destruction, for those same dinosaurs of steel, so deadly on the battlefields of Europe, are used for construction in America. They are harnessed to farm implements and made to do man's work in the grain fields of the West. These tractor-engines are products of America, first constructed for useful and necessary work. But war has protected them with plates of steel, and made them to serve as engines of destruction. "They were built," says a contemporary, "to till the ground and to husband the crops of the ground. They are being used in Europe for plowing and harvesting—of another kind. They are being used to plow trenches and to harvest human grain—to harvest men."

"Death always was the king of reapers."

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Parade.

THE 29th day of October ushered into Pittsburgh a week of unbounded splendor, glamor and celebrations. It was a week set apart to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the greatest industrial city in the world, Pittsburgh.

Our University, perched on the brow of the Bluff, overlooking the city like the acropolis of old, was justly considered one of the historic marks of Pittsburgh, and we were naturally invited to contribute towards the success of "Charter Week". The spirit of old Duquesne was stirred, it effervesced, and behold there sprang into being a "rookie" brigade of Dukes sworn to do honor to their *Alma Mater* in the grand street parade scheduled to close the celebration. Their trying endeavor to get a soldierly bearing and dignity into their stride won all, but especially the powers-that-be, who not only lent their moral support, but arranged a magnificent float, typifying the spirit of Pittsburgh, and Duquesne University's contribution to it, to help the cause.

The whole affair was an unqualified success. The parade was, indeed, great; but our float was greater, so the people say. To continue the comparison, reliable authorities tell us that the greatest were the dashing Dukes, as they swung briskly up the avenue with red and blue streamers and thundering cheers.

DENNIS MULVIHILL, '18.

Exchanges.

THE wheel of time and change has made another revolution, turning up in the most august bench of criticism, those who dare not hope to equal the achievements of their predecessors. So penetrating has been their gaze, so wise and perspicuous their judgment, that we are abashed at the tremendous handicap under which we must labor. However, if we should fail to attain the former excellence of this department, it will not be from aims less lofty or care less painstaking. In the meantime, we beg our fellow-collegians to be broad-minded, and to bear with our misfortune, if at times we may appear to be dictatorial and unjust. Furthermore, let it be known that the Exchange editors extend a cordial welcome to our contemporaries with the promise that we will give them due consideration in our columns.

The first arrival within the portals of our sanctum is the ever welcome publication from Notre Dame. As usual the *Scholastic* is replete with promising material. "Some Ethical Aspects of the Short Story" is praiseworthy in its general intent, but very drastic in its indictment of Edgar Allan Poe, the unexcelled master of the art of short story writing. "John Peter Muhlenberg" is the title of an interesting historical sketch, having to do with one of those almost forgotten characters, whose heroic patriotism was no small factor in the War for Independence. "The First Impression" is noteworthy because its author draws a real live character in "Freckles". In the realm of poetry the present number of the *Scholastic* falls somewhat below the paper's usual excellence. "The Annunciation in Heaven" is by far the best piece of verse in this issue.

In the *St. Vincent's College Journal* we find a sparsity of material and lack of variety hardly compatible with that magazine's wonted versatility. However, in the initial number of the year, it is a pardonable offense, which, we feel confident, will be amply atoned for, when the esteemed editors strike their mental and muscular stride. "Right Sense" is a lengthy editorial worthy of commendation for its sentiment, but, rhetorically considered, it is not effective. The article on the Adamson Bill is well written, but unconvincing, being a mere repetition of the arguments set forth by those opposing the President in this campaign.

W. F. GALVIN, '18.

E. N. SOXMAN, '18.



THE infantile paralysis scare and the consequent late opening of the school term have considerably handicapped the athletic authorities. However, the University is represented on the gridiron this season by four teams, namely, the Freshmen "Dukes", University High, Juniors and Agnetians. No attempt will be made to produce a 'Varsity eleven, as there are not enough gridirers of collegiate standing in school to form a representative team capable of competing on even terms with other college elevens; efforts will accordingly be bent toward turning out a team of freshman calibre. As soon as classes were reorganized Coach Bernard sent out a call for gridiron candidates. Parental objection and class standing have made the eligibility list rather small; however the material looks promising. With five letter-men of the famous Academics as a nucleus, a winning combination should be formed.

"Mike" Obruba, the cotton-topped sprinter of Academic fame, was elected captain by his team-mates.

The first Monday of October, a general mass meeting of the students was held. This meeting marked the era of a better college spirit and genuine enthusiasm for the gridiron pastime. Father Hannigan's remarks were brief, but of a very practical nature. Father McGuigan spoke at length and eloquently on a subject close to every boy's heart—school and class spirit. His oration—of the big brother type—aroused the student-body from apparent lethargy. Ray Baum, the popular cheer-leader, brought the enthusiastic meeting to a close by his varied chorus of Greek yells for "Old Duquesne".

FRESHMEN.

DUKES, 6—WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY RESERVES, 35.

The Freshies gave Tobin's Snakelets a scare in the first

quarter by holding them to 7-0. In the second quarter, the Reserves' "beef trust" pounded the gentle Dukes' line for four touchdowns, but they certainly worked for them; while the Bluffites tallied once on the neat work of Obruba, McGillick, Brickley and Gentile. We must compliment the boys for their wonderful showing against such terrible odds.

DUKES, 21—MCKEESPORT, 0.

The Dukes are not skilled in making pipes, but the way they played football in the Tube City is worth remembering. Zitzman, our genial "beef killer", made holes wide enough to shove a house through, and our serpentine wonder, Gentile, registered twice. Nee speared a forward pass, and the South Side wiggler hiked away for first blood. The latter scored again after a few hard plays by the aerial route. Flanagan and Burns circled the ends successfully, and Obruba took the ball over for the final score. The "Speed King" toed the ball across the bar on all three trials.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The University High, under the careful management of Father Rossenbach, and the skillful tutoring of Coach Martin, has played two games, one at Munhall and the other on the Bluff campus.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 0—MUNHALL, 6.

Gloom cast its withering glance on Duquesne University High, at Munhall, when Coach Martin's lads fell victims to the mill town boys, 6-0. The University High out-classed Munhall in the aerial game, but fumbling at critical times proved fatal.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 81—ST. THOMAS, 0.

Well we knew there was some class to those Dukelets from the University High. It takes a real good thrashing to make some footballers wake up, and the result of the Munhall game and Coach Martin's lecture brought the youngsters' fighting spirit out. Joe Hudock was a regular demon, his tackling being sensational at all times. Butrym, Walsh and O'Brien smashed through the Thomists' line at will, and Wajert scampered down the field under forward passes as if he had a speed permit.

JUNIORS.

Father Zindler has resumed the managerial reins of the Junior team, and, aided in no small degree by Coach Martin, has the Dukelings running at breakneck speed.

JUNIORS, 62—HOLY ROSARY SCHOOL, 0.

Both teams were equally matched as regards weight, but the snappy and intelligent attack of the Juniors, engineered by Captain Egan, bewildered the Rosarians.

The dodging and elusive runs of Rooney and Hogan were the main features.

JUNIORS, 49—MILLVALE HIGH, 0.

The end runs of T. Scanlon and O'Donnell, combined with the strong defensive game of Kettl, Jackson and Balcerzak, proved too much for the Millvalites, and the Junior Dukes romped away with an easy victory.

AGNETIANS.

Ardent enthusiasm and plucky gridiron spirit have been implanted in the ranks of the Agnetians, our midget contingent, under the able triumvirate of Father Williams, Prof. Kirkbride and Coach Davies.

AGNETIANS, 2—ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, 0.

The only score of this exciting contest came by the safety route in the second period. The Marians, with the ball on their three-yard line, tried to kick it out of the danger zone, but failed as J. Carl broke through and downed his man behind the goal line. The defensive tactics of Burky, M. Carl and Sullivan received rounds of applause.

AGNETIANS, 25—ST. PETER'S SCHOOL, 6.

The long sprints of Joyce, McLuckie and Dawes netted a well-earned victory for the Agnetians. James Doyle and McGrath also played well.

ALBERT A. MOUNTAIN, '18.

CHRONICLE

College and High Schools.

The Presidents of the different classes were elected early in October. They are: in the Senior Class, Victor J. Kennedy; Junior, Dudley J. Nee; Sophomore, Mark P. Flanagan; Freshman, Patrick A. Diranna; Students' Senate Pre-Medical, Daniel S. Fisher; Fourth High, James S. Garahan; Third High A, Philip C. Lauinger; Third High B, Andrew J. King; Second High A, Edward J. Caye; Second High B, Harry E. Walsh; First High A, John P. Kane; First High B, Eugene F. Haggerty; First High C, Eugene J. Ford; Fourth Scientific, Albert J. Succop; Third Scientific, Earl V. Johnston; Second Scientific, Leo B. Gallagher; First Scientific, Leo F. Bollens; Third Commercial, Thomas P. Ford; Second Commercial, Harry Burdelski; First Commercial, Thomas J. Kelly.

The "Red Masquers" were the first of the students' societies to elect their officers for the year. Raymond N. Baum, '18, was the club's unanimous choice for President; Dramatic Leo J. Zitzman, '17, was made Vice-President, and William F. Galvin, '18, Secretary; Joseph L. McIntyre, '18, succeeded himself as Treasurer; Victor J. Kennedy, '17, was selected for Publicity Man; Edward N. Soxman, '18, Stage Manager; Thomas A. Drengacz, '17, and Leo McIntyre, '18 (H. S.), Property Men. A committee was appointed to read a certain number of plays in view of selecting one for the Christmas show. "Peppering Pepp" was hit upon as the best of the lot. It is a three-act farce, with a college atmosphere and much interpolated music, and calls for a large cast. Rehearsals are progressing satisfactorily under the direction of Father Malloy. Father McGuigan's now famous Pyramids will also be seen at the entertainment, which is scheduled for January 9, the Tuesday after the close of the Christmas vacation.

Marked enthusiasm for music, both sacred and profane, has been noticed from the school-year's very outset. Part-singing finds favor with the college men, while the Musical high-school boys have thus far contented themselves with unison choruses; the Fourth

High, however, has a glee-club in process of formation. The Senior Boarders give nightly impromptu musicales.

Several good players, lost to the orchestra by graduation, have been replaced by others hitherto too modest to offer their services.

The winter concert season was opened by the Senior Class on October 15. The following programme was rendered :

March—The Trumpeter, *Mascha* . . . Students' Orchestra
Director, Professor C. B. Weis

Monologue—The Ambitions of Willie Jones . . . Robert G. Reilly

Tenor Solo—Somewhere a Voice is Calling . . . Charles J. Deasy
Accompanist, Rev. F. X. Williams, C. S. Sp.

Waltz Song—Good-bye, *Ball* Orchestra

Bass Solo—Anchored, *Watson* . . . Rev. J. F. Malloy, C. S. Sp.

Part Song—Carry Me Back to Old Virginny, *Bland*
John J. McDonough with Seniors and Juniors

March—Old Berlin, *Von Blon* Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That Congress Was Justified in Passing
the Adamson Eight-Hour Bill.

Chairman—Francis C. Streiff

Affirmative—Albert A. Mountain, Thomas A. Drengacz

Negative—Charles J. Deasy, John J. McDonough.

The vote was in favor of the affirmative.

On October 22, the Sophomore Class entertained with a musical programme, and a debate on a subject that at first sight did not seem debatable. The negative speakers, however, showed that much could be said on their side without infringing the moral law. The decision, nevertheless, went to the affirmative. We subjoin the programme :

March—Emblem of Peace, *Reeg* Orchestra

Recitation—The King and the Child Paul J. Ubinger

Vocal Solos { (a) Life, *Oley Speaks*
(b) Dear Old Mother of Mine, *Klickmann*

Professor W. H. Brickley

Concert Waltz—Pierrot and Pierette, *Edwards*
Stringed Instruments

Skit—Telegrams from Notables Leo J. Zitzmann

Class Song—The Violet, the Rose and You Sophomores
Accompanist, Rev. F. X. Williams, C. S. Sp.

Hawaiian—My Own Iona, *Gilbert* Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That the Absolute Truth Should Always Be Written and Spoken.

Chairman—J. J. McCloskey

Affirmative—T. C. Brown, M. P. Flanagan

Negative—J. J. Gallagher, F. Krone.

The Fourth High proved themselves capable entertainers on Sunday, October 29, when, before the largest audience of the season, they gave the following numbers:

Overture—Old Berlin, *Blon* . . . Students' Orchestra

Sketch—Hans and the Telephone Man

Martin Wajert and Bernard Winkler

Baritone Solo—The Sunshine of Your Smile, *Ray*

Rev. F. X. Williams, C. S. Sp.

Recollections of Stephen C. Foster Orchestra

Reading—Murillo Cornelius J. Becker

Class Song, with Orchestral Accompaniment—

Good-Bye, Good Luck, God Bless You . . . Fourth High

March—America, I Love You Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That it is Possible by Legislation to Reduce the High Cost of Living.

Chairman—James S. Garahan

Affirmative—Stanley Balcerzak, Martin Carl

Negative—Stanley Butrym, Martin Noon Glynn.

The affirmative speakers polled the most votes.

On October 25, the first anniversary of the death of Edward Callahan, a Requiem High Mass was offered for him by Rev.

Charles B. Hannigan, C. S. Sp. The music

R. I. P. for the Mass was beautifully rendered by the students of the High School and

College Classes.

A great shock to the entire student body was the sudden death of Mrs. Mary Connelly, mother of Thomas and John Connelly, of Aliquippa, Pa. She was killed in an automobile collision on her way to see the Holy Name Procession. Rev. Edward B. Knaebel, C. S. Sp., Director General of the Holy Childhood and former professor of the University, celebrated the funeral Mass, and Rev. H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp., was present in the sanctuary. The boys, now doubly orphaned, have the deepest sympathy of the students, among whom they have always been deservedly popular.

EDWARD J. QUINN, '19.

School of Social Service.

The School of Social Service was formally opened on Tuesday, October 17. The Very Rev. President welcomed the Rev.

Clergy, the ladies and gentlemen present, to the School of Social Service in the beautiful hall which the Monongahela Division of the Knights of Columbus had placed at their

disposal. The importance of the work was admirably expressed, he said, in the Rt. Rev. Bishop's letter of endorsement. It was the intention of the school to work in harmony with all the existing benevolent and charitable organizations of the city and diocese, especially with the grand Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Catholic Women's League, the Ladies' Catholic Beneficial Association and the Diocesan Conference of Catholic Charities.

After expressing satisfaction at having so many enthusiasts present interested in social problems, Father Dewe outlined the course to be followed during the year. The school will make a practical and theoretical study of the most important sociological problems. Classes will be conducted and lectures will be given by experts from the leading philanthropic institutions. Practical field work will be undertaken, and sociological theories on the nature of society, its activity and development, will be discussed. Problems of the day will be seen through the eyes of others who have lived in daily contact with the characters and conditions they describe. In the interests of social uplift, cases of destitution will be examined, the causes will be investigated, whether due to lack of work, sickness, death of the wage-earner, or intemperance; and the appropriate means of relief will be determined. Efforts will be made to co-ordinate society, so that the consumer will have a hearing when strikes arise between capital and labor.

The subjects treated and the work planned should appeal strongly to clergymen, benevolent associations, and those who are in any way identified with the direction of charitable institutions,—to all, in fact, who are interested in seeing that families or individuals under their charge or within the sphere of their influence, are safeguarded against social evils, and helped to attain a normal degree of economic comfort.

On Tuesday evening, October 24, the Hon. W. A. Way, President Judge of the Allegheny County Court, lectured on Juvenile Delinquency, its causes and

Judge Way's remedies. He outlined the work of the Lecture Juvenile Court, and emphasized the fact that its purpose is not to punish the culprit, but to reclaim him. Delinquency in children may arise from a variety of causes; environment, degraded family conditions, bad companions, poor health and weak mentality. Such children are treated differently from the adult criminal. On the arrest of the youthful offender and the substantiation of the charge against him, the magistrate or the district attorney may turn him over to the Delinquent Court. Judge Way then showed how the Judge of the Delinquent Court depends upon three reports for his decision; the probation officer's, the medical doctor's and the Detention Home officer's. Finally, the child is either allowed to go home under probation, or sent to the Home for Feeble-Minded Children, or consigned to the Polk Home for Defectives.

Especially interesting was the lecturer's description of the ways in which a child's mentality is tested. Every one who is directly or indirectly in charge of a school should know these tests, notably that of Binet, by which certain questions are put to the child, the answers to which, the child's age being taken into consideration, will reveal his mentality.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

This year we are displaying some newer courses: to cite a specific case—Costs and Efficiency. This topic is discussed analytically and synthetically by that able New Courses cost accountant, Mr. Ernest Crowther, C. P. A. Certainly it is an interesting class, a timely subject and a most careful teacher. Mr. Crowther has installed several of the largest and most successful cost systems in this vicinity. He is consulting cost accountant for the most successful firm of certified public accountants.

The demand for a series of lectures and problems in proper methods of installing accounting systems induced the accounting faculty to inaugurate such a course. To select an instructor was a difficult proposition until we remembered Mr. C. C. Sheppard, C. P. A., one of our successful students. That our selection was satisfactory, one may find out by conversing with any member of the class.

The inquisitiveness of individuals about the income and expenditures of our cities and states seemed to us to justify a special course in Municipal Accounting. We are very much pleased to have secured the liveliest most progressive specialist, Mr. Harold S. Breitenstein, the chief accountant of the city, to teach this subject.

That fundamental accounting class, which was quite large last year, is so numerous this season that two sections are needed. One section is taught by the youngest certified public accountant in the United States, Mr. Raymond E. Barth. For accuracy of statement, for facility in presenting accounting data, he certainly is there "with the goods." The other section is under the guidance of Mr. Deviny.

In the Day School, we find one new face among the teaching staff—Mr. Ray A. Peterson, A. B., LL. B., who comes to us very highly recommended—as an instructor in Government and Politics.

All our instructors of last year are with us now, excepting that brilliant and very busy attorney, Mr. Martin. His successor is his co-worker—a very good lawyer, and an interesting teacher—Mr. William B. McFall, Jr.

One of the most interesting classes, since the school was started, is the one made up of commercial teachers. Its summer session was very strenuous. Therein the class studied—as only teachers do—such subjects as investments and speculation, under the tutelage of Mr. Lacey: Transportation, as quizzed, questioned and lectured upon by Mr. William E. Warrington, A. M., B. S. in E., of the Wharton School; and Commerce and Industry, under the guidance of a special instructor. A number of visits were made through the workshops of some of Pittsburgh's big industries.

A special department for teachers has been organized, and classes are held Saturday mornings from 9 to 12 o'clock. The modern methods of teaching such commercial subjects as Business English, Mathematics, Commercial Geography, etc., and the special topic of office practice, will be discussed. The methods used will vary from the question and answer, the quiz, the recitations to the lecture. The classes are limited to teachers.

JOSEPH E. MONTEVERDE, '17.

Alumni.

FRED W. JOOST, '02, who in the olden days distinguished himself on the baseball field, dropped in to see us on September 16. He was on his way to Erie, accompanied by his wife. He is at present in the employ of Armour & Co., and is to assume charge of the Smoked Meat Department in Erie. Fred was previously on the road. He has advanced speedily considering that he has been with the firm only five months.

ANOTHER recent visitor was CHARLES MAYER, '02, famous baseball and football player. He is living with his family, small but prosperous, at Bridgeville, Pa., where he owns large coal mines and brickyards. He expects to make a million within a year, and to put up a new building for *Alma Mater*. That's Charlie, all right!

REV. CHARLES MCHUGH, '03, is the zealous pastor at Friendship, N. Y., in the diocese of Buffalo. He has brought about a number of conversions, and is preparing to build a new church.

THREE drug stores in the same neighborhood are managed by old Duquesne men. JAMES J. TYSARCZYK, '12, has charge of Michalski's drug store, at 28th Street and Penn Avenue, and with this, as a side issue, he takes lessons in painting. JOHN MICHALSKI, ex-'04, owner of this pharmacy, has another at 29th and Penn. MERLE NADOLNY, ex-'17, whom James Tysarczyk succeeded, now has a drug store of his own at 25th and Penn.

CHARLES BERNARD BRIGGS, ex-'12, and MISS FLORENCE KATHARINE LORD and entered the holy state of matrimony. Best wishes, Bernard!

ADRIAN BRIGGS, '13, brother of Bernard, is employed as chemist in the Metallurgical Department of the Jones & Laughlin Mills at Aliquippa, Pa.

OWEN MCMANUS, '13, is stenographer for Alderman Kirby on Grant Street.

PAUL J. DURKAY, '15, holds a clerical position in the East Pittsburgh National Bank at Wilmerding, Pa.

VICTOR H. MCCOLLUM, '15, has proven a valuable assistant to the Auditor of Freight Receipts of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

JOSEPH MCCLAIN, also of the Class of '15, is doing clerical work for the Pressed Steel Car Co., at McKees Rocks.

HENRY BERNY, '15, is stenographer for Maxey & E. J. Kent, lawyers, in the Farmers' Bank Building.

JAMES J. GIANNEY, '15, is with P. A. Bennett Bros., doing stenographic work.

CHAS. CLIFFORD, '15, is on the stenographic staff of the Carnegie Steel Co., of Homestead, Pa.

HENRY A. RINGEL, '15, is in charge of the Traffic Department of the Etna Chemical Company, Oakdale, Pa. He also attends to some of the Company's correspondence.

SIMON J. CODORI, '16, is doing clerical work in the office of the Columbia Steel Co., at Carnegie, Pa.

EDWARD R. HOREN, '16, is doing clerical work with the Union Switch & Signal Co., Swissvale, Pa.

JOSEPH A. LACKNER, '16, is acting as stenographer for the Diamond Coal & Coke Co.

HAROLD GREENE, our "Social Lion", JOHN K. CULGAN, better known as the "Giant Boy", and JOHN F. DUGAN, all graduates of the Scientific H. S., '16, have entered the Freshman Class at Tech.

E. LAWRENCE O'CONNELL, '16, who distinguished himself as an actor in amateur circles, has entered St. Vincent's Seminary, and intends to prepare for the priesthood. He has been heard from lately, and says that he likes it very much; but Larry was never exacting.

MICHAEL "Skinny" HINNEBUSCH, President of the Class of '16, and a handballist of the first division, is also aspiring to the priesthood at the Seminary. He gives some good advice to those in the College Department, especially to those who have the intention of going to the "Sem". "Study your Latin," is what he said, and there is something ominous about the tone of voice that one can read between the lines.

EDWARD J. NEMMER, also of the Class of '16, and editor-in-chief of last year's MONTHLY, is at St. Vincent's imbibing *Theologia*. *Quid sit*, Eddie?

THOMAS McDERMOTT, '16, and JEROME D. HANNAN, '16, Class "A" debaters, are wearing the garb of seminarians in company with their class-mates. To all these seminarians the staff extends best wishes for success.

FRANCIS HOFFMANN, '16, with his brother RICHARD J., '09

(Academic and Scientific), left October 3, for Gadsden, Alabama, to take charge of a large dairy farm. They intend to work themselves up gradually. RICHARD, after leaving here, went to Penn State, and took up the agricultural course, finishing in '12. He has been doing practical work for two years, finding occupation between times as mail clerk. Gadsden is the county-seat of Etowah County in northeastern Alabama. The MONTHLY wishes them success.

THOMAS P. NEE, '16, brought himself into the Hall of Fame by his stellar work at tackle on the Minims and then on the first Academic team organized in Duquesne. He also coached the Academics of last year. At present he holds a position with Jones & Laughlin's, but there is a persistent rumor that he intends studying Law. Here's hoping.

AT the recent ordinations at St. Vincent's, FRANK CLIFFORD, JAMES HALEY, JOHN LEGER, JOHN R. MCKAVNEY, JAMES J. O'CONNELL and DESMOND and EARL McNANAMY received Sub-deaconship and Deaconship. Only a few months more, and they ascend the holy altar as priests of God.

THE boarders will be pleased to hear a word about CARL ACKERMAN, ex-'17. He now holds the position of second cartoonist on the *Wheeling Register and News*, which he says he likes. An extract from his letter, makes known that he is still "peppery" as ever. "I can honestly say that . . . I shall never forget Duquesne, and there will be a place kept in my heart for that 'good old D. U.'" are the very words he used. He asks that the MONTHLY be sent him.

RAYMOND J. BAUM, '18.



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Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXIV.

DECEMBER, 1916

No. 3

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

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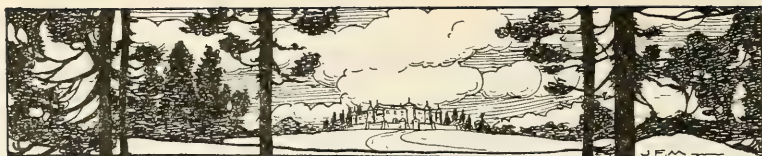
Carol.

CLEAR upon the midnight air
Sounds a joyful song;
Shepherds on the hillside bare
Hear Angelic throng
Sing, and all the heavens fill,
"Peace to men of right good-will."

Kingly sages see a star
New in distant lands;
Hail their guide, and journey far
'Cross the desert sands
To the manger of their King;
For Him precious gifts they bring.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.





A Christmas That Couldn't Be Spoiled.

JIMMY FLAHERTY was a typical "Mick", red-haired, freckled-faced, generally smiling, and with a ready tongue. Three days before Christmas he sat at a table in one corner of the circulation room of the *Post*. Before him was a list of names, and going down the list he placed a number after each name. Unmindful of those around him he was saying to himself: "There's old Judge Potter—he's good for a dime. And Mrs. O'Hara, she'll gimme a nickel. Old tight-wad Andrews, m-m-m, one cent—if he don't stand me off. Mayor Johnson, gee! a quarter, sure. And Lawyer MacMillan, another two bits." And so on down the list.

It was "carriers' day", the day when all the newsies were given their papers free and allowed to keep whatever they made. Jimmy was just estimating what he would probably receive from each of his customers. He was much like the usual newsboy we read of, except that he wasn't the sole support of a widowed mother and several smaller brothers and sisters. His father was always able to provide the necessities of life. But the little luxuries that were expected at such times as this had to be supplied out of the earnings of Jimmy.

Jimmy was the eldest of three children. His sister Mary and his brother John were looking forward to Christmas with eager anticipation. He was no less anxious than they, and had planned to buy all manner of toys, candies, nuts, and whatever the Christmas season demanded. He had already made a tour of the stores and shop windows and, like the business man he was, marked down just what he was going to buy and where he was going to buy it.

When the papers were distributed, Jimmy was one of the first in line, and was soon making the rounds of his customers. A slight snow was falling and the air was crisp but not uncomfortable. As he turned into Forbes Street from Sixth Avenue,

Jimmy saw a noisy crowd of four or five urchins gathered near the O. & P. Milk Company's building. He approached them and caught sight of little Eddie Ryan, a diminutive newsboy, backed against the wall holding his papers tightly against his breast. The biggest one of the crowd, about Jimmy's size, stood face to face with him. Jimmy caught a glimpse of Eddie's puckered-up and ready-to-cry face, and at once realized that the little fellow was in trouble. As Jimmy drew nearer, Eddie saw him.

"Hey, Jimmy, these guys wanna take my papers away."

Jimmy sized up the biggest one of the crowd scornfully.

"Well, what *you* gonna do about it?" the other fellow asked him.

"G'wan away and leave him alone—or I'll cave in a couple of your slats," commanded Jimmy.

"Aw, g'wan, me and me gang 'll clean you up," came the reply.

"Ye will, will ye?" flared back Jimmy. "Say, Ed, watch them papers."

Jimmy dropped his papers and started after the fellow. The leader's expected help failed to materialize, and whatever intentions the rest had of helping in the fight were dispersed when they saw how Jimmy landed rights and lefts with stinging accuracy.

"Hey, Jimmy—*hey*, Jimmy—a guy's stealin' your papers."

Jimmy was so busy he failed to heed the warning. But Eddie's incessant calls attracted his attention. Looking around, he saw the smallest member of the gang just scampering around the corner with a bundle of papers. He looked for his papers and they were gone. Without a further thought of the fight or the rest of the gang, he started across the street in pursuit of the youthful pilferer. He had hardly left the curb when he was startled by the shrill blast of an auto horn. Looking sideways he saw a machine rapidly bearing down on him. Jimmy stopped and turned sharply. In trying to avoid him, the driver turned the machine towards the middle of the street, but the wheel skidded on the slippery pavement and the rear wheel and mud-guard struck Jimmy a hard blow. He was thrown to the street unconscious.

When Jimmy awoke he found himself in his own home, surrounded by the family and the doctor. He was somewhat bewildered for a time, but soon wanted to know what all this meant. The doctor assured him that he was not badly hurt, but

that his knee would be stiff for some time to come. This meant that he would have to give up his paper route—a real calamity.

Throughout the next day, Mary and John kept asking him numberless questions about Christmas, and whether Santa would come or not. Each time he assured them that Santa would not forget them, but he felt guilty of a cruel deception. At times he drew his head under the covers and cried softly when he thought of the bitter disappointment their little hearts would soon experience. During the day, Eddie Ryan and some other newsboys came to see him and cheer him up. But these bright moments were soon forgotten when he chanced to overhear the little ones planning for Christmas.

The day before Christmas was a sorrowful one for Jimmy, and towards evening, with a wearied brain, he fell asleep. But shouts of glee and laughter soon awoke him. He sat up in bed rubbing his eyes, when the door burst open and his little sister Mary came running in.

"Oh, Jimmy, look what Santa Claus brought me,—a doll and a baby cab and—and, oh the candies and nuts."

"Gee, Jimmy, look what I got!" cried John, dashing through the open door, "a sled and a football and a drum. You just oughta see what you got,—a great big sweater. Golly, it's a peach."

Jimmy was so overjoyed that he could scarcely realize what it all meant, nor could his father give him any information where it came from. Later in the evening Eddie Ryan came in, and from his beaming countenance Jimmy at once divined that he knew something about the affair.

"Say, Eddie, what does all this mean? Where did it come from? Come on and tell. You know all about it."

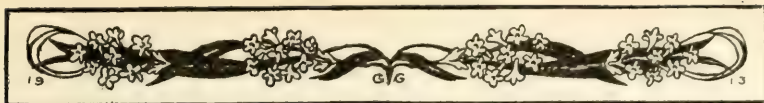
"Why, sure I do," replied Eddie. "It came from the bunch. When they heard how it happened, Mac gave us each twenty papers to sell for you, and golly, we got over ten dollars together."

"Oh, say Ed, do you think anybody 'll get my customers when I'm sick?" asked Jimmy anxiously.

"Get nothing. Skinny Martin's gonna take half your route, and I'm gonna take the other half till you get well. And gee, Jimmy, the bunch is comin' up to see you to-night, and believe me, they ain't a-comin' with empty hands."

"Gosh, Eddie, this is some Christmas, and I sure didn't expect it either."

GEORGE BILINNE.



Eminent Pittsburghers.*

DAVID T. WATSON.

PITTSBURGH is the home of many men of note, but of none more remarkable than David T. Watson.

David T. Watson was born on January 2, 1844, at Washington, Pennsylvania. His country's needs called him away from the Academic halls of Washington & Jefferson College, but, when the Civil War was over, he continued and completed his studies in Harvard Law School, graduating and being admitted to the Massachusetts Bar after one year's attendance, an achievement rarely if ever equalled. He practised law in Pittsburgh from 1868 until his death in 1916.

His fame as a lawyer is not confined to the United States. In Europe he is nearly as well known as at home. Several times he was offered a seat on the judicial bench, but he invariably declined the honor. In the Alaskan Boundary case, he won a great victory for his country, and attained for himself a justly deserved celebrity.

In the Chicago-Illinois Traction cases, Mr. Watson represented the city of Chicago and succeeded after extensive litigation in securing a compromise with the Street Railway Company of that city. In the Greater Pittsburgh case, Mr. Watson donated his services to the Chamber of Commerce, sustaining the constitutionality of the act consolidating Pittsburgh and Allegheny through the Courts of Pennsylvania and the United States Supreme Court. In the Capitol Conspiracy cases, Mr. Watson represented the Commonwealth in both the criminal and civil actions to recover money thought to have been unlawfully taken. He was successful in recovering a large sum for the Commonwealth.

It was Mr. Watson who made it possible for the Pittsburgh, Virginia & Charleston Railroad to enter Pittsburgh. Property owners of the South Side fought bitterly, but Mr. Watson's ability to carry to success condemnation proceedings won the battle.

* Submitted in Centennial Essay Contest.

He defended the Directors of the Standard Oil Company early in the '80's in the "Bull Ring" cases when they were tried on a charge of conspiracy at Warren, Pennsylvania. He is said to have submitted a bill of \$8,000 and the directors replied with a check for \$25,000.

When the final contest came with Great Britain in the long-pending dispute over the Alaskan Boundary, Secretary Knox, then Attorney General of the United States, selected David T. Watson as chief counsel for the United States. Mr. Watson made a thorough study of both sides of the case, and was determined he should not rest until he knew every point of it. Only when he had it all in mind ready for an opposing presentment did he take the steamer for the other side of the ocean. The contest resulted in a victory for the United States.

Mr. Watson was of an exceedingly modest and retiring disposition; he was gentle, kind and passionately fond of children, making generous provisions in his will for a home for crippled children. He was also in a quiet way a liberal contributor to many charities, but particularly to those working in the interests of children.

OLIVER KEEFER, 1st High C.

JOHN WHITE ALEXANDER.

John White Alexander came to us silently, and just as silently passed away. He was born October 7, 1856, in Allegheny City, now a part of Pittsburgh.

Being left an orphan when quite young, he was reared by his grandparents. At the age of twelve years, he became a telegraph boy in Pittsburgh. His fondness and talent for drawing soon attracted the attention of one of his employers who assisted him to develop it. At eighteen he was apprenticed in the art department of *Harper's Weekly*. After three years' apprenticeship he went to Europe to study under the best masters. Upon returning to New York in 1881, he achieved great success in portraiture, numbering among his sitters Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Borroughs and Walt Whitman. In 1900, Alexander won a gold medal at the Paris Exposition. After dividing his time between New York and Paris for many years, he finally settled in New York. In 1902, he became a member of the National Academy of Design, New York, of which he became president in 1909.

As President of the National Academy he showed his wonderful talents as a painter. His willingness to help a proposition he thought right, is shown in his untiring though disappointed efforts to secure for the city of New York an adequate building for the exposition of contemporary art. Another good quality found in Alexander was his devoted citizenship. He never declined to perform a duty or assume a responsibility which he thought he ought to accept, no matter how unimportant it might seem to others or however removed from his professional work. If he thought he could help, that settled it; he threw himself heart and soul into the undertaking.

About this time he reached the zenith of his career, painting "La Femme Rose", "The Green Bow" and "Two Sisters". Some critics say "Mrs. Alexander" is his master-piece. It is a loving picture of his wife, which could not be painted but by one showing great affection for her. Among his most noted works is a series of panels at the Carnegie Museum. The general subject is "The Apotheosis of Pittsburgh", which is represented in the central panel by a mailed knight saluted by panel after panel of working men. His most noted works are portraits of modern women in their graceful poses, but his pictures of strong characteristic men are no less effective. His very modern and technical methods caused him to be called the most Parisian of American painters. The use of coarse canvas and thin pigments gave him the power of rapid execution.

His color is pleasing, with striking light and shade effects. Though always able, his work is not uniformly excellent. Towards his last days his health gave way, and he died June 1, 1915. His death was a great national loss, not only as an artist, but as a citizen of lofty public spirit.

JOSEPH A. NEE, First High A.

FRANCIS J. TORRANCE.

We look up with admiration to self-made men—men who achieved greatness through their own efforts. When men upon whom fortune has smiled from their birth, win recognition in the business and industrial world, we take their success as a matter of course; but when a man begins life straitened by handicaps of various kinds, we naturally regard his subsequent success as an indication of some sterling traits of character; when he attains leadership in the civic or social world, his career naturally is

explained by the presence of intellectual and moral gifts of a higher order than his fellow-men possess. Such has been the career of Francis J. Torrance.

He was born on the North Side in 1859, of God-fearing and industrious parents. Realizing the natural gifts of their boy's character, they did all in their power to help him succeed. He received his early education in the Allegheny Public Schools, later going to the Western University of Pennsylvania.

One of his first great achievements was the organization of the Standard Works, on River Avenue, North Side, of which he was for many years an active member. It has since been consolidated, with many other smaller companies, into the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company. To-day Pittsburgh is the home of standard plumbing fixtures and supplies, and it is owing to Francis J. Torrance, with his sound business principles, that Pittsburgh stands as the chief manufacturing center for these supplies. "Sanitary" with him meant "cleanliness" in operation and ethical conception, so that to-day his supplies are world-known as "standard" products. When Mr. Torrance organized his company forty or more years ago, there was only a small building to work in. Now the Standard Manufacturing Company has half a score of plants employing thousands of men. The principal cities of America and the leading cities of the Eastern Hemisphere have numerous show-rooms, warehouses, branches and agencies of this famous Pittsburgh company. During the years of the existence of the company as a consolidated business, Mr. Torrance had been actively engaged in the supervision and direction of the manufacturing interests. With the spirit of a true workman, he served in all capacities under the company, till he reached the vice-presidency and chairmanship of the executive committee, positions he held for years, with great honor to himself and advantage to his associates.

Aside from his work as an organizer and manufacturer, Mr. Torrance showed himself a true citizen and a loyal Pittsburgher. He represented his ward and party for three terms of four years each in council. He was President of the Select Council of Allegheny when it was consolidated with Pittsburgh. He was President of the State Board of Public Charities for many years. As one of the directors of the Pittsburgh Exposition Company, he was instrumental in revealing to the people of Pittsburgh the wonderful industrial development of their city.

CLEMENT SWAN, 1st Scientific.

A Winter Idyl.

THE snow is deep :
The little sheep
Stand shivering in the cold.
And watch o'er them
In Bethlehem
The guardians of the fold.

An Angel sings
Of heavenly things,
Of glory and of peace :
"A Child is born
This very morn,
Whose reign shall never cease."

The Child it lay
On wisps of hay;
A manger was His throne :
A God hath come
From blissful home
To dwell among His own—

Their minds to teach,
Their hearts to reach,
To die for their dear love,
And show to men
How to regain
The paths that lead above.

Beneath his arm
The sheep are warm,
Safe from the sleet and cold :
The Lord hath lent—
In mercy sent—
A Shepherd to His Fold !

GEORGE BILINNE.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Christmas.

"Heaven in earth! and God in man!
Great Little One, whose glorious birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth."

—RICHARD CRASHAW.

IT is Yuletide, the season of love and goodly cheer. Again is there cast over humanity the spell of pervading benevolence, the magic spirit of the Christ-Child—that same spirit which moved the shepherds on the hillsides of Bethlehem centuries ago, when they saw the apparition of the Angels and heard their song of "Peace on earth to men of good-will."

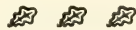
It is the time when men make merry after the custom. Kind deeds and kind thoughts dominate; the common life rules supreme over the individual life; our flickering lamps are trimmed, so that they give more light and less smoke, and we carry them so that our shadows fall behind us. It is an infinite love permeating the sordidness and baseness of human nature, and, for the time, we are lifted from the valley of shadows and placed upon the mountains of light.

Who is there that does not in some way feel the influence of the season? It beams and radiates from happy countenances about us. Surely we must say happiness is reflective, for every smiling face, bright and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror "transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence," such as radiated from little tiny Tim. But he who turns churlishly away from considering the happiness of his fellow-beings, and like Scrooge repines in his loneliness, may have moments of selfish gratification and enjoyment, but he lacks the "genial and social sympathies" which constitute the beauty and the peculiar charm of the season.

Christmas, of all festivals, awakens within us the strongest sympathies, the most heartfelt associations. Its sacred and solemn atmosphere blends with our joviality so that in the spirit there is a commingling of the hallowed and joyful. It is for this reason, therefore, that during this season we are willing to consider the desires of children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of those growing old; to contribute to the happiness of our fellow-men; to resolve to live, not for what we may get out of life, but what we are going to put into it. It is the season when we bury our darker nature and dig a garden where we may sow a few seeds of happiness.

It is in this spirit, gentle reader, that we bid you a joyful Christmas.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



When Is a Law Not a Law?

NOW that elections are over attention is once more directed to the Eight-Hour Law; its legality is questioned in many quarters, and probably will soon be put to a severe test.

In economic grievances, none of us wants sympathy so much as justice: and to attain it we all strive to use the best means; some favor arbitration, while others rely on the strength of organization. The latter receives more general preference, no doubt, because the tendency of the age is toward organization, which, within limits, is a very good thing. At present the two largest industrial and commercial forces form separate bodies, namely, capital and labor—the producers; each is separately organized, having a head and a mouth. But the largest number of our citizens, the consumers, constitute no corresponding organization; they are without a spokesman, and consequently are forced to endure without redress all the ills that must follow when either labor or capital scores a point.

When we see any group of citizens rise up and threaten the government in an effort to gain their cause, we begin to fear for the stability of our institutions. When laws are to be made, it is essential that they be for the lasting good of all citizens subject to them. It is incumbent on all our legislators to uphold the Constitution, which makes us all equal before the law, to serve *all* their constituents, whose suffrage made them what they are,

and not to concern themselves with the interests of *some* of their clients to the detriment of others.

This is not to be construed as a blind attack on all working-men. We merely state that, in a case like that of the trainmen, any easy legislation is the wrong means to use in attaining their end, however praiseworthy that end may be. This bill shows how in reality such action does more harm than good, jeopardizing as it does, the interests of some whom it was intended to benefit. The truth of this statement is proved by the fact that only the better paid railroaders are protected, and the condition of the poorer paid ones is disregarded; the latter constitute 80 per cent., the former 20 per cent. of the whole number.

Arbitration seems, after all, the best means to settle strikes. It does not involve unjust legislation; the board merely listens to the defenders of the organizations concerned and strives to bring about an amicable understanding. It is, of course, difficult to find a man suitable to be the odd member on such a board, when so many of our men in high places are hardly capable of doing justice to both the moneyed interests and the toilers. But if (as has been suggested in the railroaders' own quarters) the laboring classes had insight enough to invite to such a position one of our American Cardinals—men well versed in the laws that govern morality, and close to the pulse of humanity, men who value the souls of the poor, as well as the souls of the powerful, then the word "Arbitration" might lose much of its disagreeable significance; another victory in favor of general commerce might be won; and, in fine, the days of the great Manning might be recalled.

VICTOR KENNEDY, '17.



Making Criminals.

THIS is the age of fads and fancies. Common sense is uncommonly scarce. Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the absurd solicitude for confirmed criminals which prompts self-styled philanthropists to spend time and money for their material welfare. The rough edges are smoothed off prison life, and at many of our penal institutions music is furnished with the meals. Employment bureaus are established for ex-convicts only, and they generally have the pick of jobs. Honest, law-abiding workmen, on the other hand, must take the meanest positions and give way for ex-999.

Many are the bad effects of this ill-advised benevolence; but the worst is that it places a premium upon criminality. We can easily imagine a struggling bank clerk or express messenger soliloquizing in this strain: "I can no longer hope for advancement, because pull, not ability, is recognized. At my present rate of pay, I am not able to save money. Clearly, I will end in the poor-house, unless I take advantage of my position and abscond with some of this gold. If I am captured I will be sent to prison; but prisoners are better cared for than paupers. Therefore I have everything to gain and nothing to risk by taking this money."

In a modern materialist—and their name is legion—this is the purest logic.

DENNIS J. MULVIHILL, '18.



Truthful News.

FROM time to time we read about the big advertisers of the country forming into an association whose purpose is to advocate truth in advertising. Although a movement to protect the readers of periodical literature against untruths in advertisements is highly commendable, nevertheless we believe there is a higher and nobler good to be accomplished, more vital and of more pressing necessity to the public welfare, and that is "truthful news".

Mr. Max Pam, who has endowed a chair of journalism in the University of Notre Dame, says very truly: "The columns of the daily press are replete with sensational statements of events, internal and external, national and international, that challenge the credulity of the public. Inaccuracy in statement, and exaggeration in narrative, exist at this time in the most extreme form, until they have apparently become an integral part of metropolitan journalism."

The press pretends to be an honest gatherer of news and a truthful narrator of events. All classes admit it within the sanctity of their homes. It is accepted as a responsible source for the forming of opinions, a competent guide through the mosaic of current history. Hence it should be the duty of journalism, not only to set forth "an honest, truthful and impartial narrative of what it undertakes to present," but, what is far more important, to publish those occurrences and events which "will make for morality and character instead of immorality and lack of character."

There is much of beauty and morality in the world; there are deeds of heroic unselfishness, self-sacrifice, and generosity, conspicuous by the absence of egotism, and tending to the up-lifting of character and the promoting of moral good. These are too often passed over in silence, whilst scandals are widely advertised. The minds of the weak and the young are poisoned, and the evil effects are often life-long.

As much as possible, journalism should suppress reports of depravity. It should rather extol good than exaggerate evil.

The persistent chronicling of good will necessitate, ultimately, the crowding out of evil, for evil cannot live where virtue thrives. "Unless journalism, rising to its sense of responsibility, changes its attitude and its practice in these respects, the liberty of 'the palladium of the people' may be seriously impaired."

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Chimes.

THROUGH the snow that softly flutters
 Over sleeping roof and tree,
 Come the gladsome Christmas chimings
 'Cross the mantled hill and lea.
 Through the still night air, their ringing,
 Like the voice of Angels singing,
 Tells the message o'er the earth,
 Of the Saviour's glorious birth
 And our hearts re-echo to their melody.

Oh! the season's magic spirit
 Melts dulled hearts to love and cheer,
 Rouses memories sweet and tender;
 Sordid thoughts to gen'rous veer.
 Oh, the snowflakes' fairy whiteness
 And the glowing hearth's gay brightness
 Fill with joy this sad old earth;
 For the message of His birth
 From the belfry now is ringing loud and clear.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

The Master Satirist.

BECAUSE of the overshadowing literary position of the master, Shakespeare, the Immortal Bard of Avon, whose tercentenary was celebrated with intense ardour by the entire world early in the year now closing, Spain's foremost man of letters, whose death also occurred three hundred years ago, has not received the honor due to him. While the author of the world-renowned *Don Quixote* has a much smaller circle of intimates than the Stratford High Bailiff's son, yet his world-wide popularity is no less assured.

This most famous of all Spanish poets and novelists, Miguel de Cervantes-Saavedra, was born at Alcala de Henaris in 1547, and died at Madrid, April 23, 1616. The recorded facts of his career are rather meagre, but what narrative of his life we have is not less fraught with interest than the most exciting tale of adventure.

In the service of Cardinal Aquaviva in 1568 he went to Rome. A certain familiarity with Italian literature, discernible in many of his writings, was acquired during this period. A new crusade was being organized against the Turks, and Cervantes enlisted in a regiment of Spanish infantry. At the naval battle of Lepanto, where his left hand was maimed, he played a gallant part. When he recovered from his wound he took part in another campaign, directed against the Moslems in Northern Africa. He then obtained a leave of absence; but on his way to Madrid he was made a prisoner by corsairs bound for Algiers. The next five years were years of great suffering, of which there are reminiscences in *Don Quixote* and in the play *El Frato de Argel*. Several brave attempts to escape, made by the little band of Christians, with Cervantes as leader, were frustrated. Just as he was about to be sent to Constantinople, he was ransomed with the sum demanded, a sum which was painfully raised by his widowed mother and sister. Had he been taken to the Turkish capital the world would probably be without his immortal work.

His love of danger and adventure again led him to enter the army, in which he served until 1583. The period immediately following his retirement from army life is especially worthy of study, for it was during this time that his character was ripening and that understanding of human nature, which makes his works the delight of all peoples and all times, was reaching its maturity. He immediately took up his literary pursuits; and his first work of note,—a prose pastoral entitled *Galatea*, soon appeared. This

piece of literature exhibits a power of inventiveness and considerable depth of real emotion.

Cervantes next devoted his time to the drama; but in this choice he was not very successful; he was out of his element; he never mastered the finer qualities of the technic of dramatic art. Of the twenty or thirty dramas which he wrote, but two have been preserved; of most of them, even the titles have perished. *El Frato de Argel* and *La Numancia* are the only plays from his pen surviving; the latter of these, which deals with the siege of Numantia and its capture by Scipio Africanus, is said to be the best of Cervantes' dramatic productions. It must then be recognized that Cervantes was a failure as a dramatist, so much so that he was forced to leave the stage of Madrid in 1588; this was, however, before Lope de Vega began to write plays, and thus is refuted the statement advanced by some that he was driven out by Lope.

After his departure from the stage, he went to Seville, as Commissioner to the Indian squadrons, and helped to victual the ships of the Spanish Armada. He seems to have held this position until 1593. In 1594 he became the collector of taxes in the province of Granada, and three years later, on account of an irregularity in his accounts,—due rather to a subordinate than to himself,—he lost his position and suffered three months imprisonment besides. During his confinement the idea of his greatest work, *Don Quixote*, occurred to him, if a remark which Cervantes himself makes in the prologue of that book is to be taken literally. At any rate about this time appeared the "First Part," which ran through four editions in a single year.

In 1613 he published *Novelas Exemplares*, or Didactic Tales, twelve stories which portray a thorough acquaintance with every phase of life in Spain. Cervantes' most successful poem appeared the following year, a burlesque, *Viage al Parnassus*, written in "*terza rima*". In 1615,—a year after the publication of a book purporting to be a continuation of the chivalrous adventures of *Don Quixote* written by an unknown, who masqueraded under the name of Fernandez Avellaneda, in which the knight is described as a wild maniac and his squire, Sancho Panza, as a displayer of ancient antics,—the "Second Part" of *Don Quixote* was given to the world. Therein Cervantes makes delightful play with the "First Part" by treating it as a book well-known to all the characters of the story. The remaining works of note are his *Entremeses* and the *Persilesy Sigismunda*, a

novel of adventurous travel, completed shortly before his death.

Impoverished and diseased, clothed in the Franciscan habit, Cervantes died in 1616. His spirit still wanders the globe in the person of the Spanish knight, *Don Quixote*, the finest gentleman of the realms of fact and fable, who still maintains in discourse with all whom he meets that the world has most need of knights-errant, to do honor to women, to right the wrong, and fight for the oppressed; and he brings to naught Lord Byron's unfounded view that tends to throw discredit on the great author's works:

"Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;
 A single laugh demolished the right arm
 Of his own country; seldom since that day
 Has Spain had heroes. While Romance could charm,
 The world gave ground before her bright array;
 And therefore have his volumes done such harm,
 That all their glory as a composition
 Was dearly purchased by his land's perdition."

This very tragic view of the results wrought by the Spanish Romances is still held by some good students of Cervantes, although unsustained by anything in the history of the periods previous to or after the appearance of *Don Quixote*.

While it is true that many of the romances against which Cervantes is presumed to have waged his attack were trash, it is also true that the book lends itself to the purpose of assailing them. It would indeed be strange that such a great book, which is so brave in the exercise of the creative imagination, were mainly destructive in its aim. In truth, it is so many-sided that readers of almost any taste can find their warrant in it. The soul of it is irony, so profound that few of its readers have explored it to its depths. The irony of *Don Quixote* is easily seen in its first degree, and in its more obvious form is enjoyed by every reader. However, the use of language opposite to what is to be understood is the misguiding element to the followers of Byronic hyperbole. The decline of Spain is not to be attributed to Cervantes' works, when social, moral and political phenomena of various kinds are ample explanation. The more sober view of the purpose of *Don Quixote*, as a whole, is that it has no serious satirical purpose other than to attack the romances of pseudo-chivalry. It was no doubt intended by the author chiefly as a work of entertainment. The attempt to discover didactic pur-

poses in this or that by-factor of the novel is to be regarded as futile and inane.

In its purpose of entertaining this immortal work succeeded in its earliest editions, and nowadays continues to enlist the enthusiastic interest of constantly increasing generations of readers. Not only Spain, but the entire civilized world, now reads with interest and with gratification, of the doings of Don Quixote and his squire, Sancho Panza, taking a legitimate delight in the comic distress of the deluded Don, in the tricks put upon him and on the squire, in the woeful absurdity of their appearance, and in the beatings, poundings, scratchings and tumblings that are their daily portion.

The following lines may be called Cervantes' literary testament:

"I've cut and fashioned by my wit the dress
With which fair *Galatea* sought the light
And left the region of forgetfulness.

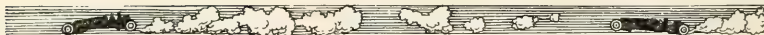
"I've comedies composed, whose style of play
To reason so conformed that on the stage
They showed fair mingling of the grave and gay.

"I've given in *Don Quixote*, to assuage
The melancholy and the carping breast,
Pastime for every mood in every age.

"I've in my novels shown a way, the best
Whereby at last the language of Castile
May season fiction with becoming zest."

Thus spoke "the soul-Quixote and the body-Sancho Panza" at the end of their career on earth, and the world has joined Spain in fully assenting with louder and louder praise as three centuries have rolled along.

PHILIP N. BUCHMANN, '17.



Our Part in Centennial Week.

THE City of Pittsburgh commemorated, during the week of October 29 to November 4, the hundredth anniversary of her city charter.

Monday, October 30, was "Educational Night". This was a unique and interesting feature of the many exercises held in the city that week. The various systems of education, the growth and development of these systems during 100 years, were put before the people of the city, by educators representing public, parochial and private schools, as also by the heads of our three "big schools".

In his brief address of ten minutes, the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of the University, spoke in substance as follows:

"The Savior of the world, almost two thousand years ago, said, 'Call no man teacher, for one only is ever Master, God.' These weighty words contain two educational principles the truest and the most far-reaching ever proclaimed: that none is fit to be a teacher unless he be a follower of Christ and a believer in God; that there is no education without religion.

"He who pronounced these solemn words founded a church to teach all nations. One of the great means employed by her has been to erect schools, colleges and universities. To her we owe the eighty-one universities that flourished in Europe before the so-called Reformation. In the new world she gave us the University of Lima, Peru, in 1551; another in Mexico, in 1553; a third in St. Domingo, West Indies, in 1558, almost a hundred years before the founding of Harvard in 1636. But to come to local history, in which we are specially interested to-night. We see the work of the Catholic Church, the Teacher of nations, in behalf of higher education. Over seventy years ago, in 1845, the great Michael O'Connor, first bishop of Pittsburgh, founded a Catholic High School at St. Peter's, North Side, for the people of Allegheny, and another at St. Paul's Cathedral for the people of Pittsburgh. Then came the Catholic Institute in 1873, one of the Presidents of which, the venerable Monsignor Lambing of Wilkesburg, still survives.

"In 1878 the Fathers of the Society of the Holy Ghost opened the Catholic College on Wylie Avenue. Bishop Domenec had invited them for that purpose. In May, 1885, the new building on the right bank of the Monongahela River was dedicated, and for a number of years it continued to give Catholic higher education to the youth of Pittsburgh. That the sphere of its useful-

ness might be extended, a University Charter was secured in March, 1911, and the institution became known as Duquesne University of the Holy Ghost.

"The University at present includes a High School Department for Academic, Commercial and Scientific Studies; a College of Arts and Sciences, a Law School, Schools of Finance, Education and Social Service, with a registration of 974 students and a Faculty of 87 members. It is the intention of the management to open the other professional departments as soon as circumstances permit.

"And now one word in conclusion, to answer a question frequently asked—how is Duquesne University maintained? It has no millionaire behind it, as has the Institute which Dr. Willet represents, nor has it rich endowments and generous state appropriations of hundreds of thousands, as has the University over which Dr. McCormick presides. Duquesne University depends on the small pittance of tuition gotten from its students, and no worthy student is ever refused admittance, even if unable to pay. But Duquesne University has behind it a body of men who give their labors, their talents, their lives to the work without any compensation whatsoever, save the clothes they wear and the food they eat. Just imagine, my dear friends, 25 members of our Society giving their services gratuitously to this work. *This is the endowment of Duquesne University!*

"Such is briefly the story of Catholic higher education in our city for the past 100 years, and such for the past 38 years, has been the history of Duquesne University, which has sent hundreds of its graduates into the ranks of the clergy, and thousands of them into the business and professional world. Duquesne University has a double object in view,—to prepare men to be good citizens of our city, of our state and of our country, and also to prepare men to become citizens of God's Kingdom in Heaven."

It is seldom that Catholics have an opportunity of proving the efficiency of their school system. Such an opportunity has just presented itself, and Catholics have every reason to be gratified that, when the test came, their schools incontestibly measured up to the standard claimed for them by their most enthusiastic supporters. In connection with the Pittsburgh Charter Centennial

Celebration, the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania offered for competition eighteen prizes, three to go to each of the grades from the seventh to the twelfth included. Pupils of public and parochial schools, high schools and academies, were eligible to take part in the competition. Over eight hundred essays from these schools were presented, dealing with the subjects assigned for the different grades, and were examined by the Educational Committee of the Centennial Celebration, the identity of the competitors remaining unknown until the merits of the compositions had been passed upon. Part of the programme of "Educational Night" was the awarding of the prizes. Ten of them went to Catholic schools and eight to the other schools of the city. It is quite interesting to note that all the prizes in the twelfth and eleventh grades, and two in the tenth, were carried off by our Catholic boys and girls. Duquesne University High and the Sacred Heart High won three prizes, each; Cathedral High, St. Joseph's Institute, Holy Rosary and St. Michael's were awarded one, each. Of the remaining eight, Fifth Avenue High captured two, and the following schools, one, each: Westinghouse High, Schenley High, Foster, Madison, West Liberty and Sterrit. Martin J. Carl, of Duquesne University Fourth High, carried off the first award in the highest grade; Edward S. Reilly and Walter L. Steinecker took second prize in the Third and Second High divisions, respectively. Handsome and useful books were given to the winners, by the President of the Historical Society, Mr. W. H. Stevenson.

One of the musical numbers on the evening's programme that was thoroughly enjoyed, because both appropriate and well rendered, was "Recollections of Stephen C. Foster" by a sextet chosen from the University Orchestra.

During the whole of Centennial Week, and for a month after, there was on exhibition in Carnegie Library, North Side, a very large and interesting collection of books about Pittsburgh and books written by Pittsburghers. The Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., of the Faculty, by extraordinary personal efforts assembled a very considerable percentage of these books, con-

tributing to both the Catholic and the non-Catholic sections. He was very materially aided in cataloguing and transporting the collection by Messrs. Mountain, Quinn and Steinecker.

Two nights of Centennial Week a community pageant was staged at Forbes Field—"the Pageant and Masque of Freedom", by Mr. W. M. P. Baird. It was a most unusual undertaking, but a brilliant success. Hundreds of persons took part in the various episodes, choruses, and dances. The story was told by several readers, two of whom were students of the University—Messrs. Ray J. Baum and Joseph A. Burns. They were coached in their difficult roles by Professor Lloyd, a past-master in out-door reading.

The biggest event of the week, however, was the parade, which took place on Friday, November 3. In size, picturesqueness and beauty, it was the greatest parade in the history of the city. The ancient, contrasted with the modern, in commerce, industry, transportation, education and art, passed in review before the hundreds of thousands that packed sidewalks, buildings, cross-streets, bill-boards, hill-sides, along the four-mile route from North Side to Memorial Hall.

"Enthusiastic applause greeted the appearance of the beautiful or picturesque floats," we quote from the *Gazette-Times*; "there was everything in floats, from a tribute to the goddess of art down to a handsome autocar hogpen." The float which the *Gazette-Times* then places at the head of the list was *ours*. Such was also the popular verdict. In fact, beauty of composition, striking symbolism, and civic patriotism were in it combined to a remarkable degree. A statuesque group of twenty students in flowing white robes, represented the tribute of Duquesne University to Pittsburgh. They were ranged on the steps of a throne around a central Minerva-like figure in brazen helmet and breast-plate, typifying the spirit of Pittsburgh, and its artistic, educational, civic and industrial endeavors. John J. Donovan interpreted this part.

Each of the "courtiers" bore the emblem of one of the activities, or departments, of the University: Leo Watterson, with brush, palette and easel, and Francis Walsh, with mallet, chisel

and statue, represented Art; Edward Reilly, with a lyre, represented Poetry; William F. Galvin, with a lute, symbolized Music; William J. McCarthy, with a scroll, typified Literature; John J. McDonough, in academic cap and gown, and carrying a tablet and stylus, stood for Philosophy; Francis J. Ligday personified Social Service, having Charles S. Donnelly, in the guise of a poor boy, under his protection; Edward N. Soxman bore the Cross of Religion; Edward J. Caye held the mortar and pestle of Science; Leo B. Gallagher, with astronomical globe and dividers, represented Mathematics; Robert C. Merkel, with ledger and pen, typified Accounting; Paul McGraw, with full cornucopia, symbolized Economics; William J. Turley, with an hour-glass, impersonated History; Bruno J. Taszarek, with a "ponderous tome," stood for Law; Stanley Balcerzak and Kenneth Leopold, in medieval costume, bore the bauble of Comedy and the sword of Tragedy, respectively; Thomas A. Drengacz, in full football regalia, was Athletics' fitting symbol; and Vincent J. Rieland carried aloft the stars and stripes, as the emblem of Patriotism.

In contrast with the spotless white of the figures, the lower part of the dais was draped with the University colors, Red and Blue, over which were crossed broad bands of the city's Gold and Black; and at the juncture of the two the arms of the city and of the University were artistically paired. The float was drawn by six stalwart horses, bravely caparisoned.

Sharing equally in the plaudits of admiring thousands, our hundred marchers covered themselves with glory. Their manly carriage, their orderly marching, their precise and graceful evolutions, reflected great credit both on themselves and on their drill-masters. Father McGuigan and Professor Stein found capable aides in Daniel S. Fisher, Charles J. Deasy, Ray J. Baum, Albert A. Mountain, Dudley J. Nee, Michael F. Obruba and Leo J. Zitzman. The college hats, the wands and streamers, and the magnificent new banner, added greatly to the general effect.

We are proud of our showing, and look on it as a triumph of college spirit and a triumph of good discipline.



Exchanges.

LIKE a fresh, wholesome breeze, *St. Mary's Messenger* from Michigan, made its initial visit to our sanctum. Although it is customary for college journals to make their inaugural appearance with a deplorable lack of reading matter, the *Messenger* made its debut with no fewer than four brief, interesting essays, six pieces of verse, a short story and three timely editorials. The essays, besides being well written, were happily varied both in style and matter. We were pleased with the intelligent review of Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale", which was pointed and well proved by quotations. But, alas! we were shocked that a young lady should have such intimate knowledge and appreciation of the fisherman's art as is displayed by the authoress of "The Compleat Angler". The short story, "Who Cares?" aptly teaches the value of sympathy and encouragement. The verse is good at all times.

From distant California hails the ever welcome *Collegian* of St. Mary's College. Three essays on lately deceased writers compose the bulk of the present issue. In the paper on "Robert Hugh Benson" we find a fairly adequate representation of the life and works of the beloved priest-novelist expressed in a pleasing and interesting manner. Of the numerous essays on this topic that we have had the pleasure of reading, this one, in our humble judgment, is the best. The review of "James Whitcomb Riley" so clearly and precisely expresses the literary ability and stylistic qualities of the Hoosier Poet that the least imaginative mind would, on first reading, form a good picture of the life and character of the best beloved American humorist. "Carver of Gems", another essay, describing the career and some of the works of Father Tabb, is well written, showing the fruit of much research. In "Fame and Fortune", the lone short story, there is adequate material to make up a commendable piece of fiction; but rather frequent lapses into tautology detract from its merit. The editorials, aside from a youthful (and therefore pardonable) lack of diplomacy, are well written. "The Old Game and the Student" is the best. The editor cleverly shows the moral influence of American football with its "straight man to man" tactics over the "dodging and swerving" diplomatic stealth of English rugby, and finds therein a great advantage to the student in building up the character to face the rough trials of the world.

In the *Holy Cross Purple* we note with interest and approbation an abundance of poetic matter. In the touching lines dedi-

cated to Thomas P. McCue, the poet has appropriately chosen the Biblical extract upon which the inimitable Dickens based his "Tale of Two Cities", claimed by so many to be the masterpiece of all English literature. Likewise, "In Memoriam" reaches a high plane of poetic excellence. "The Art of Prudence" teems with descriptive words and phrases, but the sentence structure in several instances betrays the inexperienced writer. In "Barber Shop Chords", a rather ingenious method of determining the status of the college athlete has been employed. "Holy Cross Spirit" is timely and convincing.

We might go on indefinitely enumerating the various articles of our many exchanges, but we shall close for the nonce by extending to our faithful co-laborers in the field of college journalism our heartiest greetings for the season's joys and blessings.

GALVIN-SOXMAN, '18.



Alumni Ordained.

TWO of our graduates and former prefects, Rev. Peter A. Lipinski, '10, and Rev. Joseph A. Pietrowicz, '12, had the supreme happiness of being amongst the number of several aspirants to the order of the Holy Ghost, who were ordained priests by the Right Rev. John J. Nilan, D. D., Bishop of Hartford. The imposing ceremony was conducted in the chapel of the order at Ferndale, Conn., on November 6. Our cordial congratulations are tendered to the young Levites who have been anointed unto God, and our prayers will accompany them to whatsoever sphere their superiors may assign for the exercise of their apostolic labors. We look forward with confidence to the day when many more amongst our students will follow their example by dedicating all that is best in them to the glory of the great High Priest for the sanctification and salvation of souls. *Ad multos annos!*

RAY N. BAUM, '18.



FOOTBALL

DUKES, 0—DUQUESNE APPRENTICES, 3.

THE best game of the season was staged on the Bluff when our pigskin heroes were downed by the Duquesne Apprentice School. The latter had no license to beat our boys, but the toe of one Reed boy got in the slats of Mr. Pigskin and when the ball dropped the referee judged it a safe tally. The game was nip and tuck all the way through, the Dukes having a decided advantage all the way. Drengacz, Butler, Donoghue, Wolak and Morrissey made their presence felt at various times, each making spectacular tackles and cutting off scoring possibilities.

DUKES, 62—CASINO TECH, 0.

This game was one in which hard line hitting was a feature, but it seemed as if our boys came from the same locality as the Techites and hit harder. Their punch netted the following touchdowns: Gentile 3, Wolak 3, Ligday, Stuffle and Obruba, one each. Obruba booted 7 and Gentile one of the nine goals. The bright luminaries of the occasion were McGillick, Zitzman, Obruba and Gentile. Too much praise cannot be said of the invincible line of the Dukes. The Tech pilot again and again sent his heavy dashing backfield against the Duke phalanx, but to no avail. Several times that afternoon Casino Tech lost the ball on downs just because our primary defence was playing for Dukedom and "Mike". The ability of Obruba as a leader was displayed to great advantage on this occasion; his eye was keen for the weak spots and his judgment unerring in placing the ball in proper arm. Donoghue must be given credit for his great interference on several occasions which aided materially in the

success of end runs. Several times he piled the back field of Tech in an ignominious heap by his heady and judicious interference, often placing his agile anatomy uncomfortably close to his enemy's boots.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 19—BEN AVON, 6.

The Dukelets from University High skidaddled down Ben Avonwards, and notwithstanding the ominous signs "overweight", "fast signal work", etc., *ad infinitum*, of the Suburbanites, the huskies from the Bluff romped away to victory. The first quarter found the pigskin roughly booted on many occasions by the toe end of the shoe, as neither team could gain any way consistently the required distance. Butrym out-kicked McIlvain, the former driving the ball on an average of forty yards to the kick. The final quarter of the first half was a see-saw until the last few minutes when Walsh broke away for a touchdown. Davies missed goal. D. U. H. 6—B. A. 0.

McIlvain of Ben Avon scored early in the third quarter on a fake kick play. After that Ben Avon could not handle the Dukes nor could they advance the ball. Several fumbles robbed the University High of a tally or so, and McIlvain on each occasion resorted to the Princeton game of booting the ball out of danger. D. U. 6—B. A. 6.

At the beginning of the fourth quarter, Davies started the Zeppelin, and Sheran scored off three successful forwards, Butrym making the throws. Again after receiving the kickoff, Davies broke away and nailed one of Butrym's long throws, and the march down the field began. "Brinny" speared one, Davies another, and Butrym was heaved through tackle for a counter. Davies kicked goal.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 7—UNION HIGH, 18.

The Dukelets spurned Mr. Turkey as their part of Thanksgiving Day Menu, and hiked themselves down Turtle Creek way. Their purpose was to bring back the Turtle from the Creek, so jealously guarded by the Union High footballers. After plowing around in the mud and water for about an hour, they decided to return, and here's the result of their sojourn. They had things pretty well their own way, uncorking several criss-cross and forward pass plays until they hit the mud and water on what was supposed to be a gridiron some twenty yards from shore. So,

having met considerable "beef" labelled "Union High Line" blocking their progress, our boys decided to have Butrym hoist it over the bar. However the mud was so deep that this foot slipped and the pigskin failed to land clear, though it was a beauty lift. Union High then took the pellet and after considerable work made three tallies, but failed to kick goal on each trial.

This game again demonstrates the great odds at which our lads are put, compared with other high schools. Much credit is due Coach Martin, for his task of welding a winner was a hard one. Owing to the light material at his disposal he put his faith in speed. In this the team excelled when they played on a fairly good field.

AGNETIANS.

Our midget gridders, known as the Agnetians, have covered themselves with mud and glory in many brilliant contests. We are proud to chronicle the marvelous success of our Agnetian heroes. Professor Kirkbride, the business manager, mapped out a stiff programme of games. The dashing style of attack and the varied series of trick plays of Student-Coach Davies, culminated in the defeat of each and every opponent. Not only were the Agnetians undefeated, but they were scored upon merely once. One touchdown alone, and that on a fluke, was registered against them. No small credit for their success is due to the genial and affable Father Williams, who is one of the best exponents of the study of boy nature. Since our last issue the following games were played :

AGNETIANS, 24—HOLY CROSS, 0.

The accurate and long forward passes hurled so skillfully by Captain Aland netted four touchdowns, one in each period. The Southside contingent showed more superiority and reserve strength on the defense. The end runs of the Rankin speed-merchants, Zamaria and Burky, and the tackling of Davies and Sullivan, were the features of the contest. Goshorn and Bonner, with their usual ubiquity, were in every play.

AGNETIANS, 31—ST. PHILIPS, 0.

The Agnetians made all their points by using the open style of play, Joyce and the Carl Brothers being the principal ground-gainers. The Craftonites were within scoring distance four

times, but due to the grand defensive work of Brandl, Szulc and McGrath, were unable to reach the much-coveted goal.

AGNETIANS, 20—HARVARD, 0.

The undefeated Agnetians closed their season by humbling the heretofore unbeaten Harvard Seconds, who hail not from Cambridge, but from Duquesne, Pa. The well-executed aerial tosses of Zamaria landed safely in the expectant hands of Captain Aland, Joyce and J. Carl. The excellent work of J. Doyle at center proved that he did not favor the team from his native town. Walter, his "big brother", of University High fame, evidently has implanted his own dogged determination and unflinching energy in this young hopeful.

FRANCIS J. FISHER, '17.



BASKETBALL

Basketball holds the floor now. Each day sees one or more games either in team practice or Inter-class League. The "Big Show" is not yet ready, but Coach Bernard expects to uncork some original stunts when the net falls. With Obruba, Gumbert and Zitzman holding forth in the big ring and some two dozen eager candidates fighting for the various positions, the 'Varsity looks good from this distance. The Students' Senate is out for blood, and as a result four teams will keep the Associate Manager, Justin Gallagher, busy looking after their interests. The season's schedule, which opens about January 1st, looks promising, as it embraces games with the strongest quintets representing the institutions of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. The Inter-class League have uncovered a considerable number of hitherto unsuspected ability. Bernard's eagle eye is feasting itself on the play-ground of the Duca Cubs, and expects to swoop down unexpectedly, and gather up the treasure of the League. There are many fledglings, who, with a modicum of polishing, will make the old men hump to keep their step.

INTER-CLASS LEAGUE.

The indoor athletes, representing the various class basketball

teams, broke loose from the leash which football had placed on their collars; and instead of punishing the pigskin and patronizing the shoemaker, they have donned the "gym" togs. The dull thud of the basketball on backboard and floor, with the squeak of the contact of gum sole and waxed floor, augurs an interesting time for both players and spectators.

The first game of the season was staged between the Seniors and Sophomores. Although the Philosophers were out-passed, they, like the man of old, found "where the lion's skin fell short and eked it out with that of the fox," and thus bagged the game. Streiff, Zitzman and Drengacz were the bright luminaries of this set-to. The opinion of all seems to be that the Seniors are coming fast and mean to take the "bacon" hung up as trophy. The score was: Seniors, 22; Sophomores, 5.

The second game was played between teams hailing from the Third and Fourth High. Class spirit, that "scrappy" stuff which makes college life so fascinating, was very much in evidence. Of course, Garahan's cohorts put it all over the "rah-rah" boys from Third High, but a year's experience, "*doncha yuh naw*", had its share too.

The "purple and gold" crowd had the "gangway" throughout the game. McGonigle, Hayes, Butrym, Ed Egan and Bott represented the Fourth High, while Davies, W. Egan, O'Brien, Power and Aland held forth for Third High. The final count was: 4th High, 38; 3rd High, 21.

ALBERT A. MOUNTAIN, '18.



CHRONICLE

College and High Schools.

The first quarterly examinations were held during the third week of November. The following students obtained first place

in their classes: Sophomore, Justin J.

Examinations Gallagher; Freshman, Francis J. Ligday;

Pre-Medical, Joseph C. Butler; Fourth High,

Martin N. Glynn; Third High, Andrew J. King; Third High B,

Thomas J. Gillen; Second High A, Edward F. Kearney; Second

High B, Theodore W. McBride; First High A, Martin J. Carl;

First High B, Norbert I. Schramm; First High C, Florian B.

Starzynski; Fourth Scientific, Albert J. Succop; Third Scientific,

Earl V. Johnston; Second Scientific, Felix E. Risacher; First

Scientific, Clement H. Hungerman; Third Commercial, Thomas P.

Ford; Second Commercial, Robert C. Merkel; First Commercial,

John L. Kettl. One hundred and eighty-four honor certificates

were awarded.

During the reading of the notes, a very attractive programme was rendered, as follows:

Overture Orchestra

Director, Professor C. B. Weis.

Recitation—The Substitute Train-Announcer

M. Aloysius O'Neill

Song—Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

Shakespeare ("As You Like It") *Sarjeant*

Rev. F. X. Williams

Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe.

Four-Part Song—Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

Bland Seniors and Juniors

Solo by Charles S. Donnelly

Accompanist, Rev. F. X. Williams.

Finale Orchestra

At the close of the exercises, the Very Rev. President addressed the students on the necessity of study.

On November 19th, the Junior Class made their first appearance of the year in the weekly Junior Debate concerts. The programme was as follows:

March—Japanese Brigade, *S. Nirella* . . . Orchestra
 Recitation—A Quiet Rebuke . . . M. Aloysius O'Neill
 Song—Turn Back the Universe, *Brennan-Ball* . . .
 Leonard V. Wheatley
 Accompanist, Rev. F. X. Williams.

A Coronado Serenade—San Diego, *Edwards* . . . Orchestra
 Song—Memories . . . Mr. J. A. Kirkbride, C. S. Sp.
 One-Step—Are You From Dixie? *Van Alstyne* . . . Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That the Average Newspaper Is Unreliable.

Chairman—Joseph L. McIntyre.

Affirmative—Alvin W. Forney, William F. Galvin.

Negative—Raymond N. Baum, Dennis J. Mulvihill.

Each member of the debating team showed such a careful study of the question, and the arguments were so well balanced, that the debate was declared a draw.

The Class of '20 was initiated into the form of debating on November 26. The debaters gave proof of having acquired a very thorough knowledge of an up-to-date subject, and discussed it in orderly fashion.

Freshmen Entertainment The judges were Rev. H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.; Rev. John F. Malloy, C. S. Sp.;

and Mr. Joseph A. Brogan. Father McDermott congratulated the young men for the manner in which they had conducted the debate, and announced that the decision was in favor of the affirmative. The programme:

March—Love and Glory, *Lee Olean Smith* . . . Orchestra
 Cornet Solo—Your Eyes Have Lost the Lovelight . . .

Gillespie . . . James Graham

Recitation—A Pirate Tale . . . John T. Gillooly

Idyl—The Glad Girl, *Lampe* . . . Orchestra

Song—When the Bell in the Lighthouse Rings, *Sotman* . . .
 Rev. J. F. Malloy, C. S. Sp.

Violin Solo—Souvenir de Wieniawski, *Haesche* . . .
 Jerome T. Kornman

Two-Step—The Little Grey Mother, *De Costa* . . . Orchestra

Debate by Freshmen and Pre-Medics

Resolved, That the United States Should Place an Embargo on the Exportation of Arms and Ammunition to Belligerents in time of War.

Chairman—P. A. Diranna.

Affirmative—E. R. Szelong, F. J. Ligday, G. A. Stedeford and F. J. Kruk.

Negative—J. H. Fitzgibbon, J. C. Butler, J. P. Schaly and D. S. Fisher.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Joseph H. Fitzgibbon, of the Freshmen Class, on the death of his father, which occurred on November 13.

Condolence

The annual High Mass of Requiem for the repose of the souls of deceased Alumni, Teachers and Special Benefactors of the University was celebrated in the Univer-

Memorial Mass sity chapel, on Wednesday morning, November 22, at 10 o'clock. A large number of friends and relatives of the deceased assisted at the Mass. The officers of the Mass were the following alumni: Rev. Patrick E. Maher, celebrant; Rev. John J. Hughes, deacon; Rev. George J. Bullion, subdeacon, and Rev. Philip A. Dugan, master of ceremonies.

A very beautiful sermon was delivered by Rev. John L. Martin. He drew a striking contrast between the present ceremony and secular memorial services, and paid a noble tribute to the former professors, who gave their lives to the cause of Catholic education, to the benefactors who supported it, and to the students who profited by it. Illustrating his remarks with a concrete example—the experience of a clerical friend during the summer just past—he showed that the lecturers in most secular universities make their courses into veritable propagandas of heresy and even atheism.

Rehearsals for the play "Peppering Pepp" are held daily at the noon hour under the direction of Father

Xmas Show Malloy. A very happy choice has been made for the cast:

Professor Peterkin Pepp, who gets "peppered"

John C. Davies, 3rd H.

C. B. Buttonbuster, a giddy butterfly of 48, Albert Mountain, Jr.
Howard Green, his son, who changed his name

William B. Stuffle, 2nd Com.

Sim Batty, the police force of a college town

Charles S. Lang, Finance

Peddler Benson, working his way through school

Leo J. Zitzman, Senior

Noisy Fleming, just out of high school, Thomas A. Drengacz, Sr.

Pink Hatcher, an athletic sophomore . . . Mark Flanagan, Soph.

Buster Brown, a vociferous junior . . . Martin Wajert, 4th High

Betty Gardner, the professor's niece, John J. McDonough, Senior

Aunt Minerva, his housekeeper . . . Cornelius Becker, 4th H.

Petunia Muggins, the hired girl . . . Stanley Balcerzak, 4th H.

Dmitri Tchekov, Russian teacher of gymnastics

Lawrence Urban, Pre-Med.

Cedric Clover, a collector of souvenirs . . . Edward Quinn, Soph.

Arthur Drew, a college swell . . . Martin N. Glynn, 4th High

Cyril Van Hilt, a social leader . . . Francis Streiff, Senior

Sidney Kay, a gay freshman . . . Kenneth Leopold, 2nd High

On the last two occasions the boarders aided the Rev. Moderator in building two pretty sets of scenery. But as this play calls for an exterior scene, they have again volunteered to paint and carpenter. The work thus far promises to be the prettiest ever.

EDWARD J. QUINN, '19.

School of Social Service.

On Tuesday evening, October 31, the Rev. J. A. Dewe, D. Lit., gave the first of the series of lectures on social theory. He commented in detail on the causes of juvenile delinquency, such as street gangs, street occupations, hereditary defects, and especially the inefficiency of parents and the break-up of the American home. The latter, he explained, was inevitably brought about through the agency of the modern factory system, by which the father no longer carried on his work in his own home, but in the factory; the woman also ceased her usual indoor occupations, such as spinning and knitting, often working outside, while the children, themselves, after school hours, were frequently engaged in such work as selling newspapers. Thus, *economically*, the family became scattered, and this prepared the way for the social

disruption of the family. Yet more serious causes of the break-up of the family have been the decay of religious belief and disregard of the sanctity of the matrimonial tie. Dr. Dewe then suggested the various remedies, and indicated how the ordinary individual might in his own way contribute to the social salvation.

In the second of his series of lectures, Father Dewe showed the connexion between social theory and what had been said in the previous lectures. He maintained that one of the causes of the multiplicity of divorces in this country, is an economic one, and that the want of a religious training of a practical character, showing the connexion between the moral law and modern concrete and economic circumstances, is a striking factor in the alarming deterioration of the family. The lecturer also maintained that our system of education is most inadequate to meet the demands of present-day life. In the year 1908, 17,000,000 children attended primary schools, and only 2,000,000 were enrolled in high schools, colleges and universities; the proportion of the latter should be far higher. Hence, as so many children go to work without securing the advantages of secondary education, they should have some knowledge of social conditions and some preparation that will fit them indirectly for the duties of parental responsibility.

On Tuesday evening, November 21, Mrs. M. E. Fox, Secretary of the Conference of Catholic Charities, lectured on the different phases of poverty. She outlined its general causes, such as excessive population over the means of sustenance, monopoly of land, underpayment of labor, intemperance, vice, and moral inefficiency. She then alluded to the different methods of treatment proposed—laying special stress upon the case method that had in so many ways proved itself fully adequate. She described some of her own experiences during the course of her work, and showed the various ways by which the charity visitor could be of use in cases of distress, and could lift up the family again to its normal standard. Her statements made it perfectly clear that generally mere donations of money are not sufficient; that sometimes they do more harm than good, and that, to accomplish the end in view—the uplifting of the family—involves a thorough acquaintance with the problems of the unemployed, a personal knowledge of the particular causes of intemperance, and facilities for placing in suitable institutions sick children, feeble-minded persons and those who have reached an age when they cannot

provide for themselves nor be properly provided for by others of their family.

On Tuesday evening, November 28, the Rev. J. A. Dewe gave the third of a series of lectures on Social Theory. After analyzing the modern theory that the modern social process of evolution involves the increasing subordination of the individual to the increased efficiency of society, he proceeded to show some of the problems connected with the question as to how far the State can go in the control of the family and of private property. The ancient pagan States of Athens and Rome held the idea that man can attain to his full stature only by means of the State. The result of this was mixed good and evil. The State, in those times as now, claimed the right to control the family, and to exert control over the education of the children, but no principle was laid down declaring how far the State could go. The whole success of social progress consists in the State's recognizing and defending the fundamental and natural rights of the family and of private property, yet regulating those rights harmoniously to the utmost extent. In conclusion, Father Dewe emphasized the impossibility of forming any school of Catholic educative conservative thought without thoroughly studying such problems as those connected with rent and its equities, the ethics of distribution and income, and especially the limits of State control and State intervention. If, for the Darwinian principle of competition, ruthless and remorseless, there were substituted the higher competition of emulation in the practice of justice and charity and love of one's neighbor in the widest and social sense, both society and individuals would undergo not only a process of evolution, but also of progress.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

Many believed that the kind of instruction given last year would necessitate an increase in floor space, but the half a thousand that responded surprised only some

Attendance few unknowing ones. You see, it is just this way: if you make something worth while, ambitious men and women that hear about it will take the elevator to the fifth floor, if paraphrasing Mr. Emerson be permissible. In this particular instance, the service we render is of such an excellent quality that on certain evenings, all except-

ing Saturdays and Sundays, our store-rooms are crowded with enthusiasts.

Last month we introduced the new faculty men to our readers. A word now about the old professors. This year we find Doctor Walker specializing on Finance, Faculty teaching money and banking on Mondays, and explaining on Tuesdays the legal aspects, the correct organization procedure, and the best methods of financing corporations, newly formed or recently rehabilitated. Mr. Barnes continues to inform his class of the best—therefore the simplest—accounting practice. Mr. Collins has a very large class in Advanced Accounting which he thoroughly and satisfactorily instructs. Mr. Snyder teaches the new class in Auditing in the same successful way that reflected credit upon him last year in his Cost class.

Our law teachers are Messrs. James Milholland, who has been with us for three years, and who elucidates business law as interpreted in Pennsylvania; John P. Egan, whom we have summoned from our co-tenants, the School of Law, to instruct the Day School classes; William B. McFall, Jr., whom we have previously commented on. Mr. W. H. Lacey, who needs no introduction where legal lights are known, answers all queries in the C. P. A. class.

In our Language courses Mr. Corriols has two large classes in Spanish, and Mr. Deviny has charge of the classes in English.

Our Credit and Collection class this year is much larger than last year. We have retained the services of the credit men we had last season. Mr. Robinson gives the greatest number of lectures in a manner that has frequently caused favorable criticism from members of the class. The other co-instructors are Messrs. Donovan and Fredericks.

This year, we have three professors-instructors who give all their time to teach college grade subjects. They are Doctor Walker, Professor Deviny and Professor Shearman. As noted, Doctor Walker lectures on Finance, while Professor Shearman concentrates on Economics, Industrial Organization, Psychology and Salesmanship. Mr. Deviny has several subjects such as English, Accounting and Commerce.

JOSEPH E. MONTEVERDE, '17.

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Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXIV.

JANUARY, 1917

No. 4

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BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXIV.

JANUARY, 1917.

Number 4.

Bells at Midnight.

RONDEAU.

THE Old Year dies. The hour-glass, ebbing low,
Foretells his passing. 'Tis the afterglow
That ends his cycle, as his course he veers
Adown the vistas of the shadowy years
And leaves with memory mingled joy and woe.

Within a belfry, mantled white with snow,
The passing-bell is swinging to and fro;
And while the world his requiem chants with tears
The Old Year dies.

Soft! silver-changing tongues with joy o'erflow
And drown the dirge that boomed awhile ago;
And all the world their gladsome chiming hears :
For, ere the last sand-fragment disappears,
Like Phoenix comes the Newborn Year—and lo !
The Old Year dies.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

A Wilderness That Bloomed.

IN 1775, a white flag fluttering over a cluster of palisades and embankments betokened the first intrusion of civilized men upon a scene which, a few months before, breathed the repose of a virgin wilderness, voiceless but for the lapping of waves upon the pebbles or the note of some lonely bird. At that early date, this region was covered with the broad shadows of a primeval forest, wherein there reigned a stillness as of death, broken only perhaps by the howl of some wild beast, the haunted murmur of the rivers, or the lonely call of the wandering Indian. But soon the deep sleep of the ages was broken. The bugle and the drum told the astonished forest that its doom was pronounced and its days numbered. The reign of primeval peace was at an end. The white man began to encroach upon the sacred hunting grounds of the Indian. His advent betokened the destruction of the existing order. The pioneers of the Cross and civilization were the harbingers of greater things that were to come. With their advent, Fort Duquesne arose on the point of land where the Allegheny and Monongahela join to form the Ohio, and where now stands Pittsburgh, the Emporium of Enterprise, with its swarming population, its restless industries, the clang of its forges, the deep intonations of its fog-horns, and its chimneys vomiting heavy smoke into the face of the heavens.

It was the early missionaries and voyagers, who, sailing up the St. Lawrence and through the Great Lakes, opened the great highways from the Atlantic into this country, and made these wilds yield up their potential importance, the real significance of which is only being realized in our own day. It was the same intrepid soldiers of religion and liberty, who, traversing the forests and the plains, happened at last upon the junction of these waters, which mark the majestic point whereon was to rise this great Gateway of the West that faces the regions of untold wealth and possibilities, and waits for the greater things to be, when the dreams of its citizens have been fully evolutionized.

Washington for the first time espied the Forks, as the place was called by the Indians, on the 24th day of November, 1753, when engaged in bearing a letter from Robert Dinwiddie, Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, to the commander of the French forces, asserting the British claims to the territory of Western Pennsylvania. The strategic character and location of the ground formed by the arms of the Ohio, pointed this place out to Washington as a spot of future military and commercial importance.

Both England and France regarded the Forks with covetous eyes. Both appreciated their strategic value as being the key wherewith to open the unexplored regions of the South and West. Even before their advent, the Red Man had learnt to love them. Long before the English and French crossed arms to decide who should be the owner, the adjacent country was occupied by various Indian tribes—the Shawnees, Delawares, Mingoes, and Senecas—who reared their wigwams along the Allegheny, Monongahela, and Ohio Rivers. The Red Man's love for this region had taught him to hate with a deep hatred the White Man whom he considered an unwelcome intruder upon his happy hunting grounds.

The site then whereon now stands Pittsburgh was beloved of old, first by the Red Man and then by the adventurous European. The French were the first to hold the point and to rear thereon Fort Duquesne, a compact little work solidly built and considered strong at that time compared with others on the continent. It was also within the stockade of Fort Duquesne that were witnessed the first acts of public worship conducted on the site of Pittsburgh by the Recollet Fathers and French Jesuits. The French held the fortress and adjacent territory for three years until 1758, when the superior prowess of the British under General Forbes took possession of it, and named it Fort Pitt or Pittsburgh, in honor of William Pitt, Prime Minister of England.

Such, in brief, is the early history of Pittsburgh. Such it was in its inchoative stages as a city. Such was its life in the stormy and warlike Colonial days. But, to-day, behold how altered! The same heavens are indeed over our heads, the same rivers roll on in the beds originally traced out for them. The surrounding hills still stand guard against the severities of the winter's blast, but all else, how changed! You hear no longer the roll of hostile cannon; you see no longer the volumes of smoke arising from the discharged muskets; you see no longer the ground covered with fallen patriots; 'tis no longer the scene of impetuous charges, of steady and successful repulse; no longer is heard the loud call to repeated assault and the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance—all these have taken place, but we witness them no more.

A different race, with different ends and temperaments, is now at work. On the ruined ramparts of Fort Duquesne has arisen a vast metropolis whose denizens are no longer soldiers shouldering the musket and wielding the sword in defence of peace and liberty—no, it is another army that now holds the

field—an army with new ambitions, new enterprises, a new calling.

Let us then consider the Pittsburgh of to-day, and try to appreciate what the genius of man has wrought upon the ruined embattlements of Fort Duquesne and the wooded banks of the Allegheny and the Monongahela. In order to ascertain our objective the better, let us imagine ourselves seated upon one of the many fair hills that encircle the present city, and from that high eminence let us behold the wonderful scene spread out before us. There, at the feet of the surrounding hills, beneath its uplifted but perpetual canopy of smoke, lies the giant city of enterprise, with its picturesque assemblage of rivers, hills, and rugged landscapes, spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before us. Beneath our feet flows the Monongahela shimmering in the bright sunshine, its shores alive with crowded shipping, and re-echoing to the sound of its braying sirens. Beyond is the swift flowing Allegheny, spanned with bridges and studded with endless fleets of coal barges, the purveyors of fuel and ores, on which rests Pittsburgh's greatness. Far off we see through the murky atmosphere that hangs like a pall over the city, the faint outlines of the Ohio, which at the end of its labyrinthine windings, empties itself into the mighty Mississippi. There in the center lies the fair city of Pittsburgh with its huge buildings that rise Titan-like from the plain below, some of an iron gray and weather-worn exterior, others gleaming with an ivory whiteness. There below in its streets we see the electric cars crossing and recrossing one another's path, crowded with city-bound and homeward-bound humanity. On those same thoroughfares brushing the curbstones, there passes an unbroken procession of wagons, carts and trucks, creaking under the weight of heavy merchandise. On the serpentine windings of its boulevards we behold an endless train of automobiles, moving along with the rapidity of lightning. There below on the crowded pavements, in every variety of joy and misery, of elevation and depression, of poverty and abundance, unnumbered masses of humanity are working out their complicated existence. Along the Allegheny and Monongahela, as far as the eye can reach, can be seen the great steel mills, belching forth huge clouds of smoke,—the pride and glory of Pittsburgh. The view of Pittsburgh presents to us a most perfect picture of a typical American city. We have here the roar and din of industry, and the towering skyscrapers, typical features of an American city.

Its streets are always crowded, its railroads always busy, its rivers always alive with shipping, its furnaces always afire, its chimneys always smoking, its mills ever in operation. Progress and Industry are its watchwords, as they are of every great American city.

The city of Pittsburgh ranks eighth in population in the United States. It has an extensive commerce by rail and water. Its great importance lies in its mills and manufactures. As a center of the steel industry, it has no rival. Included within a radius of twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh are centered the principal iron and steel manufactures in the States. This is due to the abundance of coking coal and natural gas found here, as well as to the favorable location for cheap importation of iron-ores from the Lake districts. The products of its mills have helped to construct and reconstruct modern continents. The exports of its steel industry are scattered over the globe. The skyscrapers of our big cities, the rivers spanned with bridges, the continents girded with iron rails, the very battles won by the Allies in Europe, and many other commodities of the Twentieth Century can be traced to the mills and blasting furnaces of Pittsburgh.

A picturesque city, Pittsburgh, smoky and not overclean, yet possessed of a beauty all its own! So indestructible are the lines of beauty which nature has traced on its features, that no traveler however cold can gaze upon this city with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

'Tis a mighty contrast, the ruined ramparts of Fort Duquesne and the Great Pittsburgh of to-day. What would be the emotions, to indulge in a reverie, if the sturdy Shawnees, Delawares and Senecas, after the lapse of centuries, could behold their once happy hunting grounds, the scene of changed magnificence and beauty. If the early pioneers could be gathered up from the bowels of the earth and resuscitated from their sleep of death, what words of theirs could express their astonishment at beholding this great Emporium of Industry! In the warm glow of their feelings they would surely cry out, "It is the promised land!"

Truly the Pittsburgh of to-day is seeing visions and dreaming dreams. It looms large on the national horizon. Its prospects are the brightest, and its cosmopolitan citizens can rightly look forward to the greater things to be, when their cherished dreams come true.

N. J. KOCH, '17.

The "Ad".

TWO men were sitting in the office of a deputy police commissioner in New York City. One was the Deputy Commissioner himself, the other was a man named Luke Collins. They were discussing a murder that had occurred the day before. A man had been shot down in broad daylight, at the crowded corner of Broadway and Canal Street, and the assassin had escaped.

"Three years ago," said Luke Collins, "a German named Henry Greber, who ran a saloon near the Washington Market, killed a young fellow at his bar. Greber had not been attacked, insulted or enraged. The murder was done in cold blood for some specific reason that doesn't appear. Greber got away and has never been caught." He hesitated.

"Well," prompted the Commissioner. The Greber affair had occurred before his time. He did not see the connection between the two cases.

Seeing that the man named Luke Collins was sunk in silent speculation on this point, the Commissioner stirred impatiently. "Well, but how connect this Greber fellow with what happened yesterday?"

"Why," answered Luke Collins, gently, "the two murdered men were brothers."

The Commissioner rapidly made some notes. "And that was three years ago." The Commissioner gave a grunt. "Well," he went on, "of course we can telegraph descrip ——"

"Oh, of course," intoned Mr. Collins. "Your department can do its—but I wasn't thinking of that."

"What were you thinking of?"

"Oh, of the 'Messenger', of course, of the 'Messenger'."

"What Machiavellian scheme has the 'Messenger'?"

He took up a blank pad and wrote slowly in a neat hand. After reading twice over what he had written, he handed it to the Commissioner with the remark: "I should run that for a month or so," and sat back with his hands folded across his stomach. The Commissioner picked up the script, which ran thus:

PERSONAL.

Henry Greber, formerly proprietor of saloon, Washington Market neighborhood, send address to Court, 1080, 'Messenger'.

He stared at the item, then at Mr. Collins. "You must be

crazy," he said, with a harsh chuckle. Do you think he's going to read that and then come and give himself up?"

"No, oh, no. Of course not. But he might send his address. At least I'll put that item in, and let it run for thirty or forty days."

Finally, in a little village about one hundred miles from New York City, a man—a farmer-man now—went to the country postoffice for his mail. The postman handed him two things, and one of these, the 'Messenger'. It was his custom to scan over all the headlines and columns of the paper. His gaze at once fell upon this:

PERSONAL.

Henry Greber, formerly proprietor saloon, Washington Market neighborhood, send address to Court, 1080, 'Messenger'.

A sickly feeling gripped him, but summoning his courage and strength, he went back to the little inn on the hill-side. Those lines haunted him, day and night. The successive publication of that item aroused his curiosity. He was eager to find out just what the 'Messenger' would do if he should send in his address. Without further thought and in his desperation to relieve his mind's torture, he sent in his address.

In a few days the 'Messenger' received the address. It bore the name of the little village in which Henry Greber lived. Without further delay, detectives were put on the trail.

The little cot in which Greber lived was somewhat isolated from the others. This afforded an unusual clue. The detectives were quick to perceive that the neighbors' entire lack of knowledge of the "queer man on the hillside," as they called him, all but completed their task.

The country road leading from the inn was quickly traversed. Now for the little cottage. A light tap sounded on Greber's door, and thinking it one of the neighbors, he hastily opened it.

Seeing the detectives, he threw himself into an attitude of defense, but was easily subdued, and taken into custody. Thus by the novel item in the 'Messenger', a great 'beat' was scored.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '16.

The Psalm of Suffrage.

(With Apologies to Longfellow)

TELL me not in stormful numbers,
Voting 's but an empty dream,
Wake, my sisters, from your slumbers!
Let your votes be what they seem.

Talk in season, out of season,
Though the prison be your goal;
Urge your case with every reason
That appeals to woman's soul.

Let not marriage, love, affection
Stand one instant in your way;
Favor such at next election
As you to our cause can sway.

Life is long and love is fleeting,
Let your heart be strong and brave;
Onward, onward, drums are beating,
While we let the poor MAN rave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the primaries of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
Seek the polls prepared for strife.

Lives of women all remind us
We should equal be with men;
Each election let them find us
At the ballot-box again.

Sisters all, be up and doin'
With a heart defying fate;
Though you vote eternal ruin,
Learn to ballot and to hate.

G. B.

A Tribute to Henryk Sienkiewicz.

THERE is no region in Europe whose history is so pathetic as the history of Poland, once a large, prosperous and beautiful country, but to-day one immense mass of ruins, a cemetery stretching over thousands and thousands of miles. Since the first partition of Poland, in 1772, the Polish soil has been the victim of innumerable crimes committed both on her territories and on her children. Calamity after calamity befell Poland. Hundreds of thousands of her sons and daughters perished in the Arctic regions of Siberia. Multitudes fell on the battlefield in the brutal and cynical war of the Prussian government against the Poles of Posmania and Eastern Prussia. To-day her valiant sons are giving up their lives on both sides of the monstrous and insensate war that is raging. Yet the brave and patriotic Poles do not succumb to the ever-increasing sorrows that fall on their nation. They bear their misfortunes like true heroes, like true Poles, for they have hope that this compulsory servitude will have an end in the near future.

But lo, again the hand of God has fallen on Poland. The seemingly immeasurable chain of troubles is not yet at an end. To-day, the whole of Poland bewails the death of one of her greatest, most beloved and patriotic sons, Henryk Sienkiewicz.

Henryk Sienkiewicz is dead. What a terrible anguish has again visited the martyr nation! What grief, what agony, filled the hearts of all the Poles when the first news of the death of the most beloved writer and most loyal patriot reached them? None but a true Pole can tell.

Poland, the martyr, stands on the edge of a new-made grave, holding a palm of martyrdom in her heavily fettered hands, her sorrowful eyes deeply sunken in the thorn-crowned head, her cheeks as pale as snow, her hair dishevelled, her dress torn to tatters. She stands at the tomb of Henryk Sienkiewicz suffering, agonizing, dolorous, but without signs of tears in her ardent eyes. Yes, without tears, for Poland has wept for years; and during the present war fate was so cruel to her that she has wept dry the very fountain of her tears. The unfortunate mother has no tears left to shed for her most loyal son, but her outward appearance alone suffices to show the inward tortures which she is everlastingly enduring.

Henryk Sienkiewicz died far away from his native country, on a soil which was not his own. Switzerland was the land which the beloved writer had lately chosen as the place of his

labors and the soil of Switzerland encloses his body at least for the time being. The immortal author of "*Quo Vadis*" was at the head of the General Relief Committee for the suffering Poles, and it was at this post of labor that cruel death found him when it snatched him from amongst those that needed him most. His whole life was one of constant labor for the welfare of his country. His services, rendered not only on the field of literature, but on other fields as well, are immeasurable. The zeal, the enthusiasm, with which he labored, as the President of the General Relief Committee, was unbounded. He was the hope, the commander, the adviser of the Poles. He would undoubtedly have represented Poland as her counsel in the next Peace Congress.

But alas! He is gone from earth, never to return. The eyes of all his countrymen are turned toward Switzerland in silent supplication. Every one prays privately: there are no public services for his soul in Poland, for there are no churches! There is no tolling of bells, for there are no bells! But the spirit of Henryk Sienkiewicz is with the Poles, an ardent prayer for him is in the hearts of the mourners, and his immortal name is on the lips of every one.

Far away in the snow-capped Alps lies the cold body of Sienkiewicz, listening to the moans of his native country, and anxiously awaiting the moment in which she who is now standing with woeful mien at his grave will transport his ashes to the royal crypt in the Cathedral of Wawel and there bury him beside Kosciuszko and Mickiewicz in the land which he so dearly loved.

STANISLAUS M. ZABOROWSKI, '19.



The Cream of Life.

SURELY an evil genius was at work when, in pursuance of a course in Commerce and Industry, it fell to my lot to report a visit made to a model dairy in the city of Pittsburgh; for, in the absence of a very austere, exacting professor, the thought uppermost in my mind was not "processes of manufacture," but a pleasant trip to be made later in the day to the K-Z Chocolate Works. Now, therefore, I undertake my task with fear and trembling, lest any word of mine may bring into disrepute an establishment which stands sufficiently high in my estimation to have an order to deliver at my door one-half pint of cream each morning at an hour early enough to eliminate at least one excuse for failure to appear in time for a class beginning at the hitherto unheard-of hour—8 A. M.

Aforesaid plant is situate on an avenue near the residential section, and the location, buildings and methods employed met the approval of each member of the class, even that of Mr. C——, a tall, slightly bald, but rather frivolous young man who keeps us all wondering, "how and why did he learn so much about the lumber market?"

We were taken through the offices, where a very excellent system of keeping accounts is used. Then the Babock method of testing milk was explained. It is needless to say that all milk sent in must measure up to a certain high standard. After specimens of milk are tested, the process of pasteurizing is begun, in a department wholly devoted to that purpose. There were a number of immense tanks filled with milk through which a large spiral tube extended from end to end. This tube, filled with steam, was kept revolving until the milk was heated to a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit.

In another section we saw huge vats of cream, into which one of the party was with difficulty kept from plunging headlong, for, thought the individual, "this, at last, is my opportunity for indulging in my life-long desire—a bath in pure cream." Knowing that the management might object, I succeeded in diverting attention elsewhere.

In the churning department we learned the difference in the process of making salted and unsalted butter. Every one is, of course, familiar with the former method. In making the latter a culture obtained from a New York laboratory is used. This, after going through a process similar to that through which yeast passes in bread-making, is mixed with the milk—not cream,

notice!—and churning is begun. The result is the unsalted butter, regarded by many as a great delicacy. (How I have prided myself on the fact that I have learned so much about unsalted butter, but, alas! to-day I talked to Mr. D——, whom I have long regarded as an authority on all things pertaining to farming, dairying, etc., and he informed me that I was laboring under a delusion, that no such thing was ever heard of under the sun. I mean to get at the truth of this matter just as soon as possible.) In this department two learning and learned pupils asked such numberless questions that we feared we would soon be bereft of the inspiration of their presence; for surely interest of this character could be displayed only by those desiring to purchase the plant.

As the weather this particular afternoon was true to its 1916 record, we were pleased with a visit to the refrigeration plant in which all ice used in the dairy is manufactured. Here our guide generously allowed each one to help himself to as much frost as was desired, when a pitched battle took place in which even the tallest, most slender, and most dignified member of the class proved that, should occasion offer, this particular pupil could easily bring to grief the great Christy M.

Our guide, the vice-president of the company, kept for the last the most interesting feature of the work, the sterilizing, filling and capping of the bottles. We were thoroughly convinced that every requirement of the Pure Food and Drugs Act was being complied with.

As a fitting finale of our visit our guide brought a huge tray filled with pint bottles of delicious milk, which was placed at our disposal. How well it was disposed of was long a subject of discussion, and the all-important question of who drank the most milk may yet be one "for the jury to decide." It was rather unfortunate, however, that one of the men, in a fit of abstraction, gave evidence that he misjudged the character of the beverage of which he was partaking. Yet, after but a momentary look of disappointment, he consumed the remainder with such relish that we hoped that his mistake was unnoticed by our guide.

P. S.—I have since learned, much to my satisfaction, that I was correct *in re* unsalted butter.

A. M. SULLIVAN, Accounting.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Prospice.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

—VIRGIL.

THERE comes a time to everyone when the world seems a sad and gruesome void. Life's joys are at ebb, unhappy turmoil rules the mind; the nadir of existence, we think, could scarcely be worse. Turn the mind upon itself and reason as we will, it stubbornly refuses every effort to be lifted from the depths, but must rise gradually to the normal level and proper channel of goodly feeling.

However, 'tis but the "stuff that life is made on," for how could we know real joy without having tasted of sorrow? It is akin to the law of the universe. Black night pursues the dying rays of sunset and darkness seems more intense just before dawn. Winter succeeds summer that Nature may bloom resplendent as before. So joys and sorrows alternate that life may be fuller and worth the while.

The reaction of any event upon us is determined by the viewpoint from which we look at it. It is like climbing a mountain and gazing down upon a verdant valley or spreading plain. And in life's sordid moments, if we would but voyage into the future and, as from a detached eminence, look back upon this trying moment, what a different aspect life would hold!

Lack of the spiritual intuition in times of sorrow, and failure to place a cause of trials and tribulations in a higher plane than the material, tends to enhance the gloominess of our moods.

It is a true axiom that "preponderance of probability is the best ground for forming any conclusion." So, when it rains, be consoled with the certainty that the sun will shine to-morrow.

When sadness comes into life, remember that its reign is short and another day will bring fresh happiness. In the darkest moments, think of the old motto of Virgil, and say again with Aeneas, "Perhaps even these things it will be pleasant some day to recall."

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



Golden Speech.

IN the days when the written language of the Chinese race consisted of a series of tiny sketches, each representing a single word, the picture which signified "trouble" was of two women sitting together under a tree!

We deny the implication, but the force of our denial is tempered by a saving sense of humor which forces us to admit that the ancient picture-writer had a keen insight into human nature.

If one who goes, a stranger, to a lunch-room, a hotel lobby, a club lounge, will sit quietly apart for a half hour, catching snatches of conversation from the groups around him, he will need no further information to enable him to classify his new acquaintances. Compare the guests who talk of books, of science, of art, of sport, of the men and women whose fine achievements make them of interest to the whole world, with the others who discuss their families, their friends, the relative merits of the towns they hail from, and, above all, their neighbors out of ear-shot. In no way are character and breeding more quickly and unerringly revealed than in habits of conversation, yet how little thought most of us give to our own speech!

A number of variations which speakers and writers have rung on the old proverb, "Silence is golden," form a sad commentary on human relationships. Why should not speech be golden? Do we assume that speech is necessarily unkind, ungenerous, or untactful? Have not all of us known times when kindly, sympathetic, courageous words healed our wounded pride, strengthened our faltering spirit, and started us on our way with new hope and inspiration? There have been, too, certain rare, friendly chats which are forever impressed upon our hearts. Cheerful, uplifting, optimistic conversation is infectious. As one bright garden plot will arouse a barren neighborhood to

emulation, so the man who persistently talks of the best things will set his associates to talking of them.

Conversation is a shining silver barge on which the soul sets sail to seek its mate. Pity those who make of it a noisome, dragging scow, muddying the waters of human intercourse with noxious presence!

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.



Speaking of Basketball.

THE New Year has made its propitious debut, and is with us for better or worse. Were we so silly as to consult an astrologist, he would probably see in the conjunction of Jupiter and Mars a year of unprecedented success for Duquesne in the field of athletics. Instead, we have made bold to peer at the "stars" ourself, and can safely prophesy a promising season for D. U. on the basketball floor. Added to our own astronomical observations, we have it from no less reliable authority than Coach Bernard that the 'Varsity five will, if possible, excel in grit, stamina and ability, the peerless teams of the past four years.

This, however, is not enough. The missing ingredient that means games won, must come from the student body as a whole. You remember that grueling contest waged against Lafayette last year when, in their conquering march, they sought to take over the Dukes. Outweighing and perhaps outclassing our warriors, they pounced upon them and threatened annihilation. But the Red and Blue fought desperately and refused to quit. Their pluck made us swell with pride. Cheers, groans, growls and howls rent the air. Spurred on by this frenzied appreciation, the Dukes made superhuman efforts and won.

Here is one instance from many in which the enthusiasm of the fellows who cannot play won the victory. Here is the spirit that makes winning teams. Without it, the best of them go on the rocks. Hence the question is: Do we want a winning team this year? If so, let us get out for every game. Don't be ashamed if you forget your dignity, and dance like a dervish and yell like a savage. You're helping the team.

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

What About Peace?

THE world was agreeably startled by the opportune proposal for peace, coming as it did at the season when the anniversary of the Birth of the Prince of Peace is celebrated. At the very mention of this word the earnest prayers of every Christian are redoubled for the consummation of the ghastly holocaust in which are sacrificed so many of Europe's most illustrious sons.

It matters little which of the contenders should be the first to extend the invitation to cease this idolatrous tribute to Mars. The Romans have been dead, lo these many years; why still continue their barbaric practices when even the African is quitting satanic altars whereon is slain the human victim? If the law of the jungle is to prevail over the mandates of humanity, what then, is the purpose of civilization?

Neither the sword nor the fist can make wrong opinions right. There must be some other and more availing method of persuasion. Besides bad blood and hot passions, man has another side to his being, his intelligence, his rationality; and as nations are no more than great collections of individuals, why should they not devise some means by which the intelligence of one people might harmonize with the intelligence of another, instead of allowing militarism, navalism, envious commercialism and other unworthy motives to inflame their passions and raise their bad blood to its boiling point!

But it is futile to search for means to this end, since the Prince of Peace has already discovered them to us. He found the sword of no value; for when a follower drew it in his defence, he said, "Put up the sword." He knew that physical force has not the same abiding influence over rational beings, as moral inducement has. Christian charity does away with hostilities. This was the distinguishing mark of the early Christians.

From the way some people worship the creation of their own puny genius, crave after power, and go in for a lion's share of the earth, as if it were an eternal dwelling-place, one would almost be led to think that they owned the world. Little do they ponder that it is God who owns not only this country or that, but the whole wide earth, because He both created it and saved the souls of the men who people it. Alas! for many, "honorable peace" seems to be but a shield for hypocrisy and materialism.

No, gentle reader, we are not confirmed pacifists. Like you, we believe that this war will not be successful in eradicating from man's nature those instincts so contrary to brotherly love. Heaven permits war, famine, and even the persecution of its chosen ones in order to bring them closer to the Master. In the case of wars, especially, they might be looked upon as punishment by God for national crimes. Lord Roberts, shortly before his death, gave to the world a few serious thoughts that are apropos here: "Politicians demand pay for work which should be patriotically given to the nation. Men, women and children sneak out of conforming to the religious observance of a former generation; all men begin to live above their incomes. The moment when a country becomes over-civilized is shown by an outbreak of disordered thought * * * * It is time for wise men to take stock." History bears Lord Roberts out when he intimates that the most powerful and most opulent nation of the earth will sink into effeminacy and finally oblivion as a result of a too long and too protracted power.

Yet with all the mischief in the world "there is, after all," remarks a man whose words are worth heeding, "an undercurrent of second thought in humanity that would find way in the right direction." Let us for the sake of justice and of humanity, pure and undefiled, pray that the nations, chastened by the conflict, may soon come to the terms of a permanent peace, that the remaining families may be reunited, and that the races of both hemispheres may once more make progress toward a better civilization and towards God, the Common Father of us all.

VICTOR KENNEDY, '17.



Responsibility.

IT is to be regretted that many things we have a mind to effect must fail utterly through want of a sense of responsibility. A much-abused word is "responsibility". We are inclined to treat it as a negative quality, as something akin to night mists and dreariness—something to be crawled under or around, but never to be vaulted over.

This failure to realize the claims of others on us, to seize the opportunities for doing good that almost force themselves upon

us, is a mighty contributing cause to the lack of harmony and want of fullness in our social existence. Most of us are unnerved when some real responsibility is placed upon us, and a sense of incapacity and smallness takes possession of us. And yet, when we consider that nothing is ever accomplished, that no one ever arrives at any position, without simultaneously accepting a trust, we can not but admit that, as soon as we are capable of shouldering responsibilities, just so soon shall we be worthy of ourselves and of those about us. Duties to God, to our neighbor, and to ourselves, must ever be our lot, and life will be devoid of its real meaning, so long as we fail in taking them upon ourselves.

Human nature, it is true, tends to shrink from anything that savors of responsibility. Likewise, we resent criticism and crave for praise. We need appreciation in order to do our best work. Not so, however, the man who is capable of taking upon himself responsibilities,—who glories in achievement, whose talent is resourcefulness, and whose genius is the power to make men contribute to his purpose. Such are the men that we see in the forefront as leaders and doers in every walk of life, whether it be the well-lighted path of deeds done in the world of the material, or that other obscurer circuit where great things are accomplished for Him alone.

It is, therefore, the gaining of a sense of responsibility, the awakening to one's duty, that inaugurates what we might call the "art of living." When, for each of us, that moment comes, then will life take on a real color, full of zest and replete with influences for good. The world lies all about us waiting for us to accomplish something worth while in it—yea, it needs us and wants us. But the contribution we make, and its reflex influence on ourselves, will be great and noble and good only in proportion to our realization of our responsibility.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



Alumni.

THE Anton family has gone south for the winter. FRANCIS ANTON, B. C. S., '16, writes from Asheville, N. C., that, on his arrival at his destination, in company with his parents, he called at St. Lawrence's rectory, to pay his respects to the pastor. The pastor was out, attending to clerical duties, but the assistant, he was informed, was at home and would see him. Frank's surprise may be imagined when he discovered that the assistant was REV. JAMES MANLEY, B. A., '14. "Joy triumphant," eh, Frank? The experience, the writer says, was worth the 900 miles of travel. We have been promised information soon of his adventures as Father Manley's missionary aide. It may also be stated the Rev. James Manley was President of the first "Students' Athletic Committee" organized on the Bluff. He also coached a bit of football with success.

COLONEL EDWARD L. KEARNS, commander of the 18th Regiment, N. G. P., got home with his braves from El Paso in time for his Christmas dinner. All look the better for their outdoor life and military discipline.

JOSEPH H. KOEHLER, ex-'15, a "pool shark" during his school days, has established a jewelry store on Mount Oliver. Too bad, Joe, that you're not a billiard shark; the three balls might indicate your position as our "avuncular friend."

PHILIP N. BUCHMANN, ex-'16, the mainstay of the baseball and basketball teams of the Seniors of '17, is now at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., whither his ecclesiastical superiors in the Cleveland diocese have sent him. It is a source of keen regret to all his classmates that "Phil" could not remain to finish his course at Duquesne.

EDWARD W. MIHM, ex-'94, is commercial agent for the Queen & Crescent R. R. His official business has given him enviable opportunities of seeing the States, and he has profited by his travels. His dimensions have progressed with the growth of business, all of which west of Pittsburgh he is responsible for. He has an office in the Oliver Building, and keeps three assistants busy.

REV. T. F. O'SHEA, '05, was recently appointed by the Right Rev. Bishop Director of the Diocesan Missionary Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. His efforts at organization have been crowned with wonderful success. At present, seven thousand children, who otherwise would in all probability be lost to the

faith, are receiving much-needed instruction from zealous teachers in many out-lying and distant centres of active missionary effort.

DURING the Christmas holidays, the Very Rev. President entertained the Alumni priests at dinner. This is an annual affair much appreciated. The occasion is marked by renewal of acquaintance, the interchange of views, and the resumption of games that figured largely in their college life.

REV. CHARLES A. MAYER, '08, one-time editor and copious contributor to the MONTHLY, has been appointed pastor in Belgrade, Minn. In a Christmas letter he congratulates the Faculty on the opening of the School of Social Service. According to him, it supplies a need that every young assistant in the city should feel.

MARK V. BRENNAN, ex-'15, sent a card from Paris at Christmas stating that he was to leave for the front in the following week. We hope that he will return unscathed to the States and give us the benefit of his experiences.

TOWARD the end of December, VALENTINE J. OLDSHUE, until a year ago city editor of the *Gazette-Times*, favored us with a visit. He had returned from Paris, where he had served with the American Red Cross Association, his chief duty being to convey French wounded in an automobile to the hospital at Neuilly for treatment. During his stay in Pittsburgh he succeeded in securing two ambulance automobiles fully equipped at a cost of \$1,600 each. He is to sail from New York early in January.

SEVERAL of the Seminarians now studying at St. Vincent's, called during the Christmas holidays. They all look well, and express the greatest satisfaction with their surroundings, teachers and class-mates.

VINCENT P. WALSH, '15, having passed his State Board Examinations, announces the opening of his law offices, at 1002 Frick Building. We wish him an ever increasing patronage.

CLARENCE VETTER and J. RODGERS FLANNERY are the exclusive stockholders in the Best Electric Co. Their factory is situated at 51st and Harrison Streets. The Company has offices in the Vanadium Building, New York, Boston, Chicago and Montreal; it finds difficulty in filling all the orders its efficiency has secured.

DANIEL B. DOUGHERTY, '04, represents the Latshaw Foerst Co., Commission Merchants, in Western Pennsylvania. He is one of the recognized officials in basketball games, and may be seen on our floor during the coming season.

CLEMENT L. STAUDT, '99, agent for the Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Des Moines, writes from Canton, Ohio, that he has completely recovered from the attack of rheumatism contracted from exposure during the Dayton flood.

JOHN A. MCVEAN, '99, M. D., is serving his time as intern in the Children's Hospital in Cleveland. As soon as he passes his final state board examinations he will begin practice in his native Youngstown, Ohio. His host of friends and the confidence his ability has inspired should secure him an extensive patronage.

LATELY the Duquesne University Commercial Club held a banquet in the Fort Pitt Hotel. Almost the entire membership attended. There was a large toast list, and a musical entertainment was provided by the Club, with Professor W. H. O'Connell at the piano. President Paul A. Madden gave the opening address. Among those who spoke were Rev. A. B. Mehler, Rev. L. J. Zindler, Professor W. H. Kelly and Professor W. H. O'Connell. Henry A. Ringel, one of the baseball stars of 1915, in a stirring address emphasized the need of stenographers that exists in the business world, narrated some of his experiences and expressed his undying affection for his *Alma Mater*. Several other members spoke in the same strain.

W. F. MALONE, '15, is now with the Carnegie Steel Co., doing stenographic work, and his brother, REGIS, is working for his father, helping him in the grain business. Regis attends the Evening School of Accounts.

J. R. HAGUE, '15, is clerking for the B. & O. J. J. WALSH, '15, is in the employ of the P. & L. E. railroad.

GILBERT O'BRIEN and E. T. MOONEY, both '15, are doing general office work in the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., at Woodlawn, Pa.

M. J. GREENE, '15, has a position as clerk for the Union Fire Insurance Co.

ANTON FUNK, '15, is taking care of his father's business at

present. His father had died recently, and the MONTHLY extends its sympathy.

ELMER J. HAYES, '16, the plucky little catcher of the Academics of last year, is stenographer in the Traffic Department of the P. R. R.

GEORGE H. MCKENZIE, '16, is employed by the Scientific Materials Co., as clerk. George is constantly reminded of his *Alma Mater* as he works beneath its shadow.

RALPH STROBEL, '16, is doing clerical work for the Bollinger Andrews Construction Co., at Verona.

BERNARD LYNCH, '16, High School, who was one of the stars in "My Friend from India", is now at Jones & Laughlin's, doing clerical work.

ANDREW MARSULA, '16, who will be remembered as one of last year's 'Varsity baseball nine, is now engaged with the National Fireproofing Company in the Pittsburgh office.

WILLIAM CURTIN, '12, is employed by a well-known real estate firm of the city. His brother, Edward, Fourth Scientific, is still confined to bed with a very serious illness; we hope soon to have him back, well and strong.

JAMES M. TRACY, who never grows tired of telling of his many episodes while at school on the Bluff, is Secretary to the Chief Assessor of the City of Pittsburgh. He intends to qualify for the legal profession.

DR. HARRY L. MURPHY, one of the active members of our Alumni baseball team, is now ranked among the best surgeons and practicing physicians of the city. After completing his course at Georgetown, he spent some time at hospital work. The MONTHLY wishes him success in the practice of his profession.

RAYMOND N. BAUM, '18.





BASKETBALL

' VARSITY.

DUQUESNE will be represented in basketball by four teams the 'Varsity, University High, Juniors and Minims. The 'Varsity material looks a little green and ungainly, still it is more promising than that at hand last year. Coach Bernard has four veterans in Obruba, Morrissey, Cumbert and Zitzman. The success of last year's quintet was due in no small measure to Captain Obruba, whose agility at center set all the Duke combinations rolling smoothly. Cumbert and Morrissey were dead-sure shots, while Zitzman was always a tower of defense at guard. The following candidates have shown the best 'Varsity calibre thus far: McCallum, Campbell, Dan Fisher, Flanagan, McGonigle and Donaghue. Associate Manager Justin J. Gallagher has been in touch with Juniata, Muskingum, Waynesburg, West Virginia University, West Virginia Wesleyan, Salem, Grove City, Thiel, St. Ignatius of Cleveland, St. John's University of Toledo, Akron University, and a host of other schools. The schedule is not entirely completed. Pitt, Tech, Penn, State, W. & J., Pennsylvania, etc., have replied that they had no open dates.

DUQUESNE, 33—JUNIATA, 25.

Duquesne University got away to a flying start in its collegiate basketball season on the Bluff floor, when it defeated the Juniata College five by a 33 to 25 count in a fast and clever game. The contest was a nip-and-tuck battle from the start, with it anybody's game, until with seven minutes of the end, when the Dukes shot to the lead, apparently having a little in reserve after their opponents had played themselves out.

All through the first half the Dukes managed to keep a lead of one or two points, and when the whistle blew they were lead-

ing by one, 13 to 12. In this period the visitors showed a better passing game than the local five, but the Dukes were fortunate in long distance flings from the center of the floor region, while the sterling work of Guards Zitzman and McGonigle held the locals at bay when they got close under the basket.

The Dukes played a better passing game in the second half, and gave up their long range tossing. Soon after the second half opened a Juniata forward caged the ball from the floor, and the visitors went into the lead for the first time during the game. Presently the count was deadlocked at 15 all, and it was tied up again at 21 points each. Soon afterwards the Dukes spurred and, by caging the ball from the floor, surged into the lead.

Cumbert, and Campbell, who got into the game at the beginning of the second half when McGonigle left the floor, were the heavy point scorers for Duquesne, but the feature of the Dukes' play was the work of the guards, who were battered hard by the Juniata attack, but broke down the defensive and prevented scores time after time. Captain Mike Obruba played a fine passing game and was in the contest from start to finish. Marbeck was the shining light for Juniata, with Oller a close second. Captain Horner played a fine guarding game. Seventeen fouls were called on the Dukes and 11 on the visitors. The lineup:

| DUQUESNE, 33. | | | JUNIATA, 25. | | |
|---------------|---|---|--------------|---|----------|
| Cumbert | . | F | . | . | Newcomer |
| McCallum | . | F | . | . | Oller |
| Obruba | . | C | . | . | Baker |
| Zitzman | . | G | . | . | Marbeck |
| McGonigle | . | G | . | . | Horner |

Substitutions—Campbell for McGonigle. Campbell for McCallum. Field goals—Cumbert 7, McCallum 1, Obruba 2, Campbell 4, Newcomer 1, Oller 3, Marbeck 4. Foul goals—Cumbert 2 out of 5, McCallum 3 out of 4, Oller 2 out of 5, Marbeck 7 out of 12. Referee—"Free" Davis. Time of halves—20 minutes.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

Father Rossenbach has, with his usual kindness, consented to take the managerial reins of the University High team. Ray Hayes, that little bundle of energy, is acting in the capacity of student-manager. Stanley Butrym was elected Captain of the

Dukelets. This augurs well for a good season. Kronz, Sheran, Davies, Power, Winkler and Urbaniak have qualified for positions. Six of the best high school players were declared ineligible on account of inability to reach the high water mark of efficiency in the class-room.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 42—MUNHALL, 17.

In their initial contest of the season, the University High defeated Munhall High, 42 to 17. The Dukelets opened up with an unexpected flash of brilliant team-work which dazed their opponents for some time. Slowly recovering from the shock, the Munhallites played a steady and consistent game, but could not overcome the handicap of a big lead. Captain Butrym, Power, Winkler and Urbaniak played a bang-up game.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 24—BELLEVUE, 37.

Just to show that they are human, the Dukelets dropped a game to the high school at Bellevue. The tally at half-time showed the home team leading by two points, 18 to 16. Good team-work by both sides and thrilling plays featured the first half, but the weight advantage of the home team began to tell in the second half, and the Bellevueites started piling up the score. Kronz and Sheran worked well at guard, while Hayes and Davies were active on the attack.

ALBERT A. MOUNTAIN, '18.

JUNIORS.

The Juniors will be seen in action again under the capable tutelage of Father Zindler. The Junior tossers are without the services of any veterans, as the old-timers have joined the University High quintet this year. Cyril Bott was selected as Captain because of his prowess on the floor. Egan, Kettl, Doyle, Balzer, Bollens, Rooney and Caldwell are his team-mates. Go to it, Dukelings! We are with you!

JUNIORS, 17—CODORI, 16.

In a close and interesting contest, the Juniors defeated the Codori quintet of Ingram, 17 to 16. The Dukelings, aided by the accurate shooting of "Red" Egan, Kettl and Bott, drew first blood. In the second half, the Codorians broke loose and would have won out but for the close guarding of Bollens and Doyle.

MINIMS.

The material for the Minims was so abundant, the rivalry for positions so keen, that the manager and his assistant had no easy task in the selection of a team. Under the leadership of Captain Joyce, the Minims will endeavor to equal, if not surpass, the Agnetian record of fourteen successive victories and no defeats. The personnel of the Minim team is as follows: Aland, the Carl Brothers, Joyce, McLuckie, Cassidy, Zamaria, John Egan, McBride and Molinari. These ten Minims rally around Father Williams and Professor Kirkbride, as did the famous Tenth Legion in the days of old around Caesar and Labienus.

F. J. FISHER, '17.



Exchanges.

FROM the laurelled hills of the Alleghenies hails *The Alvernia*, bringing with it the happy, peaceful cheer of the Yuletide. "Our Departed Friend" and "In Memoriam", are two beautiful gems, in poetic form, expressing the deep love and admiration that those of St. Francis bore their late priest and professor. "Christmas Joys", as the title implies, deals with the happenings of this blessed season. "John Cardinal Newman" is a pleasing though brief essay expressed in commendable English. It is a mere surface exposition of the life and qualities of the greatest writer of English letters, but we feel assured that its author intended it to be such. The writer ventures the assertion that "the student of divinity looks to his works as models of doctrine." We feel that this statement is too broad. When we consider that Newman wrote both before and after his conversion to Catholicity, it necessarily follows that we cannot consider his works, taken collectively, as "models of doctrine." The editorial, "The Angels of Earth", is a timely article written in defense of the holy virgins of the convent. We note with interest a lengthy and absorbing list of "Books Reviewed",—a department almost universally neglected in college journalism. In fine, *The Alvernia*, as a whole, is well edited. The above-mentioned articles with two short stories and other minor productions, go to make the December issue a most enjoyable one.

To the many journals that have lately invaded our sanctum for the first time, we extend a hearty welcome, and take one of them, *St. Peter's College Journal*, as a subject for our "Exchange Column", for it is indeed representative of the best. Besides

being replete with interesting and timely matter, its mechanical make-up is appropriate and well-balanced. A beautiful frontispiece typifying the holy spirit of Christmas and interpreted in excellent verse, graces the first page. "Transcendentalism in New England" is an exhaustive treatise upon this profound subject, written in a pleasing style. The journal also contains an up-to-date short story, "The Man of Blood and Iron", praiseworthy for its delineation of the character of its hero, a leader of dragoons.

GALVIN-SOXMAN.

A Chronicle.

From "Fun."

Once—but no matter when—
 There lived—no matter where—
 A man whose name—but then
 I need not that declare.

He—well, he had been born,
 And so he was alive;
 His age—I details scorn—
 Was somethingty and five.

He lived—how many years
 I truly can't decide;
 But this one fact appears,—
 He lived—until he died.

"He died," I have averred,
 But cannot prove 'twas so;
 But that he was interred,
 At any rate, I know.

I fancy he'd a son,
 I hear he had a wife;
 Perhaps he'd more than one,
 I know not, on my life!

But whether he was rich,
 Or whether he was poor,
 Or neither—both—or which,
 I cannot say, I'm sure.

I can't recall his name,
 Or what he used to do;
 But then—well, such is fame!
 'Twill so serve me and you.

And that is why I thus
 About this unknown man
 Would fain create a fuss,
 To rescue, if I can,

From dark oblivion's blow
 Some record of his lot;
 But, ah! I do not know
 Who—where—when—why—or what.

MORAL.

In this brief pedigree
 A moral we should find;
 But what it ought to be
 Has quite escaped my mind!

CHRONICLE

College and High Schools.

During the month of December the officers for the different Sodalitys were chosen. The officers of the Holy Ghost Sodality

| | |
|-----------|---|
| | are: Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., |
| Sodality | Director; Prefect, I. Victor Kennedy; First |
| Elections | Assistant, Raymond N. Baum; Second As- |
| | stant, John J. Sullivan; Secretary, Albert A. |

Mountain; Treasurer, Frederick C. Maley; Standard Bearer, Francis C. Streiff. The Sodality of the Blessed Sacrament: Rev. H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp., Director; Prefect, Mark P. Flanagan; First Assistant, Patrick A. Diranna; Second Assistant, John P. Schaly; Secretary, Francis H. Topping; Treasurer, Michael Wolak; Librarian, Joseph C. Butler; Standard Bearer, Stanslaus M. Zaborowski. The Sodality of the Immaculate Heart of Mary: Rev. Albert B. Mehler, C. S. Sp., Director; Michael F. Obruba, Prefect; First Assistant, Julius P. Sedley; Second Assistant, John L. Kettl; Secretary, Robert C. Merkel; Treasurer, Gerard R. Henne; Librarian, Carl R. Wirli; Standard Bearer, Norbert E. Schneider. On account of the large number of students in the High School Department, three divisions were made in the Sodality of the Holy Angels. The first division's officers are: Director, Rev. Charles B. Hannigan, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Thomas F. Lonergan; First Assistant, Thomas A. McLuckie; Second Assistant, Arthur J. Rooney; Secretary, John F. Egan; Treasurer, Paul J. Kane; Librarian, Charles B. Hall; Standard Bearer, Earl J. Bonner. Second Division: Director, Rev. Eugene N. McGuigan, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Robert G. Reilly; First Assistant, James B. Cunningham; Second Assistant, William R. McNamara; Treasurer, Anthony Wisniewski; Secretary, Joseph G. Hohman; Standard Bearer, Harry R. Walsh; Librarian, Theodore W. McBride. Third Division: Director, Rev. Joseph A. Rossenbach, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, James S. Garahan; First Assistant, Andrew J. King; Second Assistant, Thomas J. Gillen; Secretary, Hubert A. Vilsack; Treasurer, Philip C. Lauinger; Standard Bearer, John J. Borgman; Librarian, Paul P. O'Brien. The Sodality of the Holy Child Jesus elected the following: Rev.

M. S. Retka, C. S. Sp., Director; Prefect, Wilfred D. Meyer; First Assistant, Alexander A. Szatkowski; Second Assistant, John J. Katkich; Secretary, John P. Ladesic; Treasurer, Theodore V. Noroski; Librarian, Alfred J. Ruffing; Standard Bearer, Aloysius P. Gallagher.

The Fathers follow a systematic exposition of Christian Doctrine in the Sunday sermons. In the spiritual life it is always well to follow the guidance of Rome and the spirit of the Church. Hence, the timely Sunday and Wednesday topics of the Rosary, Purgatory, the Immaculate Conception and Advent were fully Instructions explained in their proper seasons. Grace, sanctifying and actual, as the foundation of the spiritual house were carefully elaborated. Upon this solid foundation was raised the superstructure of the virtues, both theological and moral.

The Very Rev. President has addressed the student body each week after the Wednesday Mass. His sermons have been of a very instructive and interesting character. During the month of December, he drew his inspiration from the two great feasts of the Immaculate Conception and the Nativity of Our Divine Redeemer, dwelling at length on the innocence and purity typical of the Infant Saviour and His most holy Mother, and impressing on his hearers the lifelong and eternal advantages to be derived from the practice of these virtues. Youth should strive to preserve them by proper safeguards—the frequentation of the sacraments, prayer, devotion to the Blessed Mother, and circumspection in the choice of companions and reading matter.

Rev. P. A. McDermott who was confined in the Mercy Hospital for a time has been able to resume his professorial duties. Two other professors were in the same hospital for a short time. They, too, were quickly able to resume their duties in the University.

We offer our sincerest sympathy to Rev. C. B. Hannigan, C. S. Sp., on the death of his father, which occurred very suddenly on December 9. On Wednesday, December 20, a Solemn High Mass was offered up in the University chapel for the repose of his soul. Father Hannigan was celebrant.

We regret having omitted in the last issue to express our

sympathy to Stanislaus Gawronski on the death of his mother, which occurred in the early part of November.

To Brother Ammon, C. S. Sp., we wish to convey the expression of our regret for the bereavement he recently suffered in the loss of his mother at the advanced age of 82. Vigorously active until late in December, she attended to all her household duties with the experience and success long years had given her. Conspicuously pious, she saw the end approach with equanimity. Her declining years were cheered with the spectacle of all her children settled advantageously in life, four of whom had chosen the better part and consecrated themselves to God in religion.

On the last day of the old year, Moses P. Walsh, of Crafton, Pa., was laid to rest amidst the regrets of his many friends and a wide circle of relatives. Over forty years of successful business management set an inspiring example to his children, and we are glad to note that his three sons, who received their education in Duquesne University, were a comfort and a consoling influence during the long years of illness that preceded his death. The church, to which he was devotedly attached, soothed him in his last moments and consigned him to his grave, after a Solemn High Mass and an eloquent eulogy, in the cemetery adjacent to St. James's rectory.

On Sunday, December 3, the Commercial Class made their first appearance of the year in the weekly
Commercial concerts. The debate was spirited, and the
Night arguments were well developed. The Faculty
 Quartette made its first appearance on this
 occasion, and its contribution was so well received that additional
 numbers could not be denied. The programme:

March Orchestra

Director, Prof. C. B. Weis.

Valse—Somewhere a Voice is Calling, *Tate* . . . Orchestra

Recitation—Sir Guy of Gadabout . . . Lawrence J. White

Rag-Time Medley on the Piano . . . William M. Hock

Essay on Christmas Carl Wirl

Vocal Solo—A Son of the Desert Am I, *Wilson-Philips* . . .

Professor Binlein

Accompanist, Rev. F. X. Williams.

Instrumental Trio for Two Violins and Piano

Messrs. Weis, Braun, Allchurch

Vocal Quartets { The Violet, the Rose and You }
 { Fishing }

First Tenor, Prof. Brickley
 Second Tenor, Father Williams
 First Bass, Father Malloy
 Second Bass, Prof. Binlein

Schottische—Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula, *Goetz* . . . Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That Commerce Has Undergone a Wider Development Than Manufacturing.

Chairman—H. Burdelski.

Affirmative—T. P. Ford, W. J. Rylands, J. F. Donnelly.

Negative—M. F. Obruba, W. M. Hock, G. R. Henne.

Seniors' . . . On December 12, the Seniors presented a
 Entertainment . . . most attractive programme as follows:

March—My Sweet Adair, *Wolf and Gilbert* . . . Orchestra

Recitation—A September Gale, *O. W. Holmes* . . . O. Leo McIntyre

Vocal Solo—There 's a Wee Hoose ' mang the Heather, . . .

Harry Lauder . . . Charles J. Deasy

Accompanist, Rev. F. X. Williams.

Walse—Loin du Bal, *Gillet* . . . Orchestra (Strings and Piano)

Vocal Solo—Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming . . .

Professor Brickley

Cornet Solo—The Sunshine Of Your Smile, . . . Norbert L. Dugan

Class Song in Parts—Yaaka Hula . . . Seniors and Juniors

Medley—Pretty Baby, *Alstyn and Gumble* . . . Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That American Democracy Has Fallen Away From Its Original Purpose.

Chairman—Charles J. Deasy.

Affirmative—I. Victor Kennedy, John J. Sullivan.

Negative—Francis C. Streiff.

The Sophomore Class entertained a large audience on Decem-
 ber 17. The question debated was of an
 Sophomores' . . . academic character, and proved all the more
 Entertainment . . . interesting. The programme:

March—Napoleon, *Zamschnik* . . . Orchestra

Director, Prof. C. B. Weis.

Recitation—How I Edited an Agricultural Paper . . . Francis Krone

Song—Ireland Must Be Heaven, *McCarthy* . . . Leo McIntyre
Accompanist, Rev. F. X. Williams. •

Waltz Song—My Hero, from the "Chocolate Soldier" . . .
Smith . . . Orchestra

Two Part-Songs—Juanita, *McCarthy*
The Story of a Tack, *Parks*
Faculty Quartette
Fathers Malloy and Williams.
Professors Binlein and Brickley.

March—Under the Grand Old Flag, *Brisbin* . . . Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That Those Who Attain an Average of
85 per cent. during the Term, Should Be Exempted From
Examinations.

Chairman—M. P. Flanagan.

Affirmative—F. H. Topping, E. J. Quinn.

Negative—J. J. McCloskey, S. M. Zaborowski.

The Very Rev. President preached a Triduum at St. Paul's
Church, Butler, in preparation for the feast of the Immaculate
Conception. Some two hundred young

Retreats by the ladies, over sixteen years of age, took part in
Very Rev. the retreat. The exercises ended on the
President evening of the 8th of December.

The retreat of the last three days of the
year, at Mount Mercy Convent, Oakland, was also conducted by
Father Hehir. About one hundred and fifty Sisters of Mercy,
including the Novices, took part in the Spiritual Exercises. The
retreat ended on New Year's morning, when the Sisters made
what is known as the "Renewal".

A noteworthy event of the past month was the reorganization
of the Athletic Association and the inauguration of a vigorous
campaign to inject more life into that phase
The Students' of our institution's activity. At the first and
Athletic second meetings, Father Mehler favored us
Association with a few timely hints; and as he has been
very active in every association in the past,
we feel confident that, if his advice is followed, the future will be
a rousing success.

By-Laws and Constitution are being remodeled and a few
changes made in the old ones. The one big feature is the
amalgamation of the downtown schools and alumni.

The latter can be of much assistance, and it is hoped that each and every member with the right D. U. "pep" will put his weight and influence behind our efforts. The one thing most mooted was the desire to see Duquesne take the place in Athletics held in former years under the title of Pittsburgh College.

The fact that our late football schedule was, to some extent a failure, cannot but add a new impetus to the one for next year in which those teams which canceled will be dropped and better college teams selected.

It was also the mind of Father Mehler that the social feature be given due consideration both by the student body and the alumni. He cited the activity of the Commercial Club and its success, gradual but sure.

On December 28 the Association of Catholic College Presidents of Pennsylvania held its annual meeting in the Logan House, Altoona, Pa., under the auspices of St. Francis' College, Loretto. The following Meeting of College Presidents institutions were represented: Duquesne University, St. Vincent College, Villa Nova College, St. Francis College, St. Thomas College and LaSalle College. Two papers were read and discussed: "Standardization of Catholic Colleges", by Brother Edward, President of LaSalle College; "Forward Movement for Higher Catholic Education", by Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., President of St. Vincent College.

The annual Boarders' Banquet was served in the gaily decorated dining-room on the Thursday evening preceding the Christmas holidays. It is unnecessary to say that the good things served were duly appreciated, and that a congenial spirit pervaded the atmosphere. Before taps were sounded, the Very Rev. President bore testimony to the confidence our resident students inspired; Professor Brogan wittily differentiated between Boosters and Knockers; Father Malloy interpreted the attachment of the boarders to their *Alma Mater* as illustrated in many happenings and expressions that had come to his notice; and Leo J. Zitzman, '17, concluded the proceedings with the following address on College Spirit:

The success of our banquet this evening is an evidence of the good feeling pervading the student body of our college. We

know that every society to which men belong has its own peculiar spirit—an influence that seems to permeate the entire membership of the organization. Every college man has his peculiar college spirit. The Harvard man rejoices in the fact that his *Alma Mater* stands for the value of the individual. The graduate of Pitt is proud of the vigorous youth of his college and of her great promise. When college days are over, the graduate rejoices when he can meet his fellow college man, and talk of the good old days at Yale or Princeton. This spirit is, first, one of loyalty to our *Alma Mater*. Every loyal graduate of Duquesne University should act and speak as if he felt that his college was equal to all and inferior to none. He should stand up for the principles taught in his school, and reverence the ideals that have determined her career. Again, the spirit is one of union. The students of a college should feel that they are the members of a great family; and just as the son who is disloyal to the family traditions and ideals is looked upon as a scapegrace, so should the disloyal college man—the knocker—be relegated to obscurity. The spirit is also one of enthusiasm. Every student should be filled with a desire to see his *Alma Mater* succeed in all her enterprises, whether scholastic, social or athletic. But this is not enough. He should lend a willing hand to bring to her that honor which a good son loves to see bestowed upon a dear mother. Even our college is to us as a mother. She takes us by the hand in our youthful days and guides our faltering steps upward to the ideals for which noble men will ever strive.

Let us, then, students of D. U., taking our inspiration from that good spirit manifested this evening, resolve ever to be loyal sons of Old Duquesne, and ever show forth in our lives the fruition of the ideals for which she stands in the college world.

School of Social Service.

Rev. J. A. Dewe gave the fourth of a series of lectures on social theory on Tuesday evening, December 12. He reminded

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| <p>his hearers of the necessity of there being</p> <p>December some definite line limiting the State's inter-</p> <p>Lectures vention with the activities of the family and</p> <p>of private property, illustrating this necessity</p> | <p>from some very practical modern problems connected with the regulation of the trusts, control of market transactions, and a partial supervision of the activities of consumers.</p> |
|---|--|

He then went on to describe the study of social valuations. Beginning with the definition of economic value, he commented on some of the definitions given by leading economists, such as the utility theory and the marginal utility theory. He exposed the fallacy attending the exclusive assumption of the socialistic surplus value theory. After this he proceeded to explain the meaning of social values, illustrating, from examples taken from modern times, the way in which economic and social values are frequently interchangeable. In the course of his lecture he also showed how the general consumer, by his own neglect or ignorance of economic and civic affairs, becomes himself directly responsible for many social injustices, failing to influence, as he might, social valuations, and purchasing goods without certain labels, thus actually encouraging the existence of some industries in which low wages and unsanitary surroundings are prominent features.

On Tuesday evening, December 19, Mrs. John H. Bricker, President of the Consumers' League of Western Pennsylvania, lectured on the nature of the Consumers' League, its objects, and the extent to which it has attained those objects. She explained that the League comprises State and Regional Leagues. Where the State is of considerable size, it is divided into regions. This is the case with Pennsylvania, which is divided into the Eastern and the Western League. But for purposes of efficiency, it would be better if these two regions were amalgamated into one State League.

The purpose of the League is to educate public opinion, so as to procure for the worker just wages, proper hours, and sanitary conditions of work, and at the same time to secure to the consumer a guarantee that the goods he buys have been made under proper sanitary conditions. One great means of accomplishing these things is the use of labels. The first label exhibit of the League was held in the Twentieth Century Club in May, 1901. The stores then selling labeled goods were Boggs & Buhl, Horne, Stewart & Co., Kaufmann Bros., Campbells, Rosenbaum & Co., and Byers, of Monongahela City.

The lecturer showed a sample of the label which is placed on a great many goods, and explained that it is an indication that the workers of such goods are properly treated in the matter of just wages, proper hours and sanitary conditions of labor. At the same time she made clear the fact that unless the consumer—

the general buyer—is well educated, as to the purposes and work of the Consumers' League, he himself is mainly responsible for positive injustices that are sometimes found in the lives of the workers.

Mrs. Bricker then mentioned and illustrated some of the things that had been accomplished by the League, among them being the recent Child Labor Act passed through the combined efforts of the League with the Allegheny County Child Labor Association. She also instituted a comparison between the conditions mentioned in the League's white list for 1901 and the things expected now as regards minimum wages, half holidays, overwork time and compensation, and separation between lunch, work and retiring rooms. Especially interesting was her description of the general sales of goods bearing the label of the Consumers' League made by Pittsburgh manufacturers two or three times in the year, also the work connected with the early Christmas shopping movement, placards of which are distributed throughout the shops and on the street cars through the courtesy of the authorities of the street car company.

J. J. G.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

One of the most successful undertakings is the Saturday morning classes for Commercial teaching. In this section of the country, prior to the advent of this course, there existed no School of Pedagogy specializing on commercial topics. In this course, the various methods of teaching are carefully studied and the adaptation of method to subject and to classes is explained. The advantages and the disadvantages of the lecture—question and answer—the discussion methods, and others, are demonstrated. Much of the time is given to the consideration of a study of compilation of information, investigation of data, and the methods of presentation of commercial knowledge to the commercial high school boy or girl.

The best methods of learning, the cultivation of memory, and supervised study periods are topics that will be discussed during the sessions. Special lectures will be given on the faculties. These principles are applied to the specific study of business mathematics, English, book-keeping, accounting, and commercial geography.

Another topic which merits the attention of these teachers is the class in Office Practice. In this period, either visits are made to certain large and well-organized concerns to study the plan, the procedure and the routine of the office, or studies are made of the organization and personnel of such an office force as business practice has shown most serviceable. Mr. Deviny has charge of the class.

Strenuous days for the students of the Day School are approaching—the literary treat and cream of Examination time.

Their tests will run from January 3 to January 12. The First Year classmen opine that their problems will be easy, but the Second Year men maintain that they have not fully recovered from the effects of quizzes that initiated them into working in excess of the Adamson Act.

The Evening Classes passed through the throes of the First Term Examinations in the week immediately previous to Christmas. The members of the Accounting classes became acquainted with the procedure of the kinds of queries that examination boards ask of candidates for Certified Public Accountants. Our practical Accountants are busy personages these days.

During the Christmas holidays some of our instructors visited other cities: Dean Walker attended a meeting of Financial and Commercial Experts in New York City: Mr. Deviny was present at the meetings of the newly formed Association of Accounting Instructors in Columbus, Ohio, and then visited Washington, D. C.

There is such a goodly number of inquiries about Accounting Classes that the faculty is considering the advisability of inaugurating another class in Fundamental Accounting, beginning about February 5 and continuing until July 15.

We have some good news for you readers of DUQUESNE MONTHLY. We do not like to whet your curious appetite. We are not authorized to publish the fact, as it will be a surprise to some, but we who know are sure that when it does appear it will be the big success. Now pay strict attention! The first of a series (?) of books on Commercial subjects by teachers of the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce will appear shortly from the pen of the Dean, Doctor William H. Walker.

J. E. M.

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Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

WE have a twofold reason for our choice of subject: primarily, to say a word in favor of the man Chesterton, to those of his readers who remain unfavorably impressed by him, especially with regard to his style; and secondarily, to bring home to the minds of students, and readers still unacquainted with him, the fact that Chesterton, long since become famous as a writer and an eccentric, is still with us a living personality, destined to live in his works as a man of letters, and as a propagandist, who is waging successful war against the abnormal conditions of the age.

No writer in a generation has been the subject of such opposite judgments and controversy as the arch cleverest of Beaconsfield, Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Even at this late day criticisms appear that attempt to explain him away, using in reality the old arguments of the previous decade modified and rephrased to keep up with his growing fame and excellence. "One grows weary of the perpetual use of mere verbalisms, of antitheses which are not antithetical, of the opposition of terms that do not exclude each other." He "is given to riotous exaggeration; nine times out of ten it is impossible to assume that he means what he says." And again, "he is simply a very bold and careless writer who has a trick of exaggeration and paradox." This is one sample of the many we might cite, and the opinion which it voices is due no doubt to the fact that those principles and doctrines so boldly yet delightfully supported by Chesterton are so diametrically opposed to the Modernist's theories, that the hope of their ever gaining a glimpse of the real and vital meaning of his writings appears in itself beyond achievement.

It seems hard for people differing in creed and doctrines from those defended in the writings of Chesterton to understand what manner of man he is. For those of such mental calibre, who think thus of him, we can only repeat the aphorism of De Maistre, "truth can understand error, but error cannot understand truth."

When a man quite obviously in earnest puts forth a view of life so unlike that of his contemporaries, to think one may dispose of him by calling him "paradoxical" is absurd.

His reaction against the age and the war he wages against his controversial enemies place him in the camp of eternal truth. Whoever has read "Heretics", "Orthodoxy", "What's Wrong with the World", knows full well there is contained within them more than sufficient matter to vindicate their author's ethical and religious views. And however strange it may appear, his arguments and conclusions invariably lead him to the guardian of truth through the ages—the Church.

Many say he is hard to understand. We assert on the contrary he makes himself very clear. But what really is hard to understand is, that an atmosphere of liberalism and agnosticism like that in which Chesterton was educated, could have produced such a champion of the normal and true things of human existence.

Chesterton is engaged in dealing with nothing less than the ultimate meaning of life. His confidence in the value of human existence and his defense of Christianity form his chosen ground in the literary conflict against the age. We must consider him primarily as a propagandist, preaching a definite message to his own time. He is using all the power which his literary capacity gives him to lead the age to its proper channel, its healthy and normal mean.

His cheerful and boisterous manner, his humor and playfulness in defending weighty subjects, seemingly bordering on the ridiculous, have the effect of bringing upon him much harsh criticism. Curious, is it not, that we are convinced more easily by a solemn manner than by a happy manner. Yet Chesterton will never be solemn, and never is he more cheerful than when dealing with the most momentous questions. He is always making for some apparently frivolous instance or paradox. But no matter how gay and careless the writings of Chesterton are, they are at last always serious; and to him who knows the manner of the living age, the truths Chesterton is driving home and the

conclusions being formed, his words and style, always have the effect of "sending the spirit sounding on." He is never frivolous, but ever intensely in earnest. Speaking of Chesterton's peculiarities in style and expression the late Wilfred Ward says, "To me this aspect of ingenious paradox appears simply accessory. I regard it partly as a concession, which has become habitual on the part of the writer, to the taste of an age which loves to be amused and hates being bored. It is the administration of intellectual stimulants, or the application to a lethargic and tired and rather morbid world of a tremendous shower bath, in order to brace it and renew its moral activities. The net result however of Mr. Chesterton's awakening treatment is not mere stimulating paradox, but, rather, a douche of startling common sense."

The general high appreciation of Chesterton seems to rest on this: no matter on what subject we find him writing he is always *alive*, setting forth what would ordinarily be a dry, heavy essay in a brisk, racy style that we can describe in only one way, by saying it is purely Chestertonian. Of his subject he is always the master whose arguments are based on the groundwork of truth and the normality of things. We feel him to be the champion of a normal humanity. The abnormal is what Chesterton denounces in "What's Wrong with the World", and "too much" is the keyword. What is wrong is that there is too much progress, too much George Bernard Shaw with his Fabian Calvinism and his obnoxious superman; too much of Kipling's imperialism, too much H. G. Wells's "romancing easily of a capricious future;" too much heresy, business, specialization; too much talk of expediency and efficiency together with too much muddleheadedness, all resulting in too little sensible, democratic, definite understanding of what sort of a world we want. He makes it his chief care to depict the world as it would please himself and the man of the street—"that omnipresent, inarticulate creature who is left out of most sociological theorizings," but who has found so staunch and so brilliant an advocate in G. K. Chesterton. He has the knack of saying the right thing, the sane thing, the honest thing, in that inimitable way of his which gives it such force and local color. These are a few reasons for admiring Chesterton.

There is no writer, however great, but has his faults, and Chesterton is not without his. It must be admitted that his merits and defects are alike due to the combative and propagandist impulse at the back of all his work. He is not an artist

seeking a perfect instrument of self-expression, but a "soldier seeking the most effective engine of destruction." He has used verse and prose to preach his crusade. He has tried the old method of parable and fable as in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" and "The Wild Knight". If in these he fails to impress, it is because he is preaching his doctrines through the characters of the story. The characters in his works of fiction do not talk and act from within; they are the mouthpieces of Chesterton. In the "Man Who Was Thursday" and "Manalive" everyone is voicing Chesterton; there is a want of variety of characters and settings. "Smith" and "Baker" are Chestertons voicing a Romantic Idealist's thoughts. From the eccentric combination of idealism and romance is produced the Chestertonian novel. It is due to this difficult combination that he falls short as a successful storyteller and for this reason also he must be commended.

It is the Romanticism in Chesterton that made Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott, Macaulay and Stevenson his favored authors. He sees ideas as the Romantic writers see persons. Hence we have characters that represent ideas romancing throughout all his stories. This romance is his salvation in many of his writings. Chesterton is also a writer of detective stories, and his being a mystic and philosopher accounts, no doubt, for the creation of the philosophic detective story. The chief connecting link between the detective stories of Chesterton, a critic tells us, is a kind of transcendental Sherlock Holmes, Father Brown, who probes mysteries, not by attention to facts and clues, but by understanding the spiritual atmosphere. The essence of a detective story is that certain facts are known of which the cause and explanation is hidden. In every case, Father Brown finds the solution of the mystery, not in cigar ashes or finger prints, but in soul-divulging attitudes and invariable mental reactions, whose connection his keen insight into human nature enables him to trace; in other words, his explanation is psychical rather than physical.

Besides these literary pursuits, there is another art form in which he has gained considerable attention. That is his writing for the stage. The success of his "Magic" has proved the fact that just as in story-writing he has got over the difficulty by inventing a kind of novel to suit himself, so too in this branch of literary endeavor he has invented a vehicle for his philosophy that has shown him almost as successful as in the others.

Chesterton has tried his hand at almost every description of literary work; essays, criticisms, religious and political contro

versy, biography, fiction and poetry. In his career as a writer, the output from his pen has been enormous. Every week one may find him writing for the *Illustrated London News* and the *London Daily Herald* and nearly every month in almost every magazine. The amount of writing which actually gets published is amazing, and we are to believe it is nothing in comparison with the amount that does not get published, that is written solely for his own amusement or that of his personal friends. His lectures are without number. Sheer pugnacity and zest of self-exposition is what keeps him constantly to the front and forbids him to allow any opportunity of displaying and defending his ideas to pass unused. This we hope will help to vindicate him of the charge brought against him, that he is a lazy, inactive giant. What we really do find in this voluminous output of literature is the inevitable sacrifice of quality to quantity. We feel with others that unless he controls this effervescent desire to write everything that comes into his head, he will never write the best he might have written. But here again it is true, that without the pugnacity and vitality which inevitably results in over-production, Chesterton simply would not be Chesterton.

What constitutes the essence of his artistry, we believe, is his power to array his thoughts in sparkling words, and not merely the thought itself, strong and virile though it always is. His humor consists in the sudden introduction of a grotesque image when it is least expected; and in the conception of these images he is undoubtedly a genius. However, it is still to be regretted that the propagandist in him makes him a less perfect artist than he might be. "His first object is always to make his point effective, and beauty of expression only comes to him when his theme so inspired him as to make it instinctive." There are many, though, who believe that he gradually seems to relax in controversy and to let his humor, imagination, and sense of poetry hold sway. One quality in all his works, that proves a saving grace, whether he be critic, novelist or poet—he is always impenitently didactic. He scorns the doctrine of "Art for Art's Sake", denying that for art's sake any great art can be produced. Whether he be right or wrong in his theory, he has at any rate carried it into practice, for his own art is certainly a by-product of propaganda. "Beauty and wit, rhetoric and creative energy—these things to him are not ornaments, but weapons."

"The Napoleon of Notting Hill" is perhaps his best work of fiction. "The Man Who Was Thursday", "The Innocence of

Father Brown", and some later stories built around the person of Father Brown, are forms of his sublimated detective stories, while "The Defendant", "Heretics", and "Orthodoxy" (the last mentioned we might call a Christian apologetic), are among the best of his philosophical and theological essays.

And so, to sum up, vitality is the key that is valuable in Chesterton's works. As an essayist and critic, his works admit of many defects, both in subject matter and in literary form; but his pugnacity and combative manner in the defense of truth saves him. He lacks many qualities as a story-teller, but his tales are full of energy and interest, one time bubbling over with sheer fun, at another with wild romance, but always full of vigor and life. In whatever else he is found wanting, against the destructive doctrines of the day the world has found an earnest defender in the person of Chesterton. He is exposing error at the same time that he is defending truth. He is one author who in his serious moods can be read with enjoyment. But whether serious or humorous, quite angry or delightfully gay, he is ever in all his moods Chesterton. It is because he is always saying something, and saying it in a way that delights and captivates, that we would have others appreciate him, and from his works learn that the genius of Chesterton alone is capable of defending Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



Onward.

CREATION waves thee onward, cries "Not here!"

The glory of the summer's afternoon
 Points to the gilded even; evening's gold
 Wanes to the solemn night, o'erlit with stars.
 The brooding hosts of night, with silver beams,
 Beckon thy heart from earth, and bid thee raise
 Thy holy thoughts to Heaven. Heaven's array
 The Thrones, the Dominations and the Powers,
 And all the souls that smile in glory, wave
 Thee onward still, forever cry, "Not here!"
 Cast free thy struggling heart, and it will soar
 Past the clear halls of Heaven, and find its peace
 On the calm bosom of its Father, God.

JOHN MARYSON, in *Exchange*.



The Scoop.

WHEN "Scrubby" Albright entered the newspaper field, fresh from High School, he was assigned the position as all around man on *The Monitor*. That is, he gathered up bits of stray news here and there and filled in for a regular when needed.

He was looked upon as a steady fellow, quick-witted, and a good mixer. Consequently, his rise was slow, but sure. He rapidly gained experience, and, with his great insight into human nature, made many friends. So, when, at twenty-three, he found himself in the position of city editor, he had attained a wide popularity among men higher up, both in professional and business life.

Two years later "Scrubby" found himself without a position and in disgrace.

It happened that a short time after he was advanced to the city editorship, he had suddenly fallen a victim to drink. Hitherto a total abstainer, he had thought he could partake with impunity of the "appetizers" furnished at the numerous banquets to which he was invited. Once a drunkard, he was cast off by his former associates, and ere long he was walking the lonely streets of the big city, doing odd jobs here and there. It was these "bits of work" which enabled him to eke out a scanty living, and at the same time satisfy his unnatural but insatiable craving for spirits.

Stopping, however, one evening, at one of the better restaurants, he was an unintentional eavesdropper at a conversation which was to be the turning point in his career. It happened in this manner. While he lolled at a table the reporter in him was aroused by the mysterious attitudes and conversation of two well-dressed, middle-aged, and educated men, seated in a corner of the spacious room. From their manner and hurried speech, it was evident that they were conversing about some important matter.

Albright, by successful maneuvering, coupled with feigned

drunkenness, succeeded in securing a seat of advantage for himself. He sat down at a nearby table, allowed his arms to slide along the surface of the table to an outstretched position, then let his head fall on them. He now held the posture of a drunken man, sleeping off the effects of his latest revel.

At first, the voices of the men seemed mumbled and indistinct. But in the succeeding minutes, as he became accustomed to his environment, the words easily reached his ever-listening ear. He managed to follow the earnest speech of the pair. One of them was now, it appeared, strengthening his arguments by facts, for he reached into an inner vestcoat pocket and pulled forth several documents. In doing so, he unconsciously let fall one of the sealed parchments, which rolled in the direction of the "sleeper's" feet.

With the speed and agility of a Houdini, Albright soon had the paper safely in his pocket. All this, however, was done without arousing the suspicions of either of the men.

As yet, he had received no definite information from the conversation of the mysterious pair. There was question of a "deal" to be pulled off in the near future, and there was a difference of opinion about the time it should be "sprung." More than this he could not gather. But it was something worth while, he felt sure, and determined to "follow-up" and solve the riddle.

Five minutes later the two men left the restaurant. "Scrubby" shadowed them at a distance of a hundred and fifty feet. He reminded himself by the action of the good old "cub" days when he was ever on the alert for news. He could not help comparing his present degraded self with the bright, clear-headed, care-free, conscience-free youth he was so short a time before. "Drink is the cause of it all," he acknowledged to himself. "God helping, I give it up from this hour!"

The resolution seemed to put new vigor into his frame. The task he had set himself for to-night, by this time he was convinced, was one of protecting others—he knew not whom or how many—from those that meant them harm. So he kept a watchful eye on his quarry.

The latter had now come to the entrance of a large building—a building which seemed to tower over all its fellows. A great clock was suspended above the brightly-lighted entrance. "Scrubby" at once recognized the building as that of the famous Third National Bank—a bank whose depositors numbered in the

tens of thousands—the recognized treasury of the entire city and neighborhood.

As the men stood talking at the entrance, the great clock chimed the hour of eight. They hurried into the building, closely followed by Albright, who was now determined not to lose sight of them.

They entered a spacious room on the ground floor. Albright did not follow. He did not even stop, as the men passed into another chamber to the right, for he knew that in that room the Bank Directors held their regular monthly meetings. He decided to wait awhile before making a bold move, carrying out an idea which had come upon him as quickly as that of the scent itself.

Ten minutes later he walked into the great building, apprised the attendant of the nature of his business, and was at once rushed to the great chamber. Once here, he scented his man and handed him the missive, which he had so carelessly dropped on the floor of the restaurant. After an exchange of compliments, Albright was about to leave when his eyes fell on a telephone—an extension telephone—standing near the Director's table. Extracting a "toby" from his pocket, he promptly lit it, noting, in the interim, the busy manner of the men, who now showed an utter disregard of his presence. He placed the burnt match under the receiver in such a way as to raise it and close the electric circuit; he knew that every voice in the Director's room could now be easily heard on the missing end of the extension, which he felt must be in the vicinity.

He left the room and began his search for the missing telephone. After experimenting on five 'phones he found his object. It was a 'phone sitting in a room adjoining the Directors' chamber. He lifted the receiver, and simultaneously a hurried and constant flow of words came over the wire. He listened for a period of five minutes. Then, he ran to another telephone, called the number of *The Monitor* into the transmitter, impatiently awaiting an answer. At last some one answered, and he gave the message to his anxious listener. In substance it was: "Hold the paper until I arrive. . . . I have a 'scoop'!"

He again went back to the extension, and began the tedious job of listening to the heated debate which was taking place in the adjoining room. He took down note after note and argument after argument, until his note-book bulged with sensational testimony. All the while he was inwardly gloating over his success.

The minutes were steadily running into hours, and the time for *The Monitor* to go to press was quickly drawing near. Albright's message had been received by the crew with great interest, and many who usually left for home early, remained that night to hear the promised "scoop".

The meeting of the Directors adjourned at 1:30—the time for *The Monitor* to go to press! "Scrubby" wondered if they would hold the paper. He made a hurried exit, and, calling a taxi, started on his journey to the offices of the paper.

In the press-room an entirely different scene was being enacted. Everybody seemed to be tired and haggard. The office, however, was a picture of excitement and furore. The city editor was pacing the floor awaiting the promised news. Three times he had ordered the paper to press, only to recall his commands when the few faithful friends of Albright interceded for him. Already he had waited ten minutes and had promised to remain five more, but it was, as he said, the last he would allow, for even "Scrubby's" own friends had begun to think that it was hopeless,—when Scrubby himself rushed into the office, breathless, and showing the effects of his long grind.

He gave the copy-book to one of his friends to rush the story for him, and fell over exhausted. They put him to bed after supplying his hungered body with the necessary nourishment; but, to their great surprise, he refused all stimulants.

When Scrubby awoke the next morning they brought him a copy of *The Monitor*. Then "Scrubby" Albright read the story of how he—a drunkard, an outcast from society—had saved the people of the city many millions of dollars. Indeed, if they had waited one more day, the great Third National would have closed its doors, on account of financial difficulties. The very disclosure of these difficulties led to their satisfactory adjustment.

This is the story "Scrubby" read—the story he had procured the previous night at the meeting of the Bank Directors—and its sequel, worked out by *The Monitor's* public-spirited editor-in-chief.

If one were to walk into the luxurious offices of *The Monitor* to-day and ask for Mr. Albright, he would be ushered to the stately quarters of the president and editor; for to-day, "Scrubby" Albright is the proud possessor of that title. His rehabilitation and subsequent success he attributes, under God, to the pledge he took on the night that he made "the big Scoop."

JAMES J. MCCLOSKEY, '19.

Accounting—A Helpmate of Economics.

THE average student of economics can see but little use of a knowledge of accounting or statistics. The statistician, alive only to compile figures, seldom sees a need of knowing much about economics; the accountant endeavors to fathom the statistical data of a business organization, deduces conclusions that are economically sound, and presents a report that fuses accounting, economics and statistics.

Sometimes the prejudice against accounting, on the part of students, is attributable to a lack of accurate information regarding either the tools or the proper methods of using accounting tools. This paper is to show how accounting is a helpmate of economics; perhaps it may show that economics is the parent of accounting.

The accountant or book-keeper records, of yesterday, the financial transactions of a business, a city or a nation. When the accumulated information is old, the statistician revises and rearranges it and shows the readjusted totals from which the economist draws conclusions that, when accurately interpreted, prevent failure in a business organization, a city's government or a nation's commerce.

One of the bugbears to the young student in accounting is the differentiation of capital and income; to the student of economics, this is a comparatively easy problem. Your economist states that that which produces income is capital, that the flow from capital sources is income.

Difficulty comes to students when clear-cut definitions are wanted. The accountant avers that the assets as listed at the end of a specific period constitute the business capital; to which our friends the economists, upon reflection, assent.—“Who owns these resources?” is inquired. Let us investigate. Creditors lend their capital to the business unit; this designates the *Loan Capital* of the economist, and viewed from the forum of the accountant the same objects are *Liabilities*.

Neither accountants nor economists have much trouble in distinguishing fixed and mobile capital. For the economist considers the permanent assets, lands, buildings and equipment as the fixed capital. These items our friends, in accounting parlance, designate fixed assets. A difference which may be attributed to the more detailed analysis of mobile capital arises when the student is asked to explain the distinction and the

differences. All other producing income not previously labelled fixed capital constitutes mobile capital, economically; whereas the accountant subdivides mobile capital into its parts—accountingly speaking, as *current*—cash and the receivables; the merchandise, or materials and supplies, from whose sale the primary profits due to operation arise, is known as *trading* assets; the intangible income producers—as good will, franchise, etc., are the *miscellaneous* assets to the accountant; and finally those prepaid costs unconsumed in period in which purchased are *deferred* assets.

From an economic standpoint the income should be distributed as follows: replacement of capital, interest, rent and wages. The maintenance of fixed assets, in the accountant's eye, is actually taken care of in the repairs and renewals, bad debts and allied accounts; to preserve intact original capital investment, a reserve is created to cover depreciations and losses from bad debts. The further distribution of the income shows that the economic theory is acceptable to a large number of business organizations who are paying labor an equitable wage, and furthermore are creating pension funds which make secure and comfortable that period in the evening of life when the palsied hand or rheumatic member makes impossible the simplest kind of toil. At times, in lieu of a pension after years of service, our modern merchantmen distribute bonuses to all the forces that supplied the labor for the period just terminating. This shows that economics trains accounting to be provident.

Land exacts rents which should be estimated on the basis of value. Rent, in economics, is more restricted in meaning than the same word connotes in the page of an accountant's report. Rent is land's income increment, in economics; rent is income derived from land, buildings, machinery, etc., in the average accountant's vocabulary. Some day, we hope very soon, this unkempt child of business will adopt a modern dress that will be recognizable by both clans. The gains, the big unearned increments in sales of land, are not income, both learned bodies admit, because the fixed asset is unaltered; the appreciation in value cannot be income, as the newer amount represents a fluctuation.

The one troublesome phase of economics that causes discussion, is the question whether interest on capital invested in materials in process of manufacture, reserve stocks of merchandise, the receivables, machinery and other plant equipment, should be included or excluded in costs. The economic theory is that interest should be included; the accountant's practice is to ignore

it on account of the mass of data that would have to be analyzed; the result of the theory and practice is identical, as the reasonable amount is included, while the methods of computing it vary.

Some economists of good repute do not consider profits distinct or separate in the distribution of income, maintaining that the entrepreneur's share is a part of the wage; the accountant, ever desirous to analyze, is prone to find the rate of return on capital, the standard wages paid in similar businesses and the rent exacted for abutting property, and then compute the excess profits or deficits. Then, by these comparative figures, the auditor or accountant is able to judge the ability or lack of enterprise of the management.

From the accounting viewpoint, the profits show the excess amounts of returns due to operation over costs. The accountant keeps the income received from operation, distinct from the amounts received from other ventures.

Quite an interesting co-ordination of economics and accounting is evidenced in the preparation of the income and profit-and-loss statement. Economics studies the production, consumption and distribution of wealth and discusses the factors used therein. Accountants have sections in their income accounts, to care for each element; the manufacturing section lists the items that are consumed in the production of the finished articles; the trading section includes all the costs incidental to distributing the articles, as selling and advertising expenses, and then shows the net profit on trading; the profit-and-loss section includes the earnings from operations and the income from all other sources; from these the accountants subtract the extraordinary costs of operation and of maintenance (replacement of capital, and deposits in sinking funds, installments to pension funds, etc.) and the expenses incurred in connection with investments in other business units.

The next important phase of accounting is the distribution of the remaining profits earned during the period. From this fund are paid the dividends; from this amount are deducted the reserves, to care for those accrued losses which the business unit has sustained or will sustain, but which at the time of closing the books are not easily estimated. From this residue, appropriations are made to secure newer equipment, additions and other betterments. The small amount that is not distributed is added to the surplus that all safe business organizations claim as their own.

Those who know accounting will see the practice and procedure: those who know economics will see the economic theory stated accurately. In means and results accounting and economics are similar: in terminology they differ.

J. M. D.



“Peppering Pepp”.

EVERYBODY admires a fellow with plenty of “pep”. That is why we all like the Red Masquers. That is why we liked their Christmas show. It was a big undertaking, to put on a play calling for a cast of eighteen speaking characters besides numerous supernumeraries, to get it ready in three weeks, and count on everyone’s doing justice to his part after the interval of a two weeks’ holiday. But they did it, more power to them! They are to be congratulated on their choice of a play; for, besides the fact that no farce given in recent years has told a funnier story, there were in “Peppering Pepp” the added elements of a gay college atmosphere and a generous intermingling of song with the unfolding of the story.

We must also remark that a prettier stage setting was never seen in our hall. Experienced stage directors know that a successful exterior scene is mounted with much greater difficulty than an interior; but the “professor’s front yard” with its vine-covered pergola and fern-bordered walks was a bower of beauty. The transformation from day to evening, complete to the detail of the dangling Japanese lanterns, was a pleasing surprise of the third act. What renders the mounting of the production the more interesting is that it was all done right at home by willing hands.

Costuming and make-up left nothing to be desired. As on several previous occasions, Frank & Seder threw open their treasure-closets to robe our “ladies” in the season’s daintiest frocks. The men were also appropriately garbed. The company was carefully selected with a view of obtaining exactly the types of actors suited to the roles in which they were cast, and the added improvements which made them still more life-like in appearance were due to the deft work of Mr. M. Hock, always a good friend of the University.

All these things, you will say, are merely preliminaries; come tell us about the acting. The point is granted with the best possible grace, but also with the reminder that without these preliminaries the acting would have absolutely “fallen flat.” John C. Davies *was* Professor Pepp for the evening; it is not correct to say that he *acted* the part. In voice, in bearing, in gesture, he was the nerve-racked and thoroughly frightened pedagogue from the rise of the first curtain to the fall of the last.

Albert A. Mountain, as C. B. Buttonbuster, a butterfly of forty-eight come to college, had what was probably the most difficult role in the play; but at every appearance he made the house roar with his ludicrous impersonation of this character.

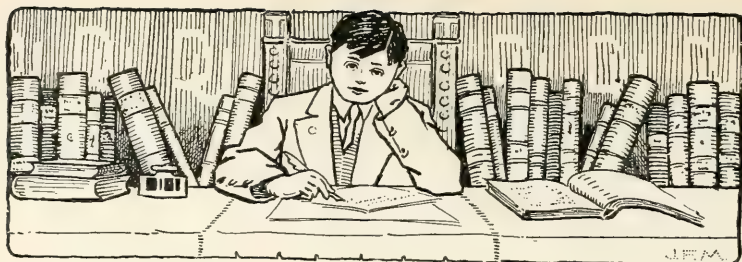
Earl Johnston as Howard Green, and John J. McDonough as Betty Gardner, gave a fine representation of "two hearts that beat as one." Cornelius V. Becker as Aunt Minerva gave one of the best impersonations of a spinster aunt, seen in a local amateur play in years. Stanley P. Balcerzak, who appeared as Petunia Muggins, a "Sis Hopkins" part, and Charles Lang, the self-important town marshal, who played opposite him, furnished no end of merriment. The Russian teacher of calisthenics, played with great naturalness by Lawrence Urban, helped the telling of the story along considerably. Last, but not least, were the vivacious college youths, ably led by Leo Zitzman and Thomas Drengacz, all of whom played as naturally as if they were romping on the playground. Among them, Edward Quinn, the "collector of souvenirs," made a distinct hit.

Under the direction of Father Williams, a number of four-part serenades were sung, that quite struck the fancy of the crowd. "Santa Lucia" and "Juanita" were especially well rendered. The orchestra was well directed by Professor C. B. Weis.

The boarders under the coaching of Father McGuigan, appeared in the Pyramids, and showed some pretty figures in record-breaking time.

DESMOND SCHNEIDER, '18 (H. S.)





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

College Spirit Again.

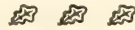
THE odd, whimsical saying of David Harum, "There is more than a modicum of human nature in humanity," strikes us at times as full of meaning. Upon human nature and its attendant weaknesses falls the blame for the following paragraphs. Lack of depth, lack of thoroughness, is one of those weaknesses. We are inclined to read without penetration, to peruse without analyzing, to skim over an article without reaching the pith and marrow of its theme. Likewise, we write half-formed opinions, or biased views, thinking them all the while the acme of wisdom. College spirit, judging from some articles written about it, is one of the subjects frequently treated in this haphazard fashion. Wherever did the idea arise that this spirit meant flinging to the winds the best that an institution of learning should inculcate; that loyalty to *Alma Mater* is grounded upon lawlessness, dissipation and rowdyism? We do not mean that the student must don shelled glasses, select a halo, and nail upon the doors of the University his 95 theses anent the depravities of athleticism. We do not say that there is aught that is blameworthy in supporting loyally all the school's athletic ventures—far be it from us!—but we do contend that narrowing college spirit down to this one form of loyalty, is wrong; we do maintain that it means far more. No student is loyal who does not aspire to make of himself what his *Alma Mater* wishes to make of him.

That loyalty which makes a student guard his *Alma Mater's* good name; which nourishes and enkindles a sense of his responsibility to her and to society, and leads him to be morally, mentally and physically fit, is broader and deeper in its extension than the meaning commonly given to college spirit to-day.

Going farther, it is that spirit which rivets a man, so to speak, to the tasks of scholarship through which he rises intellectually, and without which no graduate is really a credit to any school. But above all it is truly defined as that spirit which causes a student to vision, beyond commencement, the attainment of that life toward which alone all his best efforts should be bent; that through the subordination of transient and trivial pleasures to relentless toil, he may prove a credit to the University—a trained, devoted, and inspired alumnus, working for the welfare of mankind. This is the meaning of college spirit.

And can you truly say there is any evidence that inter-collegiate athletics of to-day are the important factor they are made to be in the development of true college spirit?

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Catholic Student.

THE Newman Club of the University of California is responsible for the statement that there are 61 associations in the United States whose purpose it is to protect the Faith of Catholic students in secular institutions of learning. When one considers the vicious influence brought to bear upon the Catholic student in these places and the skeptical doctrines promulgated therein, one is awed at the tremendous work before these organizations, but must necessarily admire their courage. In an hour or less each week these societies are expected to counteract the materialistic tendency of the day, the agnosticism, skepticism and ultra-modern paganism imbibed from atheistic text-books as well as the doctrine that one religion is as good as another, which results from a supercilious perusal of comparative religion.

The thought persists in our mind that such societies cannot be wholly successful. At most they can only construct a hasty intellectual barrier against the violent torrent of maniacal modern thought. To rear a permanent, time-defying structure that shall be proof against the savagery of free thought is a complex and painstaking task. It is not one that can be thrown up in the while-you-wait fashion. And so it is out of the province of extemporaneous speakers.

Whence, then, is the solution? Our Catholic colleges and

universities throughout the country furnish the answer. They are the equals, and in many cases the superiors, of so-called secular institutions. Their facilities are of the best and their curriculum is not turned topsy-turvy by every passing folly. Hence the Catholic student who turns his back upon Catholic colleges, not only faces spiritual perdition, but does it needlessly.

DENNIS J. MULVIHILL, '18.



Duquesnicula.

THE above heading may be unfamiliar to a certain number of our readers, but old-timers like Tom Drengacz and Dan Fisher—if they scratch their heads—can remember when it ran regularly in the MONTHLY. Suffice it to say that the dear creature Duquesnicula—not a beast prehistoric—was snowed under, and has just emerged, thanks to the recent thaw. We shall endeavor to keep the ball rolling, thank you.

The following lines, entitled "Night Melodies", will be understood when we hint that the scene is dormitory number 402:

Harmonious and slow
 They shook lean Dooley's frame;
 He surely did not know
 How lustily they came.

Friend Chooley bore it long,
 Then "Dooley, dear!" he cried,
 "Pray, cease your evening song;
 Turn over on your side."

The slumbering Dooley turned;
 The night-wind softly crept;
 The starlight dimly burned;
 The weary Chooley slept.

In the law department there was no answer forthcoming when the question was propounded, "Do sheep become real estate when they are turned into fields?"

After the Grove City game a Third-High boy was cranking a Henry with little or no result, when Nim-jacks shouted to him, "Put another needle in—that one has been used once."

The other day at dinner Fats Lang remarked to the waiter that the coffee was very hot. The latter, inclined to be witty, returned, "I'll bet the little birds told you." Fats whispered, "Nope—just a swallow."

Here's how Zitzman got something off his brain about a friend of his, now a reporter: "Last June while Judge was making a tour 'round the World, he enjoyed the Times immensely till he was Pucked and Punched in the Gazette. In his Weekly condition he telegraphed to his Sun that the Leader had been Herald against a Post by an Observer, but was not badly Pressed, and not to Chronicle the News as there is Still Life in Tit-Bits."

The prefect was making his morning rounds. The professor called on the class-president to testify. A little rattled, he turned to the class with the query, "Is there any one here absent?"

That reminds me. The same fellow wanted to help ejecting loafers from the building on a fine day. This is how he phrased it: "*Everybody inside out!*"

Strange how the high cost of living affects some people's wits! The dialogue below took place between two devotees of the Snigo shrine:

"I'll bet you find it hard to meet expenses this year!"

"Hard? Why, bo, I meet expenses at every turn. I find it hard to dodge them!"

"Winkler is my particular friend, I want you to remember," said Marty Wajert, in one of his rare serious moments.

"Aw, go away with that stuff," replied Martin Noon Glynn. "If he was particular, he wouldn't be your friend."

Then they blew "taps" over M. N. G.

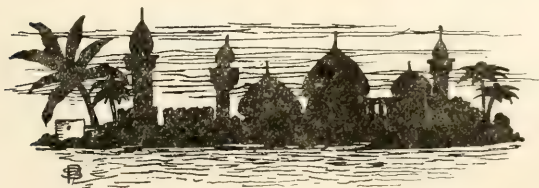
Quinn—I dreamed last night that I was in heaven.

Zitzman—Did you see me there?

Quinn—I did. Then I knew I was dreaming.

Curtain. CURTAIN, I say!

JOSEPH L. MCINTYRE, '18.





BASKETBALL

' VARSITY.

DURING the past month the gym was a scene of intense excitement on account of the basketball contests. The undergraduates, resembling a band of Comanche Indians, worked their heads off pulling for the Red-and-Blue clad warriors. Led on by "Big Chief" Tom Drengacz and the lusty cheering of our non-consumptives, the University teams have made a very creditable showing.

VARSITY, 53—ST. JOHN'S, 32.

The 'Varsity tossers won from the St. John's University quintet of Toledo in the Bluff cage, but only after a hair-raising struggle. The final score was 53 to 32, but the game was far closer than the total indicates, and the big victory-margin was rolled up in the closing minutes of play when the Ohioans faltered. They had beaten St. Ignatius' College of Cleveland, 21 to 20, in a tough game, and didn't have quite so much in reserve for the drive to the stretch.

The visitors got into the lead at the start, and soon had a 5-1 advantage, but the Bluffites rallied and it was a desperate struggle until half-time, with the score deadlocked five different times. The Dukes led at half time, 19 points to 18.

But in the second half the 'Varsity began slowly drawing away, although St. John's were always dangerous. The 'Varsity began guarding better, and their team work began to get going right. At the middle of the second half the score was 33 to 27 with the 'Varsity leading, but after they cut loose and their passing game began to tell, points came in rapid succession, and soon St. John's quintet was distanced, although they could get the ball within striking distance time after time before the 'Varsity's guarding broke it up. McCallum, with 12 field goals, was the heavy point scorer of the evening. McGonigle also shot well, and

Cumbert played a fine passing game. Gerkin and Fitzgerald were the shining lights for the visitors. The lineup:

| 'Varsity, 53. | | | St. John's, 32. | | |
|---------------|---|---|-----------------|---|------------|
| McGonigle | . | F | . | . | Diethelm |
| Zitzman | . | F | . | . | Fitzgerald |
| Obruba | . | C | . | . | Vollmyer |
| Cumbert | . | G | . | . | Hoffman |
| McCallum | . | G | . | . | Gerken |

Field goals—McCallum 12, McGonigle 6, Cumbert 4, Obruba 1, Gerken 5, Fitzgerald 3, Hoffman 3, Diethelm 1. Foul goals—McCallum 7 out of 15, Hoffman 8 out of 12. Referee—Dougherty (Wash.-Jeff.). Timekeepers—Davies and Smith. Time of halves—20 minutes.

' VARSITY, 55—MUSKINGUM, 37.

The winning streak of Muskingum College's strong and aggressive basketball team was broken when they met the 'Varsity on our floor. This is the first game the Buckeye lads have lost in Western Pennsylvania.

The visitors jumped into the lead at the start of the game, and maintained it until the middle of the first half, when McGonigle evened the score at 12-all, and then Morrissey broke loose with three field goals in quick succession. Never again was the 'Varsity in danger, for they held the Muskingum men almost scoreless from that point until the end of the half, when the total score stood 34 to 15.

Morrissey was the big scorer with 11 flings from the foul line. Heidger and Atkinson played best for Muskingum, the former caging several difficult goals. Donoghue also played well. The lineup:

| 'Varsity, 55. | | | Muskingum, 37. | | |
|---------------|---|---|----------------|---|----------|
| McGonigle | . | F | . | . | Johnson |
| Morrissey | . | F | . | . | Heidger |
| Obruba | . | C | . | . | Atkinson |
| Flanagan | . | G | . | . | Morehead |
| Zitzman | . | G | . | . | Gibson |

Substitutions—Cumbert for Flanagan, McCallum for McGonigle, G. Donoghue for Cumbert, McGrath for Donoghue, Price for Johnson. Field goals—Morrissey 11, McGonigle 3, Obruba 5, Cumbert 2, McCallum 3, Heidger 5, Atkinson 7, Johnson 1, Gibson 1. Fouls—McGonigle 4 out of 7. Morrissey 1 out of 3, Cumbert 2 out of 2. Atkinson 9 out of 22. Referee—Bolster. Time of halves—20 minutes.

' VARSITY, 20—GROVE CITY, 18.

In a contest, which was unanimously mentioned as the best ever staged on the Grove City floor, the Dukes defeated the local collegians, 20 to 18. Our boys scored first; this auspicious start was due chiefly to the accurate shooting of Captain Obruba and Cumbert. At half time, the score was 13 to 7 with the Grove City boys on the short end. In the second half, the home team came back so strong that Captain Obruba changed his tactics and instructed his men to play a purely defensive game. Grove City trailed the Dukes closely, by one or two points until the score was deadlocked at 17 to 17. The fans went wild with enthusiasm when a foul caused Grove City to forge ahead for the first and only time of the contest. At this juncture, with three minutes to play, McGonigle was rushed to the breech and almost immediately slid past the big Grove City guards to a pretty toss into the basket, making the count 19 to 18 in favor of the Dukes, amid the groans of the spectators. Cumbert then flung his final foul goal, registering another Duke victory. The lineup:

' Varsity, 20.

Grove City, 18.

| | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---------|
| Cumbert | . | . | . | F | . | . | . | Heilman |
| McCallum | . | . | . | F | . | . | . | Gould |
| Obruba | . | . | . | C | . | . | . | Block |
| Morrissey | . | . | . | G | . | . | . | Moon |
| Zitzman | . | . | . | G | . | . | . | Bigler |

Substitutions—McGonigle for McCallum, Hodge for Gould, Vinson for Moon. Field goals—Obruba 2, Cumbert 2, McCollum, McGonigle, Black 2, Heilman, Hodge. Foul goals—Cumbert 8 out of 10, Heilman 10 out of 14. Referee—"Billy" Allen, Thiel College.

' VARSITY, 20—LAWRENCEVILLE Y. M. C. A., 22.

A big crowd of loyal rooters accompanied the 'Varsity out to Lawrenceville "Y" gymnasium, only to see them suffer their first defeat of the season. The score was 22 to 20, and the issue was in doubt until the last minute of play. Five points behind and four minutes to play, the Dukes started a magnificent rally, but the game was over before they could catch the Lawrencevillians. It was a neck and neck race with the score tied three times, and the Dukes led 12 to 10 at the end of the first half.

Playing was rather rough, and the guarding was very close and strenuous on both sides. Although Over was the individual scoring star with five field goals to his credit, the Dukes out-

scored the "Y" boys from the floor, eight baskets to seven. The Lawrenceville boys won the game from the foul line, as Delp shot 8 out of 12, while Cumbert, Morrissey and McGonigle got 4 out of 13. Some of the shots were sensational. This evens the score between the two teams, as two years ago the Dukes gave the Lawrenceville lads their first beating for two seasons. The lineup:

Lawrenceville, 22.

'Varsity, 20.

| | | | | | | | |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----------|
| Over | . | . | . | F | . | . | McCallum |
| Lewis | . | . | . | F | . | . | Cumbert |
| Delp | . | . | . | C | . | . | Obruba |
| Schiffer | . | . | . | G | . | . | Morrissey |
| Buerman | . | . | . | G | . | . | Zitzman |

Substitutes—McGonigle for Zitzman. Field goals—Cumbert 4, McCallum 3, Obruba 1, Over 5, Delp 1, Buerman 1. Foul goals—Delp 8 out of 12, Cumbert 3 out of 8, Morrissey 0 out of 2, McGonigle 1 out of 3. Referee—Bolster.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 40—LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOLASTICS, 14.

Duquesne University High defeated the Lawrenceville Scholastics in the Duke cage, 40 to 14. The first half ended 14 to 6 in favor of the Dukelets. In the second half Captain Butrym, in the pivotal position, set the Dukelets' combinations rolling, and Hayes, Lynam and Foley readily found the basket. Lockar and Rudick broke up many of the Dukelets' passes. Kentlein was the chief point-getter for the visitors.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 20—MUNHALL, 30.

Remembering a former defeat, the Munhall High School, by a strong finish, vanquished the University High quintet, at Munhall, 30 to 20. The contest was a neck-and-neck race until the third quarter, which ended 20 to 19 in favor of the Munhallites. The home team by lightning pass-work and careful gauging of the basket, sprang into a lead and could not be overtaken. Davies and O'Brien put up the most consistent game for Duquesne. Steiner's dashes through the court resulted in seven field goals. Stephens also gave a good account of himself.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 34—CRAFTON, 26.

In a close contest of a thrilling nature the Duquesne University High defeated Crafton High in the Duke cage, 34 to 26. The Craftonites jumped into the lead early but the unerring eye and steady aim of Hayes, who caged four successive baskets, deadlocked the score at 8 to 8. In the second quarter the count was again tied at 12 to 12, the half ending 15 to 13 in favor of the Crafton boys.

The wiry Davies, who relieved Power, caged a pretty corner shot, deadlocking the score for the third time. A fourth tie occurred at 17 to 17. The third quarter closed with the Dukelets leading by a five-point margin, 25 to 20. Kronz and Sheran, the diminutive but agile guards, time and again broke up the Crafton attacks. The Craftonites then lost the sense of accurate direction and resorted to long distance flings, which was their undoing.

The Dukelets, by shorter passing and the more accurate shooting of Davies and Hayes, soon distanced their rivals. Captains Butrym and Wood staged a pretty duel at the pivotal position, with honors about equally divided.

JUNIORS, 29—WALTHAM, 38.

The Juniors were in the lead in the first half, 12 to 7. In the second half the visitors uncorked a burst of speed which was not to be gainsaid. The accurate shooting of Thompson and Schwer proved fatal to the Juniors. Of the latter, Bott and Kettl showed best form throughout the evening.

JUNIORS, 13—CRAFTON, 7.

In a nip-and-tuck battle, the Juniors defeated the Crafton Heights five in the Bluff cage by the score of 13 to 7. Though handicapped in both weight and size, the Juniors played a brilliant game. The close defensive work of Bollens hampered the visitors considerably. Egan and Roberts were the stellar players.

JUNIORS, 23—WALTHAM, 19.

The second Waltham game was studded with brilliant plays. The visitors got the jump on the Dukelings, who were for the moment dazzled by the lightning speed of their opponents. The score at the end of the first half was 16 to 10 in favor of the visitors. In the second half the Juniors uncorked a burst of speed which proved fatal for the North Siders. Egan by his brilliant shooting sewed up the game. Kettl and Doyle played well on the defensive for the Juniors. Bauer and Lee shed most lustre on the visitors.

JUNIORS, 44—DUQUESNE JUNIORS, 9.

The accurate shooting of Egan, who made 12 goals, was the feature of the Juniors' contest with their rivals from Duquesne town. The defensive work of Bollens, Kettl and Bott was of a superior order. Beatty and Mexler played well for the visitors.

JUNIORS, 29—CIRCLE CLUB, 17.

Many interesting features marked the game which resulted in a victory for the Juniors over the fast Circle Club of Homestead, 29 to 17. The visitors started off like real winners, caging two goals in a hurry. Thenceforth it was a see-sawing contest, with the score tied twice during the first half, which ended 11 to 10 in the Juniors' favor. In the second half the close guarding of Bollens and Rooney broke the visitors' attack, and clever passing and accurate shooting of Doyle and Kettl put the Juniors in the lead. The Circle Club's best players were Clifford and Murray.

MINIMS, 19—MIDGETS, 15.

In a close contest sprinkled with many features on both sides, the Duquesne University Minims defeated the Midgets of Duquesne, 19 to 15. Cassidy, Zamaria and Joyce did the scoring for the Minims.

MINIMS, 20—ST. PETER'S, 13.

The Duquesne University Minims annexed another game by defeating the St. Peter's school of North Side, 20 to 13. Egan and J. Carl displayed a good brand of guarding. Quinn and Rooney starred for the Petrine contingent.

MINIMS, 13—HILLTOP CADETS, 12.

In an exciting contest in which the score was deadlocked six times, the gritty Minims defeated the Hilltop Cadets, 13 to 12. Both teams showed remarkable passing ability as well as close guarding. The count was even three times in the first half, which ended 8 to 7 in favor of the Cadets. The accurate shooting of Molinari and Cassidy in the second half spelled victory for the Duke Minims. All the Cadets, especially Glick, played well.

HERRON HILL COLLEGIANS, 30—MINIMS, 17.

The heretofore undefeated Minim tossers were completely out-classed by the well-balanced Herron Hill Collegians, 30 to 17. Miller was the heavy scorer for the Collegians. He alone secured enough field goals to beat the Minims single handed. The close guarding of J. Carl, who was rushed to the breach, when two other guards were outwitted, materially helped the Minims.

CHRONICLE

School of Law.

THE School of Law keeps on the even tenor of its way, hard study alternating with exhaustive lecture. Students of the third year have now entered on the final stretch for graduate and State Board examinations.

The Dean, Hon. J. M. Swearingen, LL. D., who was lately taken ill on the bench, is now recuperating at his home in Ingram.

Several new students registered at the beginning of the second semester.

Many members of the first year class passed the preliminaries or worked off conditions.

Examinations are at present being held in the subjects seen by the first and second year classes.

Reports show that attendance has been very satisfactory. When absence can not be accounted for satisfactorily, students are not permitted to take the examinations. This ruling has a beneficial influence, absenteeism dwindling to the vanishing point.

The following new courses have been begun: Domestic Relations, Judge Way; Partnership and Agency, Mr. Scull; Conveyancing, Mr. Craig; Criminal Law, Mr. Lacey.

J. P. E.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

DURING the past month the Hamilton Debating Society elected officers for the ensuing year. The officers are elected after the mid-term examinations and hold office for one year. This arrangement makes it possible for the younger men to secure the advice and follow the suggestions of the older

men for one-half year. The officers elected were as follows: L. P. King, President; Paul Beckert, Vice-President; W. D. Rush, Secretary; C. S. Lang, Assistant Secretary; C. D. Smith, Treasurer. The committees will be announced later.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 21st, the following debate will take place: "Resolved, That compulsory courses in military training be adopted in all higher schools of Education." Mr. Hewitt will preside as Chairman; the affirmative will be upheld by Messrs. Eyler and Gloekler, and the negative, by Messrs. Monteverde and Kane.

Announcement was made in the last issue of the MONTHLY of the formation of two new classes; one in Selling under Professor Shearman, and the other in Fundamental Accounting under Mr. Breitenstein. The class in Selling is to be inaugurated February 1st. A number of ambitious young men have enrolled for this class. Professor Shearman, in the Selling class, discusses the functions of selling and explains in detail the various selling procedures; after a sufficient discussion of the theory and psychology of sales, the class will have practical demonstrations in making sales. As Professor Shearman is an experienced and successful salesman, he injects into the members of his class an enthusiasm and ambition that coin theory and training into financial success.

The class in Accounting we thought would be limited to about twenty members, but so many ambitious young men and women were interested in this phase of accounting that we find the enrollment nearly fifty. This class is held on Monday and Friday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30. Mr. Breitenstein, who has been conducting the course in Governmental Accounting during the first semester, and who is the Chief Accountant of the City of Pittsburgh, is the instructor.

In a recent examination held for the degree of Certified Public Accountants, three members of our C. P. A. Preparation class were successful in passing these rigid tests. They were Messrs. O. G. Richter, M. C. Conick and J. H. Rothfus.

In a recent Civil Service Examination held under the auspices of the Civil Service Commission of the City of Pittsburgh for an accounting position, four out of the six who attained the highest marks were students of the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

The Evening School Association gave a very nice dance on Saturday evening, February 10th. The affair was a success. Arrangements, we understand, for the second of a series of dances to be given, will be made during Easter week.

C. S. L.

College and High Schools.

Rehearsals under the direction of Mr. Clinton E. Lloyd have begun for "Officer 666", which is to be given by the Red Masquers in the Lyceum Theatre during the latter part of the month of May. After holding several meetings, the Directors have selected the most competent for the cast, and the outlook for one of the most successful plays ever given by the Club, is exceptionally bright. The fact that "Officer 666" has never yet been played by amateurs lends additional interest to the forthcoming production.

The second term examinations were held during the last week of January. The results were read in the Assembly Hall on January 29.

Examinations The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: (College) J. J. McDonough, E. N. Soxman, J. J. Gallagher, F. J. Ligday; (Preparatory Medicine) L. Urban; (Preparatory Law) B. J. Taszarek; (Commercial) R. C. Merkel, J. L. Kettl, L. H. Brandl; (Scientific) A. J. Succop, W. J. McCarthy, F. E. Risacher, C. H. Hungerman; (Academic) M. N. Glynn, A. J. King, C. E. Dilmore, E. T. Kearney, J. M. Gailliot, M. J. Carl, N. I. Schramm, F. B. Starzynski; (Preparatory) A. Szatkowski, T. Noroski.

One hundred and seventy-five honor cards were awarded for merit.

The past month has shown a considerable increase of new students in all departments. Several have come to make Duquesne "Their Home" for the next six months.

The annual retreat delayed by the late opening of some of the departments of the University began on January 30.

Retreat Father Harnett, head of the Holy Ghost Father's missionary band preached the retreat. The students entered zealously into the spirit of the retreat, and gave general edification by their attention to the instructions and admirable order from beginning to end.

During the early part of the month of January the Students' Senate held their election of officers. The following were chosen to fill the different offices: President, Leo J. Zitzman, '17; Vice-President, William F. Galvin, '18; Secretary, Justin J. Gallagher, '19; Assistant Secretary, Leonard Kane, '18. The following were elected to represent the Athletic Committee: Joseph A. Burns, LL. B., '17; D. J. Mulvihill, B. A., '18; M. P. Flanagan, B. A., '19; D. Fisher, Pre-Med., '17; and James Garahan, H. S., '17.

The date set for the annual euchre and reception to be given under the auspices of the Athletic Association of the University is February 8 at the Moose Temple on Penn Avenue. The following Committees have been selected: Joseph A. Burns, General Chairman.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Joseph A. Burns, Chairman; W. F. Galvin, J. J. McDonough, D. J. Mulvinill, Dan Fisher, J. Garahan, J. Monteverde, J. Hewett, M. P. Flanagan.

RECEPTION: W. F. Galvin, Chairman; Ray Baum, Joseph S. Butler, Mark P. Flanagan, George Foley, John Foley, John J. Hewett, M. V. Huston, Earl V. Johnston, John J. McDonough, Joseph McIntyre, Joseph A. Monteverde, W. B. Stuffle, Michael Wolak, Leo J. Zitzman.

PRIZE: John J. McDonough, Chairman; Ray Baum, Chas. J. Deasy, Patrick A. Diranna, Mark P. Flanagan, M. N. Glynn.

PROGRAMME: Joseph A. Monteverde, Chairman; John J. Hewett.

DOOR: Daniel S. Fisher, Chairman; Thomas Drengacz, Joseph Kissane, John Schaly.

EUCHRE: Dennis J. Mulvihill, Chairman; Cyril Bott, J. J. Gallagher, S. Gawronski, Raymond Hayes, Victor Kennedy, Albert Mountain, William J. McCarthy, Dudley J. Nee, Edward J. Quinn, Edward N. Soxman, Francis Streiff, George Walton, Leo S. Watterson.

REFRESHMENTS: J. S. Garahan, Chairman; Stanley Butrym, Charles Haendler, Kenneth Leopold, J. J. McCloskey, John McGonigle, Leo McIntyre, Desmond Snyder.

AIDES: Miss May Madden, Chairman; Misses Hannah Barry, Esther Burns, Margaret Burns, Frances Casey, Helen Castle, Helen Crawford, Lillian Crawford, Mary Dargan, Sadie

Dargan, Isabella Gallagher, Alice Garahan, Margaret Kelly, Mary McGinley, Margaret McMahon, Annie Madden, Margaret Madden, Evelyn Meckley, Nellie Meckley, Genevieve Morgan, Ursula Ryan, Constance Ubinger, Helena Ubinger.

EDWARD J. QUINN, '19.

School of Social Service.

ON Tuesday evening, January 9, Mr. J. O'Connor, Jr., representing the Children's Welfare Bureau, gave the first of his series of lectures on Child Labor. He began with the remark that, as the expert in research work in physical sciences begins by studying what others have done before, so as not waste time by reduplicating effort, so the social worker in children's welfare must first study what others before him have done in that line. In connection with this, he suggested such publications as Mangold's "Child Problems" and the reports of the National Child Labor Committee. Studies of this nature are important because child labor is connected with the important problems of adult labor and educational questions. He then traced the conditions of child labor that prevailed in ancient times, contrasting them with the conditions that were gradually introduced by Christianity. Most interesting and attractive was the picture that he drew of child labor under the medieval guild, when the child underwent an apprenticeship of seven years, undergoing very little hardship, and learning well all the details of the trade. Then came the period of mercantilism, to be succeeded by the period of *laissez-faire*, when the state was supposed to interfere as little as possible with trade and labor conditions. At the same time, machinery began to make its appearance in England, and with the advent of the factory were seen hundreds and thousands of children of all ages forced to work in factories, sometimes sixteen hours a day and practically for no wages. In the course of time, however, this condition of child slavery was removed mainly through the efforts of Robert Owen, famous for the New Harmony colony in America, and of Lord Shaftesbury. At present, in England, child labor is severely restricted, both as concerns age limit and hours of work.

He then traced a similar history of child labor in the United States, commenting on the Puritan idea that the child should be kept busy so as to keep him out of mischief, an idea that still

raises its head when attempts are being made to mitigate the abuses of street trades and other kinds of child labor. Indeed, some of the earlier factories were worked exclusively by young children, who thus brought in enormous profits to the employer, but at the cost of the wreckage of young lives.

On Tuesday evening, January 16th, the Rev. J. A. Dewe lectured on the connection between social and economic values. After showing that desire is one of the most fundamental elements of value, he illustrated his point by the connection between the standard of living and the height of wages. The standard of living, as found among the working classes, is widely different among the workmen of different nationalities. According to the Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor, in certain camps the typical cost of living for six months was \$48 for Italians, \$72 for Slavs and Hungarians, and for other nationalities, \$108. Other figures were also quoted indicating the immense difference between various standards of living. Now this means that what would be a living, or, shall we say a minimum wage for one family, would not be so for another. What would be comforts for the one would be considered absolute necessities for the other. Hence, a mere alteration in the standard of living would in reality mean a change, not in the nominal wage, but in the real wage; that is to say, not the mere payment of so many dollars, but the satisfaction of such and such desires. It is very often overlooked that the State and Pulpit can have immense economic influence by altering the desire element, which is the most important element.

Standard of living from the point of view of luxuries also affects economic value and welfare, as shown by the fact that, if much capital and labor are devoted to the production of automobiles and other luxuries, then so much less in proportion can be devoted to the production of the necessities of life. This means a proportional scarcity of these, and a higher price, and higher prices very significantly make their appearance in those very commodities that the ordinary workingman has to buy. Hence, it is not untrue to say that the excessive production of luxuries is partly responsible for the comparative poverty of the working classes. Scarcity of necessities and corresponding high prices must always bear hard on those living on the margin of dependence, and these are in the majority. Increase the nominal, the money, wage as much as you will, if the workingman is getting less and less for his money, one very obvious way of increasing real wages is to curtail luxuries; in other words, to affect social valuation.

The speaker then alluded to the fallacy that one can increase indefinitely the progress of a nation by constantly increasing its material wants, the goad to all activity, the source of the "sublime discontent". Far better was the case in some parts of Europe before the war where they had a proper social valuation of leisure and all its opportunities, thereby lessening the competition for the possession of money and especially the mad desire to excel in an artificial standard of living among the rich, which undoubtedly is partly the cause of the poverty at the other end.

Mr. J. O'Connor gave his second lecture on the effects of Child Labor on January 23. After outlining the nature and organization of the Children's Service Bureau, he proceeded to explain, first, the causes and, then, the effects of child labor. One of the most obvious causes is the present condition of the industrial world; many families are living on the verge of poverty. In 1909 a great proportion of wage-earners were getting less than \$750 a year, while the standard of living would require an expenditure of \$700. It became an apparent necessity for the children to supplement the wages of the adult wage-earner. In many cases, too, the child himself wished to go to work early, in order to escape the academic atmosphere of the school room, where the training is often out of touch with the real conditions of his life. Last, but not least, in causation, there is the greed of the employer. While some employers have declared that child labor means a loss, others maintain the contrary.

The lecturer then outlined some of the chief effects of child labor. Quoting the words of Pope Leo XIII., he spoke of the injury done both mind and body by work undertaken at too early an age. This baneful effect is common to child labor in all industries. But most industries have specific evils of their own. In the mines, there is the dust; in the glass foundries, there is the excessive heat inside, combined with the dangerous exposure to the cold outside.

Still more baneful are the moral effects, such as coming into contact with men of foul lives and vicious tongues. Messenger boys in particular and newspaper sellers in the streets are liable to contaminating influences. In order to counteract all these evil effects of child labor, legislation has already made great strides. The Keating Owens Act and the present Child Labor Law in Pennsylvania, that came into force last January, were mentioned as illustrations. But yet more has to be done, for there are still

many juveniles employed in farming, domestic service, and street trades, left unprotected. So far only the first few shots have been fired, and more general co-operation and enthusiasm are needed.

Before the lecture of January 30, the announcement was made that the field work would be started that week. The students in the School of Social Service will be assigned certain families for care and treatment, and under the supervision of Father O'Connell, Director of the Associated Catholic Charities, they will undergo a thorough practical training. Thus, what with the lectures that give an insight into the general nature of social theory and explain the nature and workings of the different philanthropic institutions and agencies of Pittsburgh, and this course of field work, there will soon be at his disposal a body of trained social workers. Already a position as social welfare worker is one of the leading undenominational industrial plants of the north side has been offered to one of the students of the school.

Father Dewe then gave the sixth of his series of lectures on social theory. After commenting on the many rival theories broached by economists on the elements of value, including the socialistic views taught by Rodbertus and Marx, he went on to give further illustrations of the way in which social and economic values react and interact. Thus, for a long time, the economic theory generally held was that the State should not interfere in matters of business and commerce. According to the Physiocrats and the School of the Optimists begun by the writings of Adam Smith, there was a certain natural order which would beneficially have its way if the State did not interfere too much. Especially was this so in regard to competition. Each one was supposed to know best what pertained to his own interests, and thus each one, by pursuing his own course of action, benefited the general welfare. The result was the absence of State regulation, and all sorts of abuses, such as child labor, excessive hours of labor, and inability on the part of the workingmen to secure a decent wage.

Then, taught by dire experience, men were swept by a wave of reaction. A new economic valuation made its appearance, and this in its turn acted on legislation. The result was a series of legislative acts all tending to limit the activities of competition and to remove from the shoulders of the weaker and poorer classes intolerable burdens. He also gave examples of the way in which social valuations change according to certain psychological moods. Thus a writer one time may announce certain theories,

and they fall on deaf ears. Then, perhaps, after the lapse of just one or two years, those same theories are suddenly, by some unaccountable cause, accepted and loudly heralded with all their importance and necessity. The triumph is there just the same. In this world, the main conflict is one of ideas, and so long as the ideas triumph it matters little. Providence is not dependent on any one man.



Obituary.

AFTER an illness of only a few days, Rev. Patrick F. O'Connor, C. S. Sp., graduate of the Class of 1902, died of peritonitis in Philadelphia.

Father O'Connor was born at Castle Island, County Kerry, Ireland, on December 25, 1877. In 1896 he entered Duquesne University. He was noted as a scholar, athlete, genial company and exemplary student during his classical studies, graduating with honor at the end of his course. After completing his philosophical studies in the Holy Ghost Apostolic College at Cornwells, Pa., he went to Paris for theology. and was ordained priest on October 28, 1908. His first and only appointment was to the Blessed Sacrament Church, North Broad Street, Philadelphia. He was buried from the church where he had served as a holy, active, zealous and sympathetic priest. At the Requiem Mass, Father Park was celebrant; Father Wrenn, deacon; Father Riley, sub-deacon, and Father Sheridan, master of ceremonies. The Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, represented the University, pronounced the absolution, and gave the final blessing at the grave, Cornwells, Pa. A class-mate, Father Harnett, C. S. Sp., preached the funeral sermon, and spoke in part as follows:—

"Every day he sanctified himself more and more, and it was no surprise to his companions that he asked at the end of the seminary course permission of devote himself to the abandoned souls of darkest Africa. He prayed that it might be so, but the secret of his future was kept from him until, in company with his

fellow-priests, he had prostrated himself at the altar of his ordination, and there solemnly consecrated himself anew to his Divine Master, promising to leave home and friends and country and go at his superior's command to whatever part of the world obedience assigned him for the salvation of souls. He had asked for the most difficult mission, and in his heart he had wished that his superiors might send him to the most abandoned parts of Africa. Some were sent to the West Indies, others to Portugal, others to Germany, others to Ireland, some remained in France, most of the new apostles went to Africa, but Father O'Connor was sent here.

"He indeed realized that the priest is another Christ. He realized that it is no mere man who week after week will spend long hours in the confessional, that it is no mere man who goes to the bedside of the dying one and strengthens him for the last awful struggle, that it is no mere man who prepares the dying soldier of Christ for eternity. Every day of his life Father O'Connor was a priest. Every day of his priestly life Father O'Connor was another Christ. . . .

"We are sad and lonely now, but our sadness and our loneliness are tinged with the silver of his memory which we shall keep forever in our hearts. He was our friend, our companion, and our model on the earth; let us pray that soon, very soon, he shall have passed the purifying flames of Purgatory to become our protector in the heaven that awaits us all. May his soul rest in peace."

We wish to convey to the relatives of past students the expression of our sincere sympathy in the loss they have sustained during the month of January. Leopold Vilsack passed away in the Mercy Hospital after a brief illness, and was laid to rest after a Solemn High Mass of Requiem in St. Paul's Cathedral, Rev. H. J. McDermott representing the Faculty.

Edward L. Barrett, '94, after a long and tedious illness, eventually succumbed on January 15. He was comforted in his declining hours by Rev. Father Zindler, C. S. Sp., who administered to him the last Sacraments. Two days later a double funeral wended its way to the Sacred Heart Church. Edward and his mother, who had just preceded him, were united in the grave, as we hope their souls were united in Heaven.

Dr. Charles J. Duffy and J. Frank McKenna, Esq., went through the ordeals of parting with their mothers. Mrs. Duffy

was interred from St. Paul's Cathedral, and Mrs. McKenna, from the Sacred Heart Church. The Very Rev. President assisted at the funeral service in the Cathedral, and Rev. H. J. McDermott, in the Sacred Heart Church.

We sympathize with Thomas F. Daugherty, LL. B., '14, and with Verner J. Lawler in their recent bereavement. The former mourns the death of a mother, and the latter, of a father, over whom the Rev. E. N. McGuigan preached a touching funeral oration.

Early on Wednesday morning, January 19, Michael Gavin brought to a happy close a long life of faithful service. To many generations of students he was favorably known as the college baker. Ever popular with the boys and interested in their welfare and games, his death was widely mourned. The attentions and ministrations of Fathers and Brothers, the prayers of the resident students, and the consciousness of a good life well spent in the faithful discharge of humble duties, soothed him in his last hours. The community of Blackrock, in Ireland, and that of Pittsburgh, will mourn his loss, for he made friends in both, who will now help him with the suffrage of their prayers.

We mourn the death of Mrs. Mary Joyce, one of Pittsburgh's best known business women, and the mother of our past student, John J. Joyce, ex-'91. We have many compelling reasons to cherish her memory and to pray for her. Year after year, on the occasion of our public entertainment in one or other of the city theatres, she placed her whole store and the heads of her various departments at our service, costuming the Red Masquers and sending her most efficient employes to dress them for the stage. She gave cheerfully and judiciously, taking a legitimate pride in seeing that the most correct and valuable costumes enhanced the appearance of our actors. To Mr. John J. Joyce and her other surviving relatives we pay this humble tribute of our sympathy. *R. I. P.*



Alumni.

REV. LAWRENCE A. O'CONNELL, '92, rector of the Epiphany Church, has been appointed Diocesan Director of Catholic Charities by the Right Rev. Bishop. His immediate aim will be to establish relief societies in every parish of the diocese in which charitable organizations have not been inaugurated.

REV. JAMES R. COX, '07, first assistant in the Epiphany parish is editing the Question Box column in the *Pittsburgh Catholic*. REV. RALPH L. HAYES, D. D., '05, renders a like service to seekers of information in the pages of the *Pittsburgh Observer*.

WILLIAM A. HOEVELER, ex-'06, paid us a welcome visit late in January. Just back from the French front at Verdun, where he served efficiently in the American Ambulance Corps, he interested us with personal reminiscences during his year's service in the cause of suffering humanity. His experiences were exceptionally interesting, and his facilities for observation were improved to the utmost limit. He has, as a much-prized souvenir, an album of photographs taken from the moment he sailed from New York until he returned. They include pictures of the leading French and English generals, shattered churches, devastated towns, blighted forests, prison camps, soldiers' graves, bursting shells and marching troops. Mr. Hoeveler has tendered his services to the U. S. Aviation Corps.

HARRY E. BRATCHIE, LEON J. KORPANTY and MEYER B. TEPLITZ presented themselves for the State final examinations in Law held last December and have been notified that they successfully stood the test. They are, therefore, authorized to practise anywhere in Pennsylvania. We cordially congratulate them, and confidently expect them to distinguish themselves at the Bar.

WE have lately heard from the SZABO brothers. NICHOLAS is pastor of a church in Sheffield, Ohio; DENNIS is intern physician in the Pittsburgh Hospital, and ALEXIS has undertaken the contract for decorating a church in Cleveland.

MICHAEL DANIELEWICZ is one of three officials who have charge of the employment office of the Carnegie Steel Co.

JAMES C. SAWDERS, since June last, has been engaged in research work in the chemical department of the Goodyear Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

IN the same month of December our School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce was again to the fore, passing three candidates at the extremely difficult C. P. A. examinations conducted by the Government. M. C. CONICK, O. G. RICHTER and J. J. C. ROTHFUS have won the reward due to their studiousness, and reflect credit upon the efficiency of the school.

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXIV.

MARCH, 1917.

Number 6.

Fly, O Winter!

FLY, O Winter, fly away!
Haste thee to thine Arctic plain.
In our land no longer stay;
Let the lovely Springtime reign.

She is all bestrewn with flow'rs;
Thou art clad in icy mail:
She doth sing of birds and bow'rs;
Thou, of snow and blust'ring gale.

Hope and joy she brings to all,
Thou to many gloom and fear:
Thee, departing, none recall;
Her we pray to linger near.

Haste, O Winter, haste away
To thy frozen Arctic field!
Let a gentler Queen hold sway,
Lovely Spring the scepter wield.

GEORGE BILINNE.

Masefield's Poetry.

NOT until events have assumed their proper place in history, is it possible to appreciate them at their true value. It is however commonly felt that we are passing through an unprecedented period of revolution. During the past two decades, science and education have ploughed deep into the human mind, and from the furrow, there has sprung an all-conquering demand for freedom in life and thought. As was to be expected, many have carried this desire to unreasonable and unwarranted lengths. This fact has especially been borne out in regard to literature; and it is not at all surprising that poetry, the keenest form of self-expression, has begun to feel the spark.

More and more thoroughly is the spirit of democracy entering the domain of poetry. Victorian poetry was, indeed, satisfied to find its content on a loftier plane. Tennyson and Swinburne, Arnold and Morris going back to chivalry or to classic idealism, endeavored to furnish us with a similitude of modern life. But the pendulum now swings the other way; and with John Masefield we enter upon an era of poetry at once dominated by social realism and interpenetrated by romantic beauty.

Most people think of Masefield as a poet of the sea. He is, truly, our greatest poet of the sea. "Salt Water Ballads" is fairly representative of his spirit. "The salt of the sea is in these jingles; not the mystic sea of the older poets who had an art, but the hard sea that men fight, even in these days of leviathan liners, in stout-timbered hulls with blocks to rattle and hemp for the gale to whistle through, and give the salt-lipped shantey man his rugged meters."

In these poems of the sea, we find the influence of Conrad. The early lives of both these men had something in common, even if Masefield's more remotely approximated the ideal. Both experience the visible wonder, the haunting terror, the infinite passion, of the everlasting, illimitable sea.

"My way leads me seawards
To the white dripping sail,
Leads me, lures me, calls me
To the salt green tossing sea;
A road without earth's road-dust
Is the right road for me."

While Conrad has become the greatest delineator of the abiding mystery of the sea that has yet appeared in English literature,

Masefield has given us in "Dauber" the finest picture of the pathetic realism and the sublime beauty of the sea that has yet appeared in any literature.

In Masefield's lyric and narrative poems the influence of Kipling is evident. The subject matter, style and vigor of narration clearly show that Kipling's ballads of the camp and sea had their effect upon him. In the "Emigrant" and "London Town", for instance, there is present the vigorous, all-conquering force of Kipling. Might not the following lines have been written by the author of "Clampherdown"?

"Spanish waters, Spanish waters, you are ringing in
my ears,
Like a slow, sweet piece of music from the grey forgotten years;
Telling tales and teaching tunes, and bringing
weary thoughts to me
Of the sandy beach at Muertas, where I would that
I could be."

In many ways, however, Masefield is distinctly the opposite of his master. Kipling's poetry has more of the objective quality than Masefield's, and springs from an intense interest in the lusty vigor of common life. Masefield's, on the other hand, is of the subjective type and, like Keats's and Swinburne's, springs from his feeling for sheer beauty, from that exquisite beauty that may be extracted from life. Take for example his lines from "Midnight":

"The perfect disc of the saner moon
Through the still blue heavens serenely swims,
And the lone bird's liquid music brims
The peace of the night with a mystic tune."

So, too, in many of his later lyrics, we have the fine feeling, the delicate perception, the sense of beauty, that dominates the work of Keats, with the haunting melody, the evanescent shimmer and the perpetual mystery that lightens the burden of Swinburne. But unlike Keats, Masefield speaks to the human heart; and unlike Swinburne, he searches the deeper recesses of the soul.

We must not, however, fail to notice that Masefield is tainted at times with crude realism. Mud is often mingled with the marble of his poetic edifice. Despite the dictum of the Wordsworthian school, not all subjects are suited for poetry. The bar-room and the brothel can never be made beautiful whatever

chances they may offer for the exercise of the "everlasting mercy." Not until contemporary realists apply in their craftsmanship the artistic principles of selection, proportion and emphasis, will they find a place on Parnassus. These principles Masfield at times fails to apply; and perhaps the most vital criticism that could be offered to "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow of Bye Street", is that their vivid portrayal of the "underworld" places upon these scenes and incidents an emphasis that detracts from the merit of the poems as a whole.

One must not believe, however, that Masfield revels in coarseness for the sake of coarseness. While, indeed, many of his poems "smack" of the dismal tragedies of "low" life, his total influence always tends to elevate one's ideals. Where in the whole of contemporary literature will you find more admirable verse than the closing pages of "The Everlasting Mercy", the emotions of a man who knows that the past, with all its shame and horror, has forever fallen from him, as he goes forth along the open road, while through the mist the sun comes up with the promise of a new day, and the song of the lark soaring in the silent heavens, and even the very noise of a railway engine are blended into one glorious symphony?

Masfield is essentially a lyric poet. Each of the longer narrative poems gives us, indeed, a good story, each is realistic enough, each has a fine moral; but only in rare passages are they beautiful. Omit the splendid description of the sea in "Dauber", and the occasional lyrical beauties of "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow of Bye Street", and the stories might just as well have been written in prose. But in his shorter lyrics, Masfield has attained real beauty of thought and expression. Everywhere the fact is evident, that he is in mind and heart a poet, and everywhere beauty is his impassioned desire.

"Night is on the downland, and on the lonely moorland,
On the hills where the wind goes over the sheep-
bitten turf,
Where the bent grass beats upon the unploughed
poorland
And the pine-woods roar like the surf.
Here the Romans lived in wind-barren lonely,
Dark now and haunted by the moorland fowl;
None comes here now but the peewit only,
And the north-like death in the owl.
Now where Beauty was are the wind withered grasses

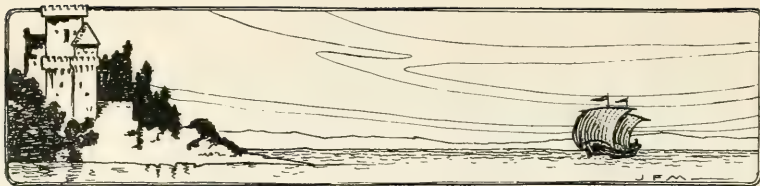
Moaning like old men in the hill-wind's blast;
The flying sky is full of running horses
And the night is full of the past."

Although a craftsman to his finger-tips, Masefield has always been more deeply interested in the aim and purpose of his work than in mere technical methods of excellence. No admirer can imagine him as a writer "taking life easy." He is haunted by mystery. The world for him is not a friendly scene in which one may spend a happy holiday, regardless of the morrow and undisturbed by the memories of yesterday. Like Shelley he thinks with extreme intensity; and the feeling of his mission is ever present. Although beauty has been his constant though troubled desire, and shines out clearly in all his works, many of his narrative poems, notably his sea ballads, contain a background of humanity submerged in a current of melancholy, humanity trodden by tragedy, fate and vengeance, humanity sordidly unconscious of the good, the beautiful and the true. There is perhaps no "problem" in "The Everlasting Mercy" or "The Widow of Bye Street" or "The Tragedy of Nan", but there is a piercing appeal to faith and love, to pity and forgiveness.

It is urged that Masefield's work does not appeal to lovers of poetry, that it is read only by the coarse and uncultured public, which is always attracted by any form of novelty. Not only is this an ungracious attitude to assume, but it is entirely without support. Facts contradict it. With the "Bluestockings" as well as with the "submerged tenth," Masefield is the most popular poet of his day. His success is due to the fact that there has been a large public hungry for poetry; but a public unwilling to be satisfied with the artificial extravagance that recent years had to offer.

F. C. MALEY, '17.





The Goat.

“**D**ECIDEDLY the greatest handicap we have to overcome,” said the great reformer severely, “is the execrable tendency of man to view the inebriate humorously.”

It was a well turned point and it piqued the five of us who were gathered around that sumptuous board to honor the renowned prohibitionist, William Keene, our wild young classmate in days of yore. Billy, you see, had sown his barbaric oats and had quaffed quantitatively from the cup of Bacchus in his academic years. The rest of us, having been providentially gathered into a teetotaler's fraternity, were abstainers from our youth and on through middle age.

Poor Billy's life had been hilarious. Inexorable atonement now served him only morose Lethean water. Obviously, he needed a cheer.

In vain did I search through the grave-yard of the past, for although dead memories rested there, not a ghost of humor could I find within my bleak, desolate cranium. I was distracted, fortunately, from my morbid inventory by the piping voice of John C. Evans, the erstwhile wit of our jolly old class.

“That reminds me,” he began, in a phrase that was hackneyed but in a tone so significant of something good to follow, that I started. To think that the solemn, severe declamation of the melancholy prohibitionist could recall anything to a humorist! Alas, the signs were unpropitious.

John C. sipped of the sparkling grape-juice, made a wry face, evidently finding the stuff unpalatable, and continued.

“You know, I was born and reared in Cloverdale. A town so tranquil, so quiet and peaceful is nowhere else to be found. The only discordant note in this somnolent place was our gang, the Young Rowdies as we were unaffectionately designated in the biweekly sewing circle meeting of the Ladies' Help-the-wayward Association. Despite these contradictions, our gang was not rowdyish; we were ambitious. Undividedly we aspired to be circus performers, having railroading as second choice. So,

naturally we made a practice of hopping freights for short overland journeys, and industriously spending the red-letter days of our boyhood when the Great Consolidated Circus with its superb troupe and dazzling paraphernalia made its annual halt in Cloverdale. Then we satiated the insatiable pachyderms and the dromedaries' seven days' drought with H₂O; gaped at Made-moiselle Brezeska; were awed by the side-show fakirs and in ecstasy ran etrands for the rough, ragged and unkempt razor-backs who subsequently swatted us for trying to steal into the big-top."

(By this time Evans had everyone's undivided attention, even Will Keene's.)

"The calm days following the departure of the circus were doleful days for us. One or two of our comrades who were so charmed by the blatant strains of the steam calliope that they deserted their peaceful homes, would be hauled back ignominiously to be subjected to parental tortures. The rest of us would then discreetly stay our respective ambitions by playing circus. A coterie of tumblers and clowns was always available. The big-top was our barn; the menagerie the inhabitants thereof together with fractious canines and felines that were unreasonably bigoted towards each other. Additions were made to our animal kingdom whenever the opportunity offered. Pug Freeman contributed a hard-shelled turtle; Tupney Haines offered a black and a white guinea-pig; and Tony Salasso had promised to borrow a real monkey for our next show from his uncle's brother-in-law's organ-grinder father. The Johnson brothers, colored, stationed behind an obsolete radiator, did duty with their strident treble voices for the indispensable steam-organ.

"Now there came to our town in the course of his meanderings the only agent for the renowned Dr. Jacques' Marvelous Medicant, absolutely guaranteed to cure colds, cuts, burns, bruises, rheumatism, neuralgia, earache, toothache and sundry other trials and afflictions of the human race, for the paltry sum of one dollar.

"The agent, a tall, gaunt, hungry-looking individual with a wicked eye, nevertheless proved to be a perfect business man. He knew how to get the people's attention. In his disreputable vehicle he carried besides himself and the wonderful panacea, a most disreputable looking goat which was so human that it could smoke a pipe of tobacco as well as himself.

"Judiciously installing himself near the Town Hall he pro-

ceeded to business, and in a very short time contrived, through the medium of his wonderful goat, to bring about him and his an atmosphere of wonder. Swiftly the news spread and everybody came to see the modern marvel. Not a soul remained unmoved before this tremendous proof of evolution. Even Deacon Billington, a most austere person, felt his faith quiver as the shaggy beast puffed knowingly at a deeply stained briar pipe. Incidentally none failed to purchase the famous cure-all excepting the deacon, who, despite his rheumatic joints, would not compromise with Satan or his works.

"Of course our gang was there. We came early and outstayed all customers. That goat was more than a hero to us. It was a past master in the manly art of smoking. We were merely apprentices inclined to grow dizzy and sick at every new attempt. Also, that goat was a star performer, fit for any circus. No wonder then that we coveted it.

"Now, all prospective customers having departed, the proprietor took account of his funds in evident satisfaction; for he became quite jocose when he promised us twenty-five cents to keep an eye on his stuff while he was away.

"At exactly 6 P. M. we saw him swing briskly through the portals of a local tavern. One hour later, Tupney Haines, having been sent spying, reported him sequestered at a table animatedly conversing—and imbibing—with a drummer. Two hours later, he was still at the table, still quaffing hard drinks and talking incoherently to other drummers. The next hour saw him precipitated through the swinging doors of the saloon. He landed, after many ridiculous gyrations, in that part of the street allotted to his ilk—the gutter. Picking himself up he made a valiant attempt to recover the lost citadel, but was met with such a fusillade of upper-cuts that a hasty retreat was expedient."

(The gusto of the recital called forth a prolonged laugh, in which Keene joined very heartily.)

"As he retired down Main Street by a more or less circuitous route," proceeded Evans, "he grumbled vengefully against the inn-keeper because that worthy had unreasonably objected to his own spirits effervescing in the person of the gaunt agent. His befuddled mind seethed with anger and the stupifying fumes of Barleycorn. Before he reached us he had forgotten whom he was angry with. He only knew that his feelings had been outraged and must be avenged.

"Upon coming up to us he made a wicked lunge at the

nearest one, but was adroitly dodged. His affectionate goat, Minnie by name, expecting to be caressed, sidled up to him at this point and was met with an avalanche of kicks and cuffs. The beast sought to escape but was pinned against the rear wheel of the light wagonette. In brute desperation the goat lowered its head and launched its compact body against that part of its master's anatomy vulgarly called the solar plexus.

"With a thud and a grunt the man came to rest upon terra firma. The goat trotted to where its beloved master lay in a heap and sniffed penitently. The master, after the manner of inebriates, refused to be put *hors de combat*. He arose promptly and swung a heavy foot against the beast's face. Whereupon the goat fled ignominiously with the owner profanely vowing to murder it.

"A hasty deliberation was held by our gang, and it was unanimously decided that a live goat was of more use to us than a murdered one to the bad medicine man. Therefore Minnie was secured after some trouble and duly installed as leading lady of our menagerie.

"The hour was late, so my companions scurried homeward, feeling assured of a hickory switching and no victuals. In happy contrast, I had no such forebodings. I had implicit faith in the management of my loving aunt, a prim, sedate lady of forty-three or more, who generally contrived to stay the wrath of my indignant parents when about to beat, bruise and otherwise abuse the boy who would be a boy. Her name was Mary, but we called her Minnie for short."

(Here Evans looked around from one to another with mischievous eyes; there was a titter among the listeners that grew in volume into a hearty laugh, which the narrator was obliged to quell by raising his hand.)

"Nor did Aunt Minnie fail me. Having already made excuses for my absence, she now placed before my ravenous presence a delicious repast which her diligence had kept warm. Then she returned to the living-room, where our household was entertaining Mrs. Getty, an accomplished gossip—or rather being entertained by her.

"After finishing my meal I stole gingerly into the family gathering. My unobtrusive entrance caused no unfavorable comment. Mother was verbally sparring with Mrs. Getty, who in her roundabout way was trying to get the details of one of my late misdemeanors. Father nodded, but the formality of that nod was ominous.

"I left at the first opportunity. I went to my own friendly chamber and stood by the window gazing alternately at the far-off constellations and down the dark rural thoroughfare on which our house fronted. The stars were cold in their splendor. The street was desolate and lonely. There was no longer any poetry in Cloverdale. The whole world seemed cold and unsympathetic.

"Such was my state of abstraction when my wandering eye took up a concrete image from the street below. It was the figure of a man approaching down the unpaved street. He came steering no particular course but for all the life like a dory in a storm. My ears caught a dolorous wailing.

"The man came opposite our door and drew up. I could distinguish his mournful utterances.

"'Minnie, oh Minnie!' he cried plaintively. 'Where—where has my Minnie gone?'"

(On the part of the story-teller and his audience, business of tittering and hand-raising again.)

"A door was opened below me and a flood of light was let into the street. By it I recognized the bedraggled representative of Dr. Jacques nasally whining his woes.

"'What do you want out there?' my father's voice demanded peremptorily.

"'I want Minnie,' came the answer.

"'What, Minnie? Who are you?' the pater asked with a shade of annoyance.

"'I want Minnie,' repeated the fellow stupidly.

"'You're drunk, man. Go home!' Father was speaking persuasively. Undoubtedly he would have liked to sift the matter to the bottom, but there was a visitor within ear-shot whose attention must by all means be kept away from the matter. So he became tactful and soothing.

"At this point I deemed it expedient to slip down to the stable and get rid of incriminating evidence. This I did by leading the 'evidence' to a nearby street and dealing her a few well-placed kicks which sent her whimpering into the night.

"I then crept back to my trundle bed, and was snoring prodigiously when my father stepped silently into the room and scrutinized my features. He murmured as he did so, 'Ahum, stolen goat—sounds like you, young man. Still—not among that howling zoo in the barn. Oh, well,' he finished vaguely, patted my tangled curls, tucked the comforter around me, and left the room. From the stairway I heard a chuckling and I sighed

in great relief. My chuckling was inaudible; it was inside me."

In the midst of the laugh that greeted the close of the story, John C. Evans pointed his finger accusingly at Keene. Everybody stopped laughing and looked mystified from one to the other.

"What did you say, Keene, about an execrable tendency to view the inebriate humorously? Haven't you been indulging in that execrable practice for the last half hour?" drawled the story-teller, with mock severity.

There was a bigger laugh, in which Keene joined. "That's one on me," he said. "I guess I'm the goat."

DENNIS A. MULVIHILL, '18.



Kind Deeds.

EACH dew-drop and globule of rain
 Caught up by the sun's dancing rays
 From the sea, over silvery ways
 Flows back to the ocean again.

No kind thought or deed is in vain.
 Sent forth over love's golden rays,
 They return over silvery ways
 Like dew-drops and globules of rain.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.





A Fireside Symposium.

“**B**ELIEVE ME,” snapped Mr. South, turning his paper with a disgusted rattle, “these fellows got the wrong idea. No brains, plain and simple.” It was a cold night out, and he had drawn himself comfortably before the open hearth in the living-room, for South was a man with old-fashioned ideas.

Mrs. South raised her eyes in mild surprise at this outburst, but immediately resumed her reading. By and by she ventured, “I see here that Professor Wysebene lectured before the Literary Club last evening, insisting very strongly that in this age of materialism there are no great poets or men of letters.”

“Huh,” grunted South, who had been listening behind his paper, “there you are. It’s just as I’ve been saying,—no brains. That’s the only explanation. Utter a lot of words, never stop to see how much truth is behind them.” He drew back his chair a little from the merry, dancing flames in the grate. “The truth is,” he continued, “there’s nothing to inspire a poet nowadays, and so all the bards go fishing, waiting for a great emergency to call forth their best efforts, and when it comes you’ll see the Harp that once through Tara’s halls the soul of music shed, send forth as great a strain as in the days of yore.”

“John is partly right there,” said granddaddy South from his natural corner by the hearth. “When peace prevails everywhere, it’s easy to complain there are no great generals or admirals like those we used to admire. We talk of Caesar, Napoleon, Wellington, Nelson, Barry, John Paul Jones and Farragut, and wonder why men like them don’t exist to-day, and all the time we forget there’s no demand for generals and great commanders when a nation is busy with its bank accounts and the price of eggs. We forget that demand regulates the supply, in generals and writers as well as in cabbages.”

“Of course, dad,” said Mr. South with growing interest, “it is just the same with poets and other writers. People nowadays

are so interested in real estate and money and a hundred and one other sordid matters that the poor bards find nobody anxious to listen to their no-account roundelays. People are more interested in financiers and laugh-getters, rounds of pleasure of the least intellectual kind and advantages in the latest models of automobiles, than in the tiresome singing of a bard trying to express the beautiful in existing things."

"For my part," put in Tom South, who, like his father, was handicapped in this enlightened age by a goodly amount of common sense, and as a graduate of a real college had some sound ideas of his own, "I am of the opinion that we have great poets living and writing to-day. The truth is that people can never appreciate contemporary bards. A singer must be dead and buried half a life-time before readers begin to set any value on his work. So long as we rub shoulders with a man, so to speak, we are not disposed to laud him as an exemplar. And there is a good deal of human nature, sentiment and the like, at the back of it. We are inclined to be secretly jealous of one destined no doubt for a niche in the hall of fame—not that our gifts are in any way comparable to his, but that he is an everyday human being like ourselves. It is a sort of high treason to insinuate that a living writer is worthy to be classed with the dead ones."

"Well," put in Joe, a mere sophomore, whose accomplishments along the paths of knowledge were as yet embryonic, "our professor of English mentioned the other day, that while there mightn't be any novelist to replace Scott and Stevenson, he considered Masefield superior to Byron, and Chesterton in many ways a greater writer than Carlyle."

Mr. South thought it was time for him to make another contribution to the discussion. "Yes, but if he dared to stand on the street corner and tell that to the passersby, he'd take his life in his hands. As Tom said, we have a contemptuous feeling for living writers. The majority of us who read what they produce find in it mighty little that is of permanent value. We reach the conclusion that they are setting bad example to the young; for they are non-producers, parasites upon the social fabric—whatever that means—and ought to be out earning an honest living as clerks or machinists or farmhands."

"Oh, John," broke in Mrs. South, "it's so different with the dead ones. They were giants. They enriched our literature and well deserve the tall and stately monuments proclaiming them immortal." "Of course," he returned with some little acrimony,

"but when the giants were alive, and especially when they were young and struggling for recognition, their neighbors no doubt believed they should be arrested for having no visible means of support.

"Yes, that's especially true in the case of Milton," said Tom. "If I remember rightly, his wife used to roast him for wasting time and paper writing what nobody would ever read. He exhausted himself writing 'Paradise Lost', the masterpiece of English literature."

Visible signs of disapproval on the part of Joe, who now should be delving into its mysterious recess instead of poring over "Craig Kennedy" in the *Metrocoslitan*. "Of course," added Mr. South, to Tom's comment, "and what did he get for his masterpiece? A few pounds, just enough to buy him a suit of hand-me-downs, a haircut, and a five-cent smoke. That's what they thought of Milton when he lived, and of all the rest, too, even Shakespeare; and now that they're dead, you just have to mention their names and off come the hats."

"At this juncture, there burst into the room a vision of bright-eyed, glowing-checked, fur-encircled girlhood, just at the age to captivate and be captivated. Her first words put an end to the symposium.

"Oh daddy, we've had the most glorious time! The ice at the rink was just splendid, and Jim said—etc., etc."

"Really, Louise?" beamed her mother. But she thought, "How could it be otherwise?"

"Come on dad," said Mr. Smith with a sigh, taking granddaddy's arm, "let's go to bed."

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17





The Fairies' Legend.

FROM the misty realms of childhood
Sweet memories come to me

Still fresh from fancy's treasures,
How, curled near mother's knee,
Just on the bourne of dreamland
Faint airy tales she told,
Of elves and jolly brownies,
Of giants and ogre, bold.

But most what gripped my fancy

Were wondrous mystic tales
Of banshees and of fairies
That dwelt in hills and vales,
Round silvery lakes and forests
Of Erin's emerald isle.

All breathless and enraptured

I sat entranced the while.

And once in childish wonder,

Such was the impress made,

I asked her in my fancy

As me in my cot she laid,

How came angelic spirits

To this mortal land, so far

From their home high in the heavens

Near the realms of twinkling star.

And well I mind, she kissed me,

(Sandman passed long before)

And said some day she'd tell me;

Then I crossed the Morphean shore

And dreamed of phantom beings,

Of castles and templed hills,

Of lakes of crystal and silver,

Of brooklets and laughing rills.

Joy filled this haunt of fairies

And happiness unrestrained

Fair Heaven here among mortals
 Its newest abode had gained.
 Oft had I heard the story :
 Hear it as told to me
 Of heavenly armies mighty,
 The strife and the victory;
 Reward of the hosts unshaken
 The doom of the proud rebelled;
 Of those not true nor faithless
 In painless bondage held.

THE LEGEND.

Agone in eons distant, order dwelled
 Not yet within chaotic, formless matter,
 Nor moved the Spirit of the Triune God
 Upon this nebular creation's void
 To lend the Father's generation force.
 The One Unchanged fore'er Unchanging reigned
 And choired spirits honor ceaseless gave;
 In glad obedience their Maker served,
 And harmony pervaded all the spheres.

Now, since a wise Omnipotence it pleased,
 Together was the hierarchy called,
 And to them all was heralded the birth
 Midst lowly mortals of the immortal Son;
 Humanity shall His dominion share
 And as Himself be worshiped One, Supreme.
 Beings of light, untried in loyalty,
 Now murmured to themselves, and in their pride
 Refused the Generated to adore.

And Lucifer, archspirit of them all
 Who next the Godhead ranked in intellect,
 Vain, proud in his resplendent dignity,
 Rebelled against his Maker, Lord and King.
 A new-created order he proclaimed,
 And to his standard other spirits called.
 Thrones, Powers and Seraphim lent him their aid
 And moved, as one, a third of heaven's host
 In furious rebellion 'gainst their God.
 Then others of each choir, loyal to Him,
 Heard Michael's challenge, " Who is like to God ?"
 In combat deadly with the rebels joined

And drove them through immeasurable space
Down, down into the fiery abyss,
From chaos hollowed to engulf them all—
All who against the Throne had mutinied.
Serenely pleased with the victorious hosts—
The faithful ones who battled for His name—
He summons them around His peerless throne,
Decrees His glorious Kingdom they will share
For all eternity. But not appeased,
For still remained within the pearly gates
Some gentle spirits that from the encounter stayed,
Who in sedition took no guilty part
Nor sword unsheathed against rebelling hosts.
Filled now with shame, regretting indecision,
They feel they can in bliss no longer dwell
Around His throne nor look upon His front
And wait subservient the penalty.

It pleases Wisdom the decree to pass
That order in His Kingdom disarranged
By graceless rebels, be restored again
And vacancy in heaven filled. A race
Inferior to His mighty spirit hosts,
But vested with peculiar signs of grace,
Would be forthwith created; their abode
Be fashioned out of chaos vast and drear,
And they within its inmost depths would dwell.
Then moved the Spirit over boundless space,
And all its mass endowed with forces new,
And forth evolved in time the universe
Proclaiming wisdom and omnipotence.
Within its centre poised, revolved a sphere,
Molded with wond'rous care, with beauty dowered,
With all that life terrestrial could sustain.
Therein He placed His new creation—man.

The shamefaced angels, now in awe prostrate,
Perceive the love He bore to lowly men
And humbly proffer this their lone request :
Since undeserving of eternal flame,
And yet unworthy of this Holy Place,
They may be banished to some blessed land
In newest planet molded by His hands,

That they may love and serve His Majesty,
And ever minister to humankind.
Our gracious Lord on their entreaty smiled,
And bade them seek a land to dwell upon
Till slow-paced time should prove their loyalty.
And forth they fared, rejoicing, penitent,
From their celestial home to new-formed earth.
Then myriads of these willing exiled sprites
Flitted from land to land, to find abode.
All things corporeal were with beauty touched,
But beauty strange to that they knew in Heaven;
Immortals, alien to matter gross
Looked not in gladness on our mortal sphere.

Now Uriel, archangel spirit bright
And chosen messenger from God to man,
The plight of these unhappy spirits sees,
And from his place as guardian near the sun,
Downward he flies to earth his aid to bring.
He leads them o'er the seas to one fair spot,
An isle by wanderers before unseen
Though sparkling as a jewel on the sea—
A land of bluest skies and emerald vales,
Of silvery lakes and streams and noble hills.
There, Uriel explains, shall one day dwell
Upon that chosen isle a blessed race
As foreordained to guard His covenant.
Since they remain as yet deserving beings
This isle he shows that the Creator pleased—
The destined home of them that love His name—
The Emerald Isle, the nearest spot to Heaven.
And since that day, in joyous bondage kept,
The spirits in this favored island dwell.
The Celt has found the fairies' haunts and homes
And in their lore and legends well is versed.
And thus the Poetry, the Music, Wit,
The Fancy, and the Learning of the Celt,
His gentle Goodness, lofty Holiness,
Soft Pity for the needy, fiery Zeal,
And all that makes him loved of fellow-men,
To fairy-angel promptings, may be traced.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

An Exchange of Notes

Anent The Second Intercollegiate Literary Contest.

EARLY in February the Edward A. Woods Company, representing in Pittsburgh the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, announced a literary contest open to undergraduate students of certain educational institutions in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio. The subject is the same as last year, "The Influence of Life Insurance upon Systematic Thrift", but the conditions are somewhat dissimilar, necessitating a protest from Duquesne University. The objections were registered in the following letter:—

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY,

Pittsburgh, Pa., February 6, 1917.

MR. E. A. WOODS:

Dear Mr. Woods,

I have just received twenty booklets entitled "Second Intercollegiate Literary Contest", and notice with intense surprise that Duquesne University is the only educational institution discriminated against; undergraduates of every department of the other institutions are eligible to compete, whilst those only of Duquesne University's School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce are permitted to enter. Why, I ask, this apparently unfair distinction? You will recall that Jerome D. Hannan, of our college department, was awarded last year the second prize, and yet the college department is debarred this year from participation!

I should also like to call to your attention a new condition prescribed that may possibly influence the decisions of otherwise impartial judges; the writer must append after his *nom-de-plume* the name of the college in which he is enrolled.

If the Edward A. Woods Agency is to maintain its reputation for impartiality in contests of the kind, and if the public is to be convinced that merit alone counts for the award, I would suggest that the injustice complained of be rectified, and that the condition objected to, be eliminated.

Awaiting your reply before taking further action in the matter,

I remain, dear Mr. Woods,

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY J. McDERMOTT, C. S. SP.,
Vice-President.

The reply was prompt, but inconclusive:—

THE EDWARD A. WOODS COMPANY
Frick Building, Pittsburgh,
February 9, 1917.

REV. HENRY J. McDERMOTT,
Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

My dear Rev. McDermott:—

In the absence of Mr. Edward A. Woods, to whom your letter of February 6th was personally addressed, I will reply to it with an explanation which I hope will answer the questions you raise.

In promoting these literary contests our motive is of course partly selfish. We hope by them, to create such a favorable mental attitude toward insurance that some of the students so influenced may sooner or later decide to associate themselves with us as salesmen.

This we could hardly hope for from the members of any but your schools of accounts, finance and commerce, as we understood it. Certainly we could not expect that the members of the Theological Department would be so influenced to any extent.

Again, we aim to make the contest such that all contestants will have an equal chance. It was assumed that students taking a course in Logic, Sociology and Higher Economics would have an advantage over the average college boy and that this should be guarded against at all times. Beyond this there was no attempt to discriminate, I assure you, and had a reply to our letter of January 26th to President Hehir been received before the contest was announced, any error we have made in our assumptions might have been avoided.

The purpose of adding the name of the college to the *nom-de-plume* is to enable us to locate the successful contestant. Only the President of his college knows him. His letter arrives here anonymously and in a plain envelope and last year we had much difficulty in connecting the essays with their writers.

We do not anticipate that the judges will be influenced by this and certainly no question of partiality could be raised against this Agency since it is the Judges and not the Agency who award these prizes.

We appreciate the importance of the points you raise and your suggestions shall have weight in any future contest. Yet I hardly see how we can in fairness to everybody, alter the published terms of this contest, even tho they may seem unnecessarily restrictive to your college.

If you can make any suggestions that will set us right in this matter, I assure you that we shall be under deep obligations to you and in the meantime I trust that this explanation will warrant you in presenting the true state of affairs to your students who may be interested and that we may have your earnest co-operation in this contest this year.

Yours very truly,

CHAS. J. ROCKWELL,

Assistant Superintendent.

That this reply was not considered satisfactory was shown in the following letter:—

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY,

Pittsburgh, Pa., February 10, 1917.

MR. CHAS. J. ROCKWELL,

Assistant Superintendent,

The Edward A. Woods Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Mr. Rockwell,

In reply to your favor of February 9, permit me to call your attention to the fact that we have not and never had a theological department in Duquesne University. Aspirants to the priesthood, after graduation, must leave us and go to a seminary for a four years' course before they can be ordained.

If students of logic, sociology and higher economics in *our* college department are ineligible according to your ruling, a spirit of fair play would demand that students of the same subjects in *other* institutions should also be debarred.

"The purpose," you write, "of adding the name of the college to the *nom-de-plume* is to enable us to locate the successful contestant." This condition is entirely unnecessary and objectionable, and a better could easily be devised.

It is unnecessary. It is not the judges that pass upon the merits of the essays who should know where to locate the writer, but the gentleman who distributes the prizes.

It is objectionable. The imposition of such a condition is a veiled insult to the integrity of the judges, a covert appeal to prejudice. Heathen mythology represents Justice blind-folded; I would have the judges in the contest blind to the glamour that radiates from a name, to the halo that encircles hallowed associations.

A better could be devised. Forward to the contesting institutions similar large, plain envelopes for the essays to be sent to the judges, and smaller plain envelopes on which the writer will

inscribe his *nom-de-plume*, and in which he will insert a card supplied by you bearing on it his own name, his *nom-de-plume*, and the name of the college in which he is enrolled. The smaller envelopes should be mailed to Mr. Woods, and should be opened only after the judges have determined the relative merits of the essays.

If future contests are to be characterized by unimpeachable impartiality, these suggestions should receive due consideration.

In view of what seems to us unjustifiable discrimination and unwarranted condition, without hope of satisfactory modification, we must respectfully decline to take part in the proposed contest.

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY J. McDERMOTT, C. S. SP.,
Vice-President.

The courtesy of the reply is unmistakable; but as it did not remedy the objectionable conditions, we remain out of the contest.

THE EDWARD A. WOODS COMPANY,
Frick Building, Pittsburgh.

February 19, 1917.

REV. HENRY J. McDERMOTT,

Duquesne University of the Holy Ghost, Pittsburgh, Penna.

Dear Sir: —

Replying to your letter of February 10th, we are sincerely sorry that the conditions of the Literary Contest this year make it necessary for you to decline to take part in it.

We regret deeply that these conditions were imposed because of a misunderstanding of matters which are now made clear by your letter.

We thank you for your suggestions as to how the features complained of can be eliminated, and shall keep them before us for future guidance.

And we assure you most earnestly that not in the least degree does the idea exist of attempting to discriminate or show any partiality as between contestants.

This being but the second of these contests which we have conducted, they are more or less in an experimental stage, and we are under deep obligations to our friends for suggestions which they have volunteered tending to make the contest, in the future, better, more popular and in no wise open to question.

Very truly yours,

CHAS. J. ROCKWELL,
Assistant Superintendent.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

A Word for Social Service.

OURS is not the least of cities engaged in social service activities. For some time past we have been hearing of the great work inaugurated by our Bishop in this diocese and taken up immediately by the University in establishing a school of Social Service.

What is the meaning of this movement? The framework of society must be repaired, and its activities reset. We realize that the cause must be removed before the effects will be seen to diminish. The needy are being relieved by the noble work of Christian charity, but the causes of evil, misery and failure in society, must be scientifically and systematically studied and, as far as possible, removed. "It is admirable and imperative to help the fallen. It is equally important and urgent to remove the circumstances which led to their fall." These are the words of Rt. Rev. Msgr. Parkinson who, in a recent article, makes clear our important duty not only to rescue and watch over our waifs and strays, but to remove the conditions which are multiplying them with the certainty of a physical law. If it is a duty to bestow alms, it is also a duty "so to arrange the social and economic state, that alms may be less needed."

This resetting of the social state, he shows, should be the enterprise of all the classes—the ruling class, the middle class, and the manual workers. But being so engrossed with ourselves, our families and our pleasures, we find little to share with our less fortunate brethren. Earnest and sympathetic love of our fellows has in many cases grown atrophied. We are content to give alms and temporary relief, feeling we have done our duty, and there it ends. Here then lies our duty. By honesty, honorable

conduct, intelligence, manly character, kindliness, a genuine Christian tone, willing coöperation, or share in public activities, every member of the body politic ought to promote the common happiness and advantage." Assuredly from the exercise of these civic virtues no one can truly claim exemption.

Hence the Church in keeping apace with the age, as she has done through so many centuries in safeguarding her children against snares and pitfalls, finds expression in the work of social service. We see all about us certain activities carried on outside the Church, which only too often are directed against her. Movements to aid the poor, the unlearned, the misguided, confront us on every side, and the good they are effecting in their own way is in itself deserving of praise. But where does our duty come in? Must we stand by and see our brothers stolen, enticed away from the fold by the glitter of "fool's gold"? We must fight fire with fire. Our Catholic people should long ago have awakened to their duty. We see the wealthy and the leisured classes in the ranks of the non-Catholic organizations, lending their aid in uplift work. But who is to lead the way in our noble cause? A local Catholic organ suggests that every alumnae association should take an active part in social work and be the first found laboring in the vineyard of the Lord. A good suggestion! But what about our Alumni Associations? Shall they be content to leave it to women to take up and support so noble, so manly a work? Shall they see their brothers plunging to certain destruction with only a feminine hand to stay them? A hundred suns go to redden one poor rose, and yet we stand idle, looking coldly on the misery and degradation of some poor soul for whom a God died! There is much work to be done, and Duquesne University is contributing to the cause by conducting a school of Social Service to aid the cause of humanity.

Alumni, duty calls! It is for you to help. Attend the lectures, and qualify by the teaching and experience of others intelligently and sympathetically to relieve distress and remove from crime its provocation.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



Choosing Upward.

FROM a cursory glance at some jewels of wisdom recently, one especially seemed to stand out and prove a fitting subject for comment. It reads, "All the beauty and wonder of life lie in the choice we make, and all the tragedy too."

The truth of this is clear when we see that at every moment of our lives some choice confronts us, and we are called upon to use our judgment, our faith, our experience, our confidence, in making a decision.

Sad to say, we see the results of wrong decisions all about us. The world is filled with square pegs in round holes—so many are engaged in a life's work never intended for them. As a result, life is haunted with blighted hopes and daily disappointments.

Going through life is like traveling through long, narrow corridors with doors which lead off to a broad and complete existence. Once the latch of a door is raised, we can no longer reconsider our choice or retrace our steps. On we must go. The old proverb wisely says, "Take what you will, but pay for it;" we are held inexorably to our accounting, and in the reckoning, in the fruit of our decisions, we pay to the uttermost farthing.

It is important then that we should choose wisely the work we must do in life, "for those who begin life on crutches will always limp." After all, it is worth a great sacrifice to choose the work we can do best, since it means joy, peace, happiness and the consciousness that we are giving to the world the best that is in us. A grim old philosopher used to say, "Has a man found his work? Then, in God's name, let him do it."

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



Utopia.

MANY phrases in the President's recent speech before the Senate are very admirable in themselves, but they are hardly feasible. Heaven will remain where it is; while mortals, in advancing heavenwards, must continue to use earth within moderation and by avoiding extremes. By all means let us have peace and justice, based not only on the principles of humanity, but likewise on those of Christianity; let them come, not from legislation nor from any mode of force which would defeat its own end, but rather from the spontaneous accord of all peoples, unhampered by vows of material allegiance toward one another. Would that even such a general and world-wide consensus were possible! But, alas! no matter how hopefully we set about reconstructing human nature, disappointments are bound to come. The aforesaid human nature we take as it comes; though partially purged by the fires of war, the base

ingredients of greed, envy and hatred continue to blend with our finer clay!

Without doubting our President's sincerity, nevertheless we can scarcely believe that he is animated by the same sentiments as were our beloved George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and the illustrious Monroe. These men thought only of America; nothing was too good for her, and in serving her they had plenty of work to do. Conditions have changed since their time, to be sure, but there is, withal, the inveterate hatred of England, which like a spectre has stalked abroad in every administration since the first. Every time she pleaded, either directly or indirectly, for an alliance with this country, the voice of Washington was to be heard. "*Verbum sat sapienti.*"

Let us not close our ears to the words of our First President, for they are words of wisdom; let us still cherish the Constitution, old-fashioned though it be, and let us, above all else, be unwilling to become part of a propaganda that would frustrate the advent of true liberty to races that are still enslaved. Let America do her share in striking from their limbs the shackles that intrall them.

I. VICTOR KENNEDY, '17.



Alumni.

ON February 12, JOHN E. KANE, '90, was elected President of the Pittsburgh Real Estate Board by the Board of Governors. He succeeds another alumnus, EUGENE S. REILLY, '89, who was Executive of the Board for two years. Mr. Kane was the unanimous choice of the Governors; he is a native of Pittsburgh, has been interested in property here all his life, and maintains a suite of offices in the Commonwealth building. He has been Treasurer of the Real Estate Board, and also served as Secretary of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, his association with the National Organization giving him an acquaintance all over the United States and Canada. Not only is he popular with the brokers at home but in every board in the country as well. He is well-fitted to head the local organization, being well posted on real estate and all matters pertaining thereto, and whenever occasion demands he can mount the rostrum and deliver a speech with the best of them.

In his capacity of President, he appointed the following alumni, all well-known real estate men, to serve on board committees for the next twelve months: E. S. Reilly, appraiser; E. Garrick O'Bryan, legislation; W. Weiss, membership; J. L. Walsh, taxes and assessment.

THE *Pittsburgh Post* of February 19, has the following to say anent the promotion of JAMES R. WOOLLEY to the charge of the Pennsylvania ticket office, Oliver Building:—

"The management of the Pennsylvania Railroad System could not have made an announcement that would afford more genuine satisfaction to its patrons in Pittsburgh than that it has selected James R. Woolley to be its city ticket agent here. Having been behind the counter in the downtown office for nearly thirteen years, much of the time in charge of the Pullman work, in which, despite the circumstance that it is of a character to try men's souls, he maintained his equanimity and invariable good humor throughout, Mr. Woolley naturally secured the good will and friendship of a great many travelers who will be gratified to learn of his preferment now. Not only is he popular with the traveling public, but he is thoroughly capable, as well, and will, it is assured, make an ideal representative of the railroad in the capacity for which he has been chosen."

JAMES H. MCCARTHY, 4th High, '15, is clerking for the P. & L. E., at Wampum, Pa. James is thinking seriously of returning to school next year. He was a leader in his class, and figured prominently on several athletic teams.

WE are pleased to see numbers of our former students attending the evening school of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

WE respectfully direct the attention of Alumni to the Editorial entitled "A Word for Social Service."

THOMAS F. FOLAN finds an excellent field for his talents as trainmaster's clerk in the office of the Monongahela Railway Co.

AMBROSE J. MCCAUGHAN has again been promoted by the Armour Co. The promotion transfers him from Charleroi to the superintendency of the company's activities in Youngstown, O.

The Alumni held their Annual Smoker on the evening of February 12th in the University Hall. The "old guard" was very well represented, while the "young and

The new blood" flowed at its best. During the
 Alumni evening they witnessed two basketball games
 Smoker —' Varsity vs. Salem College, and University
 High vs. Lawrenceville Y. M. C. A. Reserves.

Later in the evening they were invited to the dining-room where luncheon was served and addresses were delivered.

The Very Rev. President in his address told of the need of a good alumni association. He briefly outlined the work done to secure an appropriation from the State in past years, and also urged the Alumni to use their influence in behalf of the application already presented in Harrisburg.



College and High Schools.

The Chronicler leaves to others to report the success of the Annual Euchre. It is enough to say here that

Euchre never before were committees so active, patronesses so influential, aides so winsome and efficient, crowds so merry, and proceeds so gratifying.

On Sunday evening, February 11th, the Fourth High Entertainments entertained a large audience in the University Hall. The two one-act plays were the hit of the evening. The programme:—

| | |
|--|----------------------|
| March—Honolulu, America Loves You | Orchestra |
| Director, Professor C. B. Weis | |
| Colored Politician's Patriotic Speech | Stanley P. Balcerzak |
| Violin Solo | Howard Schilken |
| Vocal Solo—The Bandolero | Rev. J. F. Malloy |
| Accompanist. Rev. F. X. Williams | |
| Waltz—I Know I Got More Than My Share | Orchestra |
| One-Act Plays—I.—Doctor Takes His Medicine | |
| Kaliph Ali, Prince of Akbar | Martin Wajert |
| Doctor Mobul Ahmed | M. Noon Glynn |
| Sadi, Inn-keeper | Sylvester N. Wagner |

Scene—Interior of the Golden Crescent Inn, near Mecca.

II.—"Put It On—Take It Off—Wrap It Up"

| | | |
|-------------------------|-------|---------------------|
| Paurgmon Rubenstein | . . . | Martin Wajert |
| Ballsaerjek Bongiovanni | . . . | M. Noon Glynn |
| Zookupp Schultz | . . . | Sylvester N. Wagner |

Scene—Rubenstein's Tailoring Establishment.

Class Song—Pretty Baby Fourth High

Gavotte—Poor Butterfly Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That Every High School Graduate Should
Take a College Course.

Chairman—Edmund Urbaniak.

Affirmative—Cornelius Becker, Chas. O'Connor, Jos. O'Donnell.

Negative—Cyril Kronz, John McGonigle, Paul Ruffenach.

The vote, based on the speeches, went by a small majority to the negative.

The Juniors attracted a goodly audience on February 18th. Their vocal selections were well rendered, and the debate was so well argued by the respective sides that the result was declared a draw. The programme:—

March—Uncle Sam, *Holzmann* Orchestra

Recitation—The Purest Pearl Herman J. Heilman

Vocal Solo—Selected Charles J. Deasy

Accompanist, Rev. F. X. Williams.

Idyl—The Glad Girl, *Lampe* Orchestra

Part-Song—I Found You Among the Roses, *Pitman*

Seniors and Juniors

A Coronado Serenade—San Diego, *Edwards* Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That the Present Jury System Should Be
Abolished.

Chairman—William F. Galvin.

Affirmative—Joseph L. McIntyre, Edward N. Soxman.

Negative—Stanislaus Gawronski, Dudley J. Nee.

The Freshmen appeared to advantage on February 25th. The debate had been well prepared, and the speeches were very convincing, those on the negative side impressing the judges the more favorably. The programme:—

One-Step—My Little Girl, *Von Tilzer* Orchestra

Recitation—Selection from T. A. Daly Thomas A. Drengacz

Duet for Viola and Cornet—One Fleeting Hour, *Lee*
 Professor G. Binlein and Jacob Mosti

Vocal Solo—I Know That I Got More Than My Share
 Mr. Joseph Kirkbride
 Accompanist, Professor W. O'Connell

Waltz—Good-Bye, Good Luck, *Ball* Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That Automobile Racing Should Be
 Abolished.

Chairman—E. R. Szelong.

Affirmative—L. Urban, M. Wolak, E. J. Murphy.

Negative—G. J. Angel, W. A. McNanamy, J. F. Murphy.

During the early part of the month of February, the
 C. T. A. U. held a meeting, and the following officers were chosen
 for the year: President, Thomas A. Dren-

C. T. A. U. gacz, '17; First Vice-President, Dennis J.

Officers Mulvihill, '18; Second Vice-President, James
 J. McCloskey, '19; Secretary, James S. Gara-

han, '21; Treasurer, Michael F. Obruba, '17 (Commercial);
 Librarian, Peter V. Morrissey, '21; Marshal, Daniel A. Fisher, '18.

Charles J. Deasy, '17, and Edward N. Soxman, '18, were
 selected as Delegates to attend the Diocesan Union meetings.

Professor Sullivan, at the outbreak of the trouble with
 Mexico, was called away with the 18th regiment, and served
 efficiently in the hospital corps. When the

Back from regiment returned, we welcomed him back to
 the Border the professor's desk. Biology and chemistry
 have taken on an added interest under his
 direction. We hope that no circumstances will arise to deprive
 us of his services in the future.

During the noon hour students avail themselves of the
 opportunities for cultivating a taste for reading. The library is
 well stocked with the choicest literature, and

The Library the best magazines of the day grace the
 table. Among the latest additions to the
 well-stocked shelves is the Catholic Encyclopedia. We bespeak
 for it frequent and careful consultation.

Professor Weis is to be congratulated on his successful
 direction of the University orchestra. The members are not so
 numerous as in previous years, but the

The Orchestra quality of the music shows marked improve-
 ment. To the day-students are due our

sincerest thanks; in all kinds of weather, and despite home and other attractions, they faithfully attend the Sunday evening entertainments and contribute in no small measure to the enjoyment of the programmes.

To Edward F. Brett, of the Second Commercial, we extend the expression of our sincere sympathy on the death of his father.

Rev. Leo J. Zindler represented the University
Condolence at the funeral services held in St. Joseph's
Church, Sharpsburg.

We condole with Brother William, whose mother departed this life, full of years and merits, on February 24. The Very Rev. President was present at the funeral Mass, and Rev. J. P. Danner assisted as deacon; both accompanied the remains to their last resting place.

The Association of College and University Presidents of Pennsylvania held their annual meeting in Houston Hall, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, February 16. The chief subjects for discussion
Presidents Meet were the valuation of normal school credits, the present status of the workings of the 200 hour law concerning certificates to college graduates, and rules governing athletics.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Dr. Henry S. Drinker, Lehigh University; Secretary, Dr. George L. Omwake, Ursinus College; and Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, Duquesne University, to complete with them the Board of Directors.

EDWARD J. QUINN, '19.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

On Friday evenings, promptly at six o'clock, for the last three years, a very interesting class has been held, namely Credits and Collections, under the auspices of, and co-operating with, the Pittsburgh Credit Men's Association. The course gives the young man or woman who aspires to be chief of the credit department a very thorough understanding of the principles of credit and the methods of collecting. Before its inauguration the course was completely outlined, so that theory and practice would be co-ordinated.

The lectures given by Mr. Robinson discuss the nature and uses of mercantile credit, the organization of a credit office, and

the methods of judging an applicant by his habits, character and nature of business, his ability and experience; the other factors, consisting of the capital invested and volume of sales, are the subject of a particular lecture. Mr. Frederick explains the legal status of agents, partnerships, corporations, the effects of liens and exemptions, and the methods of collecting during receivership, bankruptcy and reorganization. Mr. Donovan analyzes the financial statements for credit granting, special problems in manufacturing credits, the co-operation of the sales and credit departments, and the extension of credit during panics and depressions. Mr. A. E. Ellis discusses the work of the Credit Men's Association, Adjustment Bureaus and Credit Exchanges.

The lecturers are Mr. L. M. Robinson, formerly credit manager and now office manager of the Rosenbaum Company, one of our largest department stores; Mr. Elliott Frederick, chief of the Adjustment Bureau of the Pittsburgh Credit Men's Association; Mr. A. E. Ellis, manager of the Pittsburgh Credit Men's Association; and Mr. T. C. Donovan, until his death—two months ago—credit manager of the T. C. Jenkins Company.

During the month the Honorable Ambrose B. Reid, LL. D., delivered two lectures on Penology. According to one of the authors he quoted, penology is the scientific study of the treatment, both deterrent and reformatory, of the criminal, and crime according to Blackstone is any violation of the law—a serious violation of the law generally going under the name of crime, and a minor offense under the name of misdemeanor. Penology is really a very ancient science, and involves the study of a great number of co-related sciences, such as psychology, sociology, etc.

Some modern writers criticize the present methods of penology. Among these stands out prominently T. M. Osborne, late warden of Sing Sing prison. According to Osborne, the treatment of the criminal at present errs on the side of severity, many harmless acts being considered as crimes and treated as such. According to Judge Reid, there is some truth in the contention of Osborne, but combined with much flabby sentimentality, instanced by the late warden's weeping when three youths who had cruelly murdered a defenceless woman were led to execution. On the other hand, there is truth in the assertion that the great problem now is that of recidivism—how to prevent the criminal from returning to prison. No less than 55 per cent. of the criminal population of New York were recidivist. Severe punishments rather increase than diminish recidivism, that is, the relapse of prisoners. In punishing the criminal we should aim

chiefly at precautionary treatment that might be secured in one of three ways; first, by amending the life of the prisoner; secondly, by deterring others from committing crime; and, thirdly, by preventing the prisoner from doing more mischief, either by exile or by capital punishment.

Another school of writers, instead of criticizing present methods, rather makes a study of the criminal himself, and classifies him according to one or other of the many systems in vogue, always with a view to his amendment.

On Tuesday evening, February 13, Fr. Dewe gave the seventh of his series of lectures on Social Theory. He commented on the theory of consciousness of kind, explaining how this might account for rudimentary organizations, though it only partly accounts for the origin of the society of the state. He also quoted the opinions of some leading German physicists to the effect that it is quite possible for feeling to exist without consciousness thereof. The view adopted by certain prominent American professors that animal and human migrations are psychic phenomena on the same plane, is devoid of foundation.

He then discussed the connection between social energy and material environment, showing the mutual actions and reactions between the two, and the difficulty of generalizing from statistics. Incidentally he showed that both the regularity and the irregularity of statistical columns demonstrate the existence of a free human will. If there were no such freedom, we should expect either absolute anarchy or absolute regularity.

In his eighth lecture on Social Theory, Father Dewe remarked that the social worker can do much good amongst criminals, the causes of whose lapses are due in a measure to environment and heredity. Having co-related the theory of Judge Reid's lecture with the practical work, he explained at length the working out of the proportion between population and the means of subsistence. After showing the extraordinary rise in value of farm lands and timber lands during the last two decades, and the proportional rise in value of certain meats and cereal foods that constituted the necessary diet of the middle and lower working classes, he stated that undoubtedly one of the great causes of high prices is the fact that population is now beginning to encroach upon the means of subsistence. The workingman's wages are being continually increased but, on the other hand, the prices of the things he must buy increase still more. Those on the margin of subsistence will be the first to suffer.

Exchanges.

THE list of contents on the front cover of the January issue of the *Loyola University Magazine* augured so well for the compositions contained therein, that we felt it incumbent upon ourselves to subject it to a very careful perusal. The present number is a worthy representation of the *Loyola's* wonted versatility, the contents ranging from the light humorous "class notes" to an essay on one of the deepest questions in philosophy. Of the two pieces of verse we prefer "*Ad Diem Nativitatis*" on account of its excellent latinity, almost Virgilian in its purity. "The Lament for Summer" is praiseworthy for its beautiful thoughts and the tuneful cadence of rhythm. "Poe—The Man and His Art", is an exhaustive treatise, bringing out especially "The Man" and showing at the same time the close connection between his life and his literary productions. The philosophical essay on "Space" gives the relative scholastic theory and also several brief refutations of erroneous doctrines on this point. As one would expect, clarity rather than novelty characterizes this brief essay. "Federal Prohibition", written in an argumentative style, proposes a solution for the "drink evil." The deductions are logical and none can reasonably question their practicability. "German Kultur" is well conceived and replete with apt comparisons,—a means, we may remark in passing, highly useful in expository composition. Three interesting short stories, all saturated with the Christmas spirit, are included in the January number.

The Villa Sancta Scholastica is a well arranged magazine. Essays and a short story are set off by what is often found lacking in others, poetry. The poetry in the present issue, is always happy in theme and generally melodious in expression; it is evident that the versifiers at St. Scholastica's are aspiring to the excellence of the anonymous Ruth. "A Christmas Bride" is a pathetic story in which the Norwegian local color is strong and childish character is well portrayed. These good qualities compensate for a certain looseness of plot. In the department of the essay the students of St. Scholastica's seem to divide their attention chiefly between the laudation of deceased literary artists and the description of chemical experiments. These essays, however, show the effect of arduous research and a serious effort at the interesting collation of data. The various departments of the *Scholastica* are well handled and show a homelike spirit existing amongst the students of past and present generations.

The University Symposium, from the national capital, is

replete with essay, verse and story—all of undoubted merit. "The First Christmas Mystery Play" tells the sweet old story of the Incarnation in novel fashion, setting the stage and describing the characters as if it were a drama—which in truth it is. "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen" is an interesting essay on Christmas carols, enlivened with numerous apt quotations. "The High Cost of Living" gives the causes for this popular exclamation, leaving the determination of a remedy for someone else. The short stories "The Gift of the Violin" and "The Prodigal's Christmas" are worked out in happy style. The departments of the *Symposium* are well edited, though we note with regret the absence of an exchange column. We sincerely hope that in subsequent issues this fault will be remedied.

GALVIN-SOXMAN, '18.



BASKETBALL

WE doubt if any college team amongst eastern colleges ranks higher than our own 'Varsity. At home and abroad it has been uniformly victorious. Its success is due to all-round work and faithful practice; passing, shooting and guarding receive due attention, and figure prominently and favorably in every game.

' VARSITY, 44—SALEM COLLEGE, 31. After being played off their feet in the first half, which ended 24 to 9, the Salem College team of West Virginia came back with a rush in the second, and out-scored the local five, 22 to 20, the game ending 44 to 31, with the Dukes on the long end.

Had the Bluffites not got such a long lead in the first half, the result might have been materially different. The game was well

played and fast, especially in the closing session, when the visitors, with two new faces in the lineup, showed plenty of pep and a fighting spirit. Their teamwork scintillated, and their scoring was aided by loose guarding on the part of the locals.

Captain Mike Obruba, playing center, out-jumped his rangy opponent in the first half and was the pivotal point of the Duke's teamwork which overwhelmed the Salemites and left them all at sea. Mike Morrissey started the game with a rush, caging three baskets in quick succession and putting the visitors on the defensive. Cumbert and McCallum aided in piling up the score. The guarding of Morrissey and big Zitzman in the first half held the Salem players down and forced them to resort to long-distance flings.

Morrissey and Cumbert were the star point getters for the Dukes, while Henderson and Wilkinson scored oftenest for the visitors.

' VARSITY, 35—COFFEY CLUB, 45. After turning into the home stretch neck-and-neck with the Coffey club, the 'Varsity did not have enough left for the final spurt, and was beaten, 45 to 35, on their home floor.

The game was a splendid exhibition of basketball, before the largest crowd that has seen an athletic contest in the Bluff gymnasium for two or three years. Until the last six minutes of play the race was neck-and-neck, first one team and then the other forging ahead, only to be overhauled, tied and passed. It was the utter collapse of the green Duke team, which had played itself off its feet, that enabled the Coffeyites to win, and the fouling of the exhausted Dukes in the final spurt gave the Coffeys plenty of opportunities to score from the 15-foot mark, and E. M. Marks turned these opportunities into points.

' VARSITY, 62—WAYNESBURG COLLEGE, 27. Coming back strong after the defeat at the hands of the Coffey club, the 'Varsity passers plastered a 62 to 27 beating on the game and gritty Waynesburg College five on the Bluff court. While retaining all the regulars in the lineup Coach Bernard switched positions all around so that Captain Mike Obruba was the only regular at his accustomed station when the game started, and the shakeup proved beneficial, for the Dukes' guarding was much better, the passing and teamwork were fine, and the marksmanship could hardly be improved upon. What is more, the Dukes finished with a rush that was found lacking in recent contests.

Morrissey, with 13 field goals, was the star scorer of the evening, but McGonigle, who has been on the bench for a while, chased him right up to the top for honors and annexed 10 for himself. But the real scoring feature of the evening was the work of Captain Throckmorton of the visitors, who, unable to get close to the Dukes' basket through the close work of the guards, flung the ball through the ring 10 times, mostly on long distance tosses from near the center of the floor. It was phenomenal sharpshooting, and furthermore he kept his squad in the fight all the way.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 22—LAWRENCEVILLE, 18. In the game with the Lawrenceville Y. M. C. A. Reserves, the Dukes started in with their wonted pep and in the first half piled up five field goals to their opponents' none. The latter became more fortunate with the advent of King, who registered three field goals in very quick order.

With the score approaching a tie the contest became more spicy. The Dukes plugged a few loopholes in their defense and also succeeded in locating the basket for two additional field goals, while Davies and Hayes maintained their established reputation as fast forwards.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 27—ASPINWALL HIGH, 7. University High team defeated the Aspinwall High basketballers at Aspinwall overwhelmingly, 27 to 7. The Dukelets were in good form and played a fast passing game, using every opportunity to score to advantage. So close was the guarding of the Dukelets, especially that of Kronz and Sheran, that the Aspinwall quintet was able to register its first and only field goal just as the whistle was blowing for the end of the game. Captain Butrym handled the squad in good shape and showed keen judgment in directing the play.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 20—ST. MARY'S, JOHNSTOWN, 28. University High was defeated in the Duke cage by the St. Mary's of Johnstown, by a score of 28 to 20. The contest was intensely interesting from start to finish. The visitors got right into the game and jumping into the lead by a few bold dashes of teamwork, they led the Dukelets by a small margin all through the contest.

The teamwork, owing to indisposition of several players, and the unusual alertness of the opposite guards, was somewhat crippled on the part of the Bluffites.

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Sursum Corda.

GRIEVE not thy days are full of pain and sadness:
Repining thus is life's negation bare;
Nor can the morrow promise joy and gladness
To one bowed down with weight of gloomy care.

Pine not when life is overcast and dreary :
The clouds will disappear; sun's fostering rays
Will deck thy path with flowers and cheer the weary
To soon forget the toilsome yesterdays.

Weep not for vanished hopes, nor worries borrow;
Much unspent joy is thine, full life 's in store.
Awake! for aiding others in their sorrow,
By God's decree, will aid thyself the more.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



A Concept of Education.

PLATO defines education as a harmonious development of all man's powers and capabilities. Simple as this definition is, it contains an abundance of truth and reality. Although employing fictitious and fantastic expressions in his other works, Plato was careful enough to define education in common, everyday, easily understood words. Taking the question into deeper consideration, one will eventually find that education in its strict sense is nothing else than a gradual and harmonious expansion of a man's spiritual and physical faculties. At the inception of its school life, the child already possesses a good amount of reasoning power and adjusting factors which need to be multiplied and exercised. With its first day in school, it enters a new environment and begins to adjust its mind to the unknown and strange surroundings, some of which it was perfectly ignorant of. With the first day of school its education begins, and its plasticity tends to be modified. Slowly but gradually the feeble, weak and irresolute child develops and ripens until the once faint and tender mind is able to bend its plastic power to the heterogeneous environment. Harmoniously, indeed, he must develop, if he is to be a well educated man.

Plato's definition pertains, however, not only to children but also to men in general. No man is ever too old to learn or too wise to disregard the benefits arising from ethical, intellectual and physical education. The more a man knows the more he wants to know, and the better social standing he secures among his fellowmen. Men, possessing greater intellectual capabilities than children, should never cease to grow in harmony with their ever-changing environment. Harmony, scientific inheritance, literary inheritance, aesthetic inheritance, spiritual inheritance, need to be developed, and even in the well-educated these should and must be expanded.

Plato's definition however is inadequate to comprehend all phases of modern education. It is one-sided. Education which looks towards the individual alone, is not satisfactory. From the

modern point of view, education has two aspects; it looks towards society as well as towards the individual. It aims so to develop the individual that he will be a competent member "in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." From the modern point of view, "the individual withers and the world is more and more." While the "harmoniously-developed individual" may, indeed, have been a fitting unit in the aristocratic, exclusive, static, self-centered society of ancient Greece, it is only the broader, all-comprehending, sympathetic man who can adjust himself to control the dynamic condition of society. The change wrought by the evolutions of democracy requires a new concept of education. Modern society needs socially developed individuals to fit into its complex structure. The end and purpose of education should then be intense desire for serving others. Such is our modern view of education. No one, in our estimation, is recognized as a well-instructed person if his knowledge of society and his tendency to help others are not expanded and generalized.

Studying closely the history of education of various races at different periods of time, one will inevitably come to the conclusion that at no age whatever was education so highly advanced, so thoroughly perfected, as it is to-day. Our present form of education satisfies completely the twofold aspect. We have to-day both private and public institutions of numerous denominations, always willing and glad to enroll on their already long lists of students, any individual who shows a tendency for advancement. The great variety of schools, academies, colleges and universities, employs the best methods in teaching and administration. The present elementary schools are no longer satisfied with teaching their pupils primary rules of reading and writing, but aim still higher at instructing each child individually in almost all branches necessary for the formation of the bases of society. The crowded high schools, academies and colleges of to-day show their success in every branch of knowledge. Their system of education finds adherents and friends among all students who harmonize and expand the knowledge received in minor institutions. The universities send out annually thousands of graduates ready to serve their less fortunate fellow-citizens in every line of activity.

In spite of the numerous improvements, in the construction of buildings as well as in the flexibility of the teaching systems, we cannot justly say that our public school education or that our college or university education is complete. Our public

schools, colleges and universities, though thoroughly equipped in all educational necessities and attaining a high standard of educational efficiency, lack one of the most essential elements constituting the bases of education. Mere adjustment to social conditions is an inadequate conception of the educational idea. Man's environment is not circumscribed to secular society and temporal activities alone. The religious element does not enter into the modern concept of education, and it is here that social education fails.

Imagine an army of over fifteen million children daily entering over two hundred and forty thousand schools, wherein even the principles of religion are forgotten, and you will have but a slight view of the multitude of children who know very little of their Creator. The total population of Scotland and Ireland is only about half as great as the number of children attending our public schools. Statistics of 1897-8 show that there were 242,390 public schools throughout the United States. From that time on, it is evident that the number has greatly increased. Out of that already immense number, let us exclude, according to the 1915 Catholic directory, 5,488 Catholic schools with 1,456,206 pupils, and we will see that the number of children receiving a Christian education is not very large. This is speaking only of the primary schools, excluding over five thousand high schools and almost five hundred colleges for men, counting the colleges for women separately. It is hard to understand why this most important subject is so generally neglected—a subject on which largely depends the present and future happiness of our children.

Plato's definition, laying stress merely on the subjective element in education, fails to grasp comprehensively the objective element furnished by modern society. On the other hand, the formula adopted by educational theorists of the nineteenth century lacks finality. A course of education will be complete and comprehensive only when it provides for the physical, social, intellectual and spiritual interests of the individual.

S. M. ZABOROWSKI, '19.





Easter Lilies.

THOUGH long in winter sleep ye lay,
The powers of darkness could not stay
Your coming at the call of May,
Proclaiming Spring.

Nay, like the faithful virgins wise,
With lamps replenished ye arise
Ere dawn the death-anointed eyes
Of Christ the King.

JOHN BANISTER TABB.



The World As a Teacher.

JOHN BURKE, the only son of dutiful and devoted parents, was indeed an unworthy object of the affections which were lavished upon him. Sensitive, proud, and wayward, although given every opportunity for the excellent education which his liberal parents and their vast fortune could offer, he neglected all to his own misfortune.

He was expelled from college at twenty for his atheistic tendencies and passion for drink, and his parents, finding their influence unavailing, decided to let him try the rigid "school" of the world in the hope that this at last might bring him to his senses.

Finding his sources of revenue suddenly cut off, and being of an adventuresome disposition, he decided to try his fortune in the

West. A few months found him fully initiated into that wild and careless brotherhood whose members are devotees of every gambling device, and take a broad and unselfish view of life, with little thought for the future.

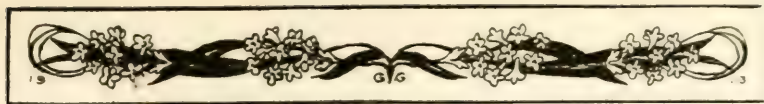
Thus did Burke pass several years of his thoughtless career, depending solely on his luck at cards as a means of subsistence. Finally, becoming restless, he determined to see more of the country; he packed a burro, and departed for the hills. Crossing a hot, sand-blown desert, he suffered agonies from lack of water. Maddening thirst eventually robbed him of his reason and he wandered a maniac, tearing his hair and biting his arms, to quench his thirst even with his blood.

Instinctively following the burro, he reached a spring, a pool worn in a rock, which held but a gallon, supplied by a tantalizing drip from a crevice above. The burro having drained the pool, Burke lay on his back to catch each drop as it fell, lingering a night and a day between death and unconsciousness, awaking now and then to bless each life-giving drop, as he slowly regained his reason and strength.

As night stole over the desert, and one by one the stars illumined the sable canopy above, he began to see the folly of his early years, and to realize that there is some higher Being to whom he should be grateful.

As he lay there in the mountain-side, the seriousness and joy of life were revealed. "What a vile worm I was to live as if there were no hereafter, and to be satisfied with pleasures that turn to bitterness in the tasting!" Now for the first time, he was convinced that he was endowed with a soul destined to live for ever, with a mind to distinguish good from evil, and with a will to choose between them, his fate forever depending on that choice. The Kingdom of God had dawned on him, and the steadfast resolution was registered in his mind to atone for the past and to comfort those he had so sadly grieved and disappointed. While endeavoring to secure a greater supply of water, he uncovered a rich vein of ore, and thus a better, wiser and richer man, he started on his homeward journey.

F. C. MALEY, '17.



Vulgarity.

VULGARITY is our national sin. It is blindness to values; it is spiritual death. That is true enough; but this vulgarity of ours has not yet descended from ugly forms to ugly conduct and still less to ugly principles. At least we have proved that we are able to pull ourselves together, to forget what our ugly forms teach us, and to see beauty in noble conduct and in noble principles, if not in any high artistic expression of them. We make answer to the thing itself, if not to the beautiful presentment of it. The very man who wallows in the sentimentality of a bad poem or picture or song proves that his wallowing has not weakened him when he comes to face death. Indeed, his own sentimentality is a joke to him no less than his own danger. And, by some unconscious instinct of spiritual self-preservation, he uses humor as an antiseptic against his own vulgarity.

How are we to explain this strange difference between our values in art and our values in conduct? For there is no doubt that it is a sharp and real difference. The very man who will act nobly and who will value noble action above his life, will prefer the most ignoble art to the noblest. He will, indeed, have a curious false shame about all noble art, as if he would be guilty of some kind of insincerity if he even tried to like it. There are many men who would no more confess to any interest in Shakespeare or Longfellow than to any kind of noble motive. Yet, while they would not be ashamed if they were convicted of noble motives, they would be ashamed if they were convicted of interest in any kind of noble art. They take it for granted that such interest cannot be genuine.

This false shame is, we believe, a kind of nervous disease. There is an irrational inhibition now which prevents many people from taking the first step necessary for the enjoyment of any kind of noble art. And the disease has gone so far that they believe this inhibition to be a moral one. Their refusal seems to them sincerity; they are firmly convinced that all kinds of art must be merely amusement, and that it is hypocrisy to pretend they are anything else. All who take art seriously, who make any effort

over it and do not wait passive for it to tickle them if it can, are to them superior people in pursuit of their own salvation. And there is no sin which seems to the modern man so contemptible as the pursuit of his own salvation. He would always rather be the natural man with all his sins and follies than the unnatural man who has given up everything, even good-fellowship, in his other-worldliness. And there, perhaps, is the secret of this nervous disease; the modern man has made an idol of good-fellowship. It is to him the basis of all morality; and he makes something vulgar and prosaic of it, because he is desperately afraid of spoiling it with any kind of fastidiousness. If we are all good fellows together, we shall all like what the stupidest of us likes, and we shall all reject what he cannot understand. Our jokes must be jokes that anyone can laugh at; and we must never be serious lest we should shut out someone who does not wish to be serious. This applies to art more than to anything else because, as we have said, art is conceived to be mere amusement; and it would be a peculiar offense against good-fellowship to take pleasure in amusements which all cannot share.

The pleasure of a performance therefore lies in the fact that all are laughing at it together. The common laughter matters far more than the quality of the performance itself; if the places where everyone is to laugh are quite clearly indicated, that is enough. Any art that makes demands on the audience is out of the question, because most of the audience will not respond. They have paid their money and they are there to receive amusement passively not to co-operate with the artist in the aesthetic act. But, unless an audience is prepared to co-operate in this matter, there can be no art. The strange thing is that the one exception to this rule should be the art of music. There is quite a large public which is not ashamed of making the effort to enjoy Beethoven, and it is not a wealthy public, but a hard-working one of moderate means. The rich seem, in the mass, to be as hopeless about music as about the other arts. It is always the cheaper seats that are fullest at concerts, especially where good music is performed.

The case of music proves that the mass of men are not incapable of enjoying the arts, as some pharisees have vainly supposed. But how is this false shame to be removed with regard to the other arts as it has been removed partly in the case of music? We believe that there is no hope of doing it wholly except through religion. That is the source of all common and

healthy seriousness in the arts and of most of the natural co-operation between the artist and his public. Without a real, living religion there must always be vulgarity, blindness to values, the debasement of everything for the sake of good-fellowship rather than the exaltation of everything in worship. Good-fellowship may be a fine thing, and it makes Americans do fine things; but when there is in it no common and lofty aim, it finds only vulgar expressions for itself. It makes men shame-faced and frivolous rather than simple and serious. Most of the blame can be put on the middle classes. They stand as a dense barrier between oneself and the higher education. Vulgarity is seen outwardly in their manner of dress, their petty class distinctions, and uneasy pretensions to be just a little better off than they are; they waste their money in aping art and luxury, and only make themselves ridiculous and more uncomfortable. Truly, the middle classes do fail egregiously to enjoy themselves, and for no lofty reason. They are neither austere nor gay; and so everyone laughs at their ridiculous attitude. More than any other class, they are afraid of life, afraid even of good-fellowship. And yet what art there is is mainly supported by the middle classes. If it were not for them we should never hear the music of Beethoven at all. Some of them at least have experienced conviction of artistic sin. But they, like all other classes, fall into vulgarity because they lack religion.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.



Poetry and the Child.

POETRY is taught in every school. Men are born with a natural aptitude for it; and yet not one in twenty learns nor one in a hundred even reads a line when his school days are over. This lamentable effect is due chiefly to the manner in which poetry is first taught the child. In the first place, it is not poetry itself that is taught except in so far as the child has to learn it by heart, and even then he recites it in such

a manner that it is no longer poetry, but merely facts about poetry.

The essential thing that is worth while teaching in poetry is the enjoyment of it, but the common notion is that the child must first of all understand the technical sense of poetry, and thus he is often taught to recite it with so much emphasis on the sense that all the music is lost and there is left only mere prose. But the first thing a child needs to learn about poetry is that it is no longer prose; that the music is part of the sense, and that the rest of the sense can be reached only through the music.

It will be usually found that people who do not care for poetry have never learned to listen for its music, indeed, have never realized that such a thing was there. It must then be our first aim to reveal poetry as melody and help the child to read it musically.

The child with a keen natural love of poetry loves it for the music more than for the sense; therefore he must be captivated by the music before he cares anything about the sense. Yet it is the universal complaint made against modern teachers, that they destroy this natural love by insisting upon the sense as something separate from the music or by making the child recite poetry so that the music is lost in an emphasis on the sense.

The child, whose natural love for poetry is not keen, never even begins to understand what poetry is about. It is to him a kind of prose hampered by arbitrary rules. But even such children can be taught to enjoy poetry. What they need is a training in the music of poetry so that they may admire the melody and beautiful sound, and not regard it as a teasing, mysterious game played by the poets. Most children feel the sense of the music of poetry, they delight in the sound for its own sake, but they have no desire to learn the exact meaning contained therein.

Poems should be chosen for reading or recitation solely for their beauty of music. To insist that children must learn the exact meaning of what they enjoy is to destroy its pleasures. There is no need to ask whether children actually understand it. The child will understand at least the music and through that he will in time come to the further depths of sense.

Poetry will have a life of its own in its own music. It will be no longer a mere label; it no longer means a tortuous juggling with words, but a something to be enjoyed primarily for itself, then for its meaning.

W. F. GALVIN, '18.

Earth's Awakening.

DEAD lay the earth; its face was cold,
Its form in icy chains confined.
O'er hill and vale, o'er field and wold
Whistled the bitter winter wind.
The silent trees stood drear and stark
And mocked earth's hope with shadows dark.

Dead lay the earth; its pulse was still,
And, wraith-like, snowy mountains stood.
Hushed and voiceless each lake and rill,
Pale and leafless each garden and wood.
Methought that none could lift the pall
Or shake off winter's dismal thrall.

Lo! from the South a breath there blows
Born in some land where cold is not;
Defying death, with life it glows,
And bids misgivings be forgot.
Then, as o'er sleepers daylight steals,
Old earth a gentle tremor feels.

Slowly its pulses thrill anew;
The brooklets dance upon their way;
Through cloud-rifts smiles the tender blue:
The night is over; it is day!
Crocus and jacinth burst the sod
And alleluias chant to God.

LUKE O'BYRNE.



A Perfect Tribute.

IT was a hot, sultry July morning. The battlefield of Gettysburg was to be dedicated as a national cemetery that day and the city of Washington was in a state of excitement. The White House, especially, was in fever of excitement mingled with a hurriedness of getting the things ready for the President's trip. On the back porch of the Presidential Mansion, President Lincoln, in a still greater fever of excitement and with a worried look on his face, paced up and down at a nervous rate.

"I am to go to Gettysburg," he muttered to himself, "and face a body of people representing my nation. They will expect a speech from me. I do not know what to say, and to say nothing will not do. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The President kept on saying this over and over to himself, and, whilst doing so, he unknowingly was pulling the back of his long swallow-tailed coat out of shape. After a while the President entered the carriage that was waiting for him, and he was driven to the Washington station. He boarded the train for Gettysburg, and in a few minutes was on his way. Inside the train the President was more ill at ease than before. Each minute he knew was bringing him near Gettysburg and nearer his failure before the people. For, would he not fail? He asked himself this a number of times and his answer always was, "yes".

He then tried to distract his mind by looking around the car. Many people were in it, and, among them, one whom President Lincoln noticed with a feeling of annoyance. It was Edmund Roder, the great orator. How different he was from the President! His appearance and clothes were neat and gentlemanly-looking, while the President's, although he was the finest type of gentleman, were ill-fitting and baggy. The President knew this, and in tones of disgust he said, "Is it not enough to be humiliated before my people, but must I also be put to shame by his speech when it is compared to mine. I must compose one! I must—I must!"

Glancing about the car he saw the orator throw a piece of brown wrapping-paper on the floor; he inquired whether he could have it, and, on receiving permission, with a stub of a pencil he began to compose his speech, but in vain. The ideas would not come and with tears in his eyes the President said, "I shall fail, for once in my life." After a few hours, the train reached Gettysburg, and, escorted by a body of statesmen, the President took his seat on the grandstand.

The dedication exercises began, and Edmund Roader began his speech. It lasted two hours; when he had finished, a thunder of applause showed the appreciation of the audience. Well might a person see he had been a success and the President saw. Now it was President Lincoln's turn. The President arose, and nervous in every limb he walked to the speaker's place. A sea of faces met his sight. He coughed and coughed again. He began, "Fourscore and seven years ago." It was a squeaky, raspy voice which uttered this, and the American sense of rumor being roused, the crowd began to titter. "I will not be a failure" he said, and he began again in a strong manly voice and said, "Fourscore and seven years ago," and he continued that speech which every true American knows so well.

He finished. Silence reigned over the crowd. A pin could be heard drop. He gasped, "I am a failure." He had spoken only seven minutes, and hanging his head in shame, he left the grandstand. He hurried to the station and boarded the flier for Washington. When he reached the White House, he went to his room and locked himself in. In disgust he threw himself on his bed. Evening approached and the servant knocked at his door with the evening papers. Knowing that it would contain the news of his failure, the President took and tore the papers to bits in presence of the amazed servant.

Morning dawned. After a restless night he left his room for a quiet walk in the outskirts of the city. As he was turning a corner, a small boy ran into him, and exclaimed, "Why don't you watch where you're going, you big six-footer!" The President smiled and in a tone of humor said, "I apologize." He then asked, "Where are you going in such a hurry?" The boy answered, "My brother is a Confederate soldier; he was shot in the battle of Gettysburg, and is now dying. He wants a lawyer, and I'm on my way to get one." "You need go no farther," said the President, "I am a lawyer. Take me to your brother." The boy gladly did so, and soon the President was in the room of the dying soldier. After the soldier had made his will, he turned over on his side and facing his brother said, "Read it to me again, Joe. Read it to me again." He then turned to the President, and said, "Did you hear the President's speech yesterday? You didn't, well you surely did miss something. Say! that was the grandest, the loveliest, the best thing I ever heard. The orator had nothing on the President in his speech. No wonder the people cried. Yes, I tell you it was the greatest thing that ever

was." The small brother then reread it at the other's request, and when he had finished the President realized its worth. The soldier now had not long to live; after a few minutes, he said with a great effort, "I am a Confederate soldier. My last wish is to grasp the hand of the man who made that speech." The President took his hand, and held it until he breathed his last.

R. A. ACKERMAN, First High.



At Purple Dawn.

(RONDEL)

WHEN purple dawn begins to glow
 And breezes stir the silence deep,
 Rose tints through nightly shadows peep,
 Grey mists dispersing as they go.
 'Cross sable vault bright streamers flow,
 Night's children calmly sink to sleep,
 When purple dawn begins to glow
 And breezes stir the silence deep.

Death's cold embrace He breaks, and lo!
 Appears to friends who mourn and weep.
 They own His power, and glad hearts leap
 With bursting joy, and worship low,
 When purple dawn begins to glow
 And breezes stir the silence deep.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Best Inspiration.

RICHARD WARD was his name, and none of us ever dared to call him Dick. Though the youngest freshman in St. George's he was the best elocutionist in the school; many of us tried to imitate him—I know I did—but no one could come any way near him. In the first place he had a marvelous voice. When he stood near the gate at noon-hour talking with the other boys, strangers would stop and look with an inquiring smile for the owner of that clear, soft, bell-like soprano. He was on every big programme, and all the *Noels* and *Alleluias* went to him as by right. Then he could act, too. Whether he was telling the pitiful tale of the Circus Boy, or relating the romantic adventures of Quentin Massey, or impersonating the wild Gypsy Flower Girl from the mountains, every toss of his auburn head, every feature of his mobile face, every bend of his graceful body, lent color and life to the recital. And all seemed so effortless, so natural, that, as I said, we were in despair of ever imitating him successfully. At the same time a lot of us tried.

But the great drawback about Richard Ward was that he knew he was talented—knew it too well. So, in view of frequent public appearances, he kept his pretty person immaculately clean—for which every healthy boy among us despised him; no healthy boy goes to extremes of tidiness. He never joined in rooting for the teams, for fear his voice would be ever so little roughened thereby: for this every loyal Georgian among us gave him the cold shoulder, and called him "Rich-ard". But, undeniably we envied him his talents as an entertainer, and shared with right good will the candy he bought us in the College Store.

When the Shakespeare Club decided to produce Father Benson's Passion Play, "The Upper Room", no one was surprised that Richard was the choice of the Moderator, Father Luke, for the part of Samuel. Samuel, you must understand, is the servant of Achaz, owner of the house where the Last Supper took place. Part of the Passion is seen through the wide window in the Upper Room, but most of it is narrated at short intervals by Samuel to

Achaz and some other friends of our Lord, just after he is supposed to have seen it. Samuel is an impressionable, impetuous boy, on fire with love of the Master, and is really the most important character in the play. We looked forward to a wonderful interpretation of the part by Ward. I was cast as Achaz, and was glad of the chance to play opposite the hero.

Father Luke is the kind of man a boy can talk to freely. After the second or third rehearsal I said to him,

"Father, this is the queerest Passion Play I ever heard of. It's only a play *about* the Passion. Can't we introduce some pantomimes or tableaux to show our Lord actually suffering and dying?"

That started them all talking.

"Yes, Father," chimed in Joe Reville, who played Saint Peter. "I can't see how we fellows can impress people much, merely referring to the absent and making a fuss about something they don't see from one end of the performance to the other."

"At Oberammergau," Richard Ward informed us, "the whole sad story is reproduced before the pilgrims' very eyes. People cross the ocean to see it, but I am afraid they would not cross the town to see a performance as tame as ours."

Father Luke had allowed us to talk until our ideas were fully expressed. "Your difficulty, boys," he said at last, "is more apparent than real. The stage setting and light effects will remedy a lot of things; at present your imagination must supply them. But Father Benson has shown a very deep knowledge of human nature in the construction of this drama. Most of the other Passion Plays are mere spectacles, beautiful pictures, which remain quite external to the beholders. In this, the actors represent the friends of our Lord, and the audience cannot help sharing their anxious fears, their wounded love, their helpless pity for Him. You must suggest the feelings they are to have, and they will not fail to react, as the psychologists say. The only danger is that *you* may not feel deeply enough. There is, as you see, a real need for you to grow in personal love of our Lord."

None of us failed to see the logic of Father Luke's argument, and we set to work with a will to interpret our parts according to his ideas. Our rehearsals became thenceforth a kind of retreat exercise.

It was evident, after a few days, however, that "the boy Samuel" was more preoccupied about himself than about his Master. "How is this pose, Father?" he would ask. "Do you

think I shall be heard in this speech? I ought not to talk into the wings, you know." Father Luke answered him quietly, and several times took him aside for a serious talk after rehearsals. But we all felt the elocutionist was looking at his work from the wrong point of view; and we all feared for the effect on the whole performance. Advice from any of us was received with very bad grace; and, after one or two attempts, we decided to refrain from further suggestions. But I suspect some of us did some powerful praying. I felt pretty queer asking the Lord to convert Richard; but that is the way my prayer shaped itself in spite of me.

There was not another boy in the whole school to whom the part of Samuel could be entrusted, so we felt. But Father Luke seemed somewhat less worried than the rest of us at the way things were going. And so the day of the first performance came.

The big audience held their breath while the soft sounds of "O Come and Mourn" stole through the darkened auditorium. They listened attentively to Xavier Keenan's sententious delivery of the prologue. They uttered involuntary "Ohs!" as the rising curtain revealed the simple beauty of the Supper Room, but leaned forward to catch the Master's voice dying in the distance on the words,

"I am the true Vine; you the branches,"
—a voice better rendered by Father Luke's mellow baritone than by any other that could have been chosen.

Then began my dialogue with Samuel. And almost on his first line I knew this was not the Samuel of the rehearsals.

"The Master's gone;
Down to the garden with his friends; and I . . .
I, left alone, left alone!"
alone!"

There was now no straining for effect—no preoccupation about technique. He plainly meant every word. And when, a moment later, in response to my encouragement, the boy cried out

"Sir! save Him!"
I was genuinely startled. I shared the awe of the audience when the little fellow went on,

" . . . the very heavens
Are sick with fear; and all God's angels there
Move not for terror; and the Father's Face—

I would the sun and moon and all the stars
Shook rather, in their places—”

And when he came to describe what followed the legal repast, something more than the poetry of the lines, something besides the distant chant of the Pange Lingua, made us all feel the sweetness of the Sacrament the Lord then instituted.

“ . . . when the Master spoke at length, the earth
Shivered to silence; while the harps of heaven
Sounded; and in the sound, voices of priests
Ten thousand, all together . . . and the air
Turned faint with incense.”

The marvelous voice was responding to the touch of a soul all filled with the Master's love; the fair young face mirrored that soul's emotions without restraint and without self-consciousness. We caught his enthusiasm, and forgot ourselves, as he did, in our parts.

The play proceeded. A lawless band passed below the window in the direction of Gethsemane. Samuel was sent to see what they would do. He returned to relate the treason and capture, and told them with all the bitter resentment of a helpless boy that idolized his Master.

“They laid hands on Him and bound Him. Bound the
That nothing did but bless!” [Hands

And here his voice broke, and big tears stood in his eyes. They rolled down unchecked when he came to the lines,

“And then I saw Him; and His face was streaked
As if He sweated blood”

And thus we told the story, one taking it up where another had stopped. At times we had the greatest difficulty in controlling our emotions; for all felt somehow that the Master was near, and suffering near us too. Moreover, we knew that the audience had the same feeling, for at frequent intervals stifled sobs reached us from the auditorium.

The second scene of the second act, in which Samuel is a silent spectator of the crucifixion, seen from the window by lightning flashes, was realistic to a degree that was almost terrifying. And when it was over, we found him in a dead faint on the floor! Some little delay occurred, but he braced up and did his part in the third act right manfully.

Both he and I were in great danger of breaking down when he had to deliver the lines,

"Sir: this day

Since sunrise—that strange sunrise after noon,
That swept the Night of Sin—that three hours' night—
From off men's souls—I've striven to understand
Not why my Lord was slain, for that I think
I know; but why His Mother agonized
Beside Him; why she stood there by His Cross
Pierced with a sword as sharp as any nail—
Why, why she suffered so, whom God had made
So tender to all pain and how
She bore so nobly that which tortured her . . .
Sir, see you not that God designed her pain
That she might be a mother, by her pangs,
Of all Eve's children?"

The first performance was over. We were assured of a packed house for the remainder of the week: never had the audience witnessed a play like ours. Among ourselves, the actors were at a loss to explain Richard Ward's complete transformation. We had not long to wait.

Next evening, as we were about to go to the dressing-rooms, Keenan suddenly asked, "Where is Ward?"

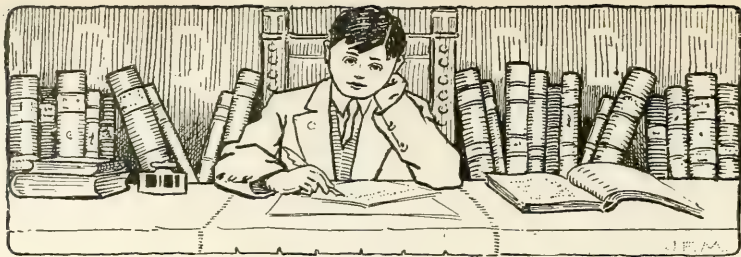
None of us had seen him since supper.

"Why, he wasn't even at supper!" exclaimed Reville.

At once we scattered through the house and grounds, but could find no trace of him. In desperation, two of us went to the chapel to pray for help. It was almost dark, and quite still. All at once a sob reached our ears. We tip-toed up the aisle, and there, motionless before the twelfth station, oblivious of all save the white Figure on the cross, knelt the grief-stricken form of Richard Ward!

J. L. O'BYRNE.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

A Triple Resurrection.

THE Church, even as nature, has her seasons. With the commemoration of the Resurrection we pass from winter into the springtime of her chastening sphere, to feel again the softening atmosphere that first refreshed her children many centuries ago.

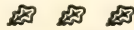
The truth of the Resurrection is symbolized all about us. The spirit of immortal life pervades nature. Winter has held us in its lifeless grasp. But what we thought was death, was only sleep. Even now the buds are swelling. A migratory bird's hopeful call stirs the air. A hint of balminess touches us from the breeze. Winter is broken. Soon the miracle of the dust will end our dreariness, and soothe our weary nature with its sense-entrancing beauties. Spring is here. The mind softens with hope in the verdure of bursting shoot and blossom.

Even as nature, humanity has her seasons. In the winter of war and destruction, all things lie dormant. The sap of progress rises not from the roots to the lifeless branches. The organism of the social structure hibernates in musty caves, deep beneath the snows of destructive winter. The weavers, art, science and religion, exhausted, spin not the warp and the woof of the fabric, nor weave in the wonted delicate traceries. Anemia saps the life of a weary world. Greed, selfishness, conquest, egotism, like a chilly blast from the north, sweep over the world, leaving destruction and misery in their wake. But spring is coming. The winter has spent itself in all its violence. On the breeze comes the message that the world is about to stir. Soon we shall be in the summer of reason and human progress again. The time is ripe for the turning. Even now the pendulum pauses in

its rhythmic flight. Destruction all but ceases. Construction all but begins. The tide is at low ebb. The laden ships lie at anchor, waiting for the flood.

The Saviour rises from the tomb, the sun rises to Cancer, the normal and intellectual rising asserts reason, and rebalances the crazy scales of Justice. This trinity permeates the air. Even as we know two are true, the third is equally true. For it is written that humanity cannot continue permanently to its ruin. Its natural forces will sooner or later assert themselves. And even as the morbid, the diseased is short-lived, the normal alone is persistent.

With the awakening of spring to a new life, we should shake off the winter sluggishness of spiritual apathy, and arise to a brighter and more fruitful existence for ourselves and for others.



What About Our Libraries?

WE cannot fail to grasp the vital truth in the principle that the two factors by which any headway is made are knowledge and organization. "Those who do not learn or do not organize are left behind." In this article we confine ourselves to the former and treat of one phase of its broad scope.

After the class-room, the library is the students' most valuable asset. And Pittsburgh is fortunate in having one of the finest library systems in the country, affording ample opportunity for the attainment of knowledge or information on any subject. If such is found wanting, the means exists to supply the deficiency. And still the fact remains that our people, and especially the student body, do not make the proper use of these golden opportunities, either to aid them in the acquirement of learning, or to spread the knowledge of the truths of Faith. The latter, most of all, is our important duty and offers many inducements both singular and attractive. Let us see. The shelves of our libraries are opened to all useful and interesting books, no matter what their theme or subject matter, theology, philosophy, etc. Information may be had on all manner of topics: history, biography, science, sociology, letters, art. Here we see the alert student searching the rows of books and the cards of the catalogues. He comes upon a wide range of subjects in which atheism, materialism and a host of minor 'isms display themselves

in their war against the Church. Every non-Catholic and even anti-religious bodies have their side well stated in many bulky volumes. He glances eagerly over the volumes, expecting to find there a familiar name or work upholding the side of Truth. And only too often he finds that books on Catholic subjects are conspicuous by their absence.

It is true that the man who searches for truth, whether Jew, atheist or Christian sage, will sedulously read any author who treats of his cherished theme; too earnest in search of fact not to spring beyond the poles of bigotry; too thirsty in the pursuit not to drink up honest words that savour of truth. And if, at the favorable moment, the very book needed to supply the truth to such a seeker were placed before him, if one of our many Catholic authors were present to enlighten and perhaps persuade, would not such an accomplishment be worth while? And yet, what a simple matter! The librarian and his assistants are always ready to receive suggestions. If a certain book is not catalogued in the library, merely recommending the book desired is all that is necessary. If past experience can be relied upon, they are thankful for the suggestion and measures are taken to secure the volume. Thus, for years to come, a patient messenger will stand ready to offer information to any inquirer, no matter what the subject.

Libraries are for the people, and we, as Catholics, should form the majority of readers. They are there to give information, and on what topic is accurate and abundant information more essential than on the Church—the greatest factor in all the world?

Yet our apathetic attitude toward this matter of introducing Catholic books in our libraries is truly lamentable. It happens occasionally that we must use the library, in search of information. Like others, we must glance over the catalogues and shelves, feeling we would rather gain the knowledge from one in sympathy with our own traditions and beliefs. There arrayed before us in elegant profusion are the standard works of free-thinker, agnostic, Protestant and materialist, and only here and there, attempting somewhat to break the monotony, looms like an oasis some antiquated volume bearing a familiar and welcome Catholic name. Thus unable to find what we want, we murmur, shall we say, at the lack of Catholic energy and spirit, failing to understand that the fault lies with us in not asserting our common rights as citizens in providing useful and trustworthy books for future Catholic students, as well as for the general truth-seeker.

It is time we were awakening to our sense of individual duty and responsibility in this important matter. Organization is the keyword through which great and lasting good will be done. Our weakness is that we fail to comprehend how very strong we are. And in this turbulent age, when the forces of evil with fearless zeal and tireless energy spread far and wide their false and destructive doctrines, each must help to spread the "sacred message of our ancient Faith."

J. J. McDONOUGH, '17.



Obituary.

REV. MATHIAS HEIZNANN, C. S. Sp., one of the oldest Holy Ghost Fathers of the American province, who was well known in Pittsburgh, died on March 3, at Ferndale, Conn., where the funeral services were held on the following Tuesday morning.

Father Heizmann was born February 20, 1838, at Heidenhofen, archdiocese of Freiburg, Baden, and made his college studies in Germany. At the motherhouse in Paris he entered the Holy Ghost order, was ordained December 23, 1865, and made his religious profession on August 20, 1866. In Marienstatt, Germany, he was professor for a few years and also attended two missions. At the time of the Kulturkampf, he had to leave his fatherland. On his arrival in the U. S. in 1874, he was sent to Piqua, Ohio, was afterwards professor and treasurer at the Holy Ghost College, and for a number of years served efficiently as assistant at St. Mary's church, Sharpsburg. He was also stationed in Arkansas, where he was rector of Sacred Heart of Mary church, Marienstatt, Conway County, and in Detroit, Mich., as assistant at St. Mary's church. During the later years of his life he sought and enjoyed retirement in the Holy Ghost Seminary at Ferndale. There he celebrated, fifteen months ago, the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood; on that occasion he was the happy recipient of cordial congratulations from members of the Society, and from parishioners of the many communities in which he had zealously labored. *R. I. P.*

CHRONICLE

College and High Schools.

During the early part of the month, the beautiful Devotion of the Forty Hours was held in the University Chapel. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed from early morning until late at night during the three days. Students were always to be found in considerable numbers in the chapel. Holy Communion was received in a body at the Solemn Mass on the last day, which coincided with the First Friday. The Mass of the Angels, always a favorite, was admirably rendered on the first and last days. The Lenten Mass, singularly appropriate in its melancholy cadences, was chanted at the *Missa Pro Pace*.

On March 7, the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, in accordance with old time-honored custom, the members of the Junior and Senior classes were given a holiday.

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| Four Feast | St. Patrick's Day, although falling on |
| Days | Saturday, was observed very fittingly with |
| | Mass and Benediction in the morning. The |

Boarders' choir sang a number of hymns, honoring the patron saint of Ireland.

The Feast of Saint Joseph was celebrated with solemn high Mass. Rev. Joseph P. Danner was celebrant, assisted by Rev. H. J. McDermott, as deacon, and Rev. Leo J. Zindler, as sub-deacon. Solemn Benediction was given in the evening, Rev. Joseph A. Rossenbach being celebrant.

On March 25, the feast of the Annunciation was observed with solemn high Mass. After the Mass the students assembled in their class-rooms to begin the third term examinations.

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| | On March 21, Mr. J. Rogers Flannery, organizer of the Red |
| | Cross Association of the Pittsburgh district, addressed the students |
| | in a concise speech, urging them to join the |
| Red Cross | Association in the present crisis, and above |
| Meetings | all to rally to their country's aid. The Very |
| | Rev. President encouraged the student body |
| | to take an active interest in promoting the work, and subse- |

quently addressed the class presidents, suggesting methods for obtaining the best results. In the evening, Mr. Flannery and Dean Walker addressed the assembled students of the Law School and the School of Accounts.

During the month of February, one-act plays were introduced with satisfactory results, and they also featured the March programmes, copies of which we append.

FOURTH HIGH NIGHT.

March—Irish Beauties, *Wenrich* Orchestra

Recitation—Officer McCarthy of the Crossin' Squad
Kenneth A. Leopold

Minstrel Skit—Just the Same Rastus, R. N. Baum
Johnson, S. N. Wagner
Rufus, M. J. Wajert

Vocal Quartets—(a) Eileen, Adapted from "Old Killarney"
Allen Spurr

(b) When I Dream of Old Erin, *Marvin Lee*

(c) My Own Home Town in Ireland, *Costello*

J. J. McDonough C. J. Deasy L. J. Zitzman R. N. Baum
Accompanist Rev. F. X. Williams

Recitation—The Men of '98 James J. Murphy

Medley of Irish Songs, *Recker* Orchestra

Recitation—Erin's Flag William J. Turley

Soprano Solo—(a) The Kerry Dances, *Molloy*

(b) Believe Me If All These Endearing Young

Charms, *Moore* Charles S. Donnelly

One Step—Lights Out, *Skidmore* Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That Pittsburgh Would Benefit More by
a Subway Than by a Boulevard.

Chairman—M. J. Wajert

Affirmative—W. J. Turley, S. N. Wagner, J. J. Borgman

Negative—R. W. McGuigan, R. L. Kane, R. W. Hayes.

COMMERCIAL NIGHT.

March—Sound Off, *Sousa* Orchestra

Recitation—Yes, I'm Guilty Lawrence J. White

Pantomime—The Soldier's Pardon, Boys of the Third Commercial

- Violin Solo—Intermezzo, from *Cavalleria Rusticana*
 Jerome T. Kornman
- Song—Out Where the Billows Roll High . . Prof. Geo. B. Binlein
 Accompanist, Rev. F. X. Williams
- Waltz—Somewhere a Voice Is Calling, *Arthur Tate* . . Orchestra
- Cornet Solo—The Sunshine of Your Smile Jacob Mosti
- Piano Selection—Poet and Peasant, *Suppe* William Hock
- Violin Solo—Canzonetta, *Di Ambroso* Howard Schilken
- March—Trail to Sunset Valley, *Roberts* Orchestra
- DEBATE—Resolved, That It Is Better to Go to a Small College
 Than to a Large College.
- Chairman—M. F. Obruba
- Affirmative—E. I. McGinnes, J. P. Carmody, R. C. Merkel
- Negative—W. F. Lynam, J. L. Kettl, G. D. Foley.

SOPHOMORE NIGHT.

- March—The New Administration, *St. Clair* Orchestra
- Recitation—The Collier's Dying Child N. J. Buisker
- Piano Solo—Humoresque, *Dvorak* G. J. Ihrig
- Waltz—Buds and Blossoms, *Cruger* Orchestra
- Vocal Solo O. L. McIntyre
- Accompanist, James C. McLaughlin
- Trio for Two Violins and Piano—Graduation March, *Greenwald*
 J. J. Groetsch . . J. A. Gillooly . . G. J. Ihrig
- Playlet—The Gossips Mrs. Talket, J. Garrity
 Mrs. Goround, J. W. Foley
 Mrs. Pokabout, J. F. Mitchell
 Mr. Bright, R. H. Ackermann
- Gavotte—My Hawaiian Sunshine, *Gilbert* Orchestra
- DEBATE—Resolved, That Military Training Should Be Com-
 pulsory In All Colleges.
- Chairman—E. J. Quinn
- Affirmative—J. J. McCloskey, S. M. Zaborowski
- Negative—J. J. Gallagher, T. C. Brown.

Joseph H. Pavlinac, of the Fourth High, has our deep sym-
 pathy in the death of his father, which occurred on March 14th,
 after a very brief illness. The funeral
 Sympathy services were held in St. Nicholas's Church,

N. S., Rev. H. J. McDermott attending and serving as master of ceremonies.

We tender to Rev. Raymond V. Conway, '09, the expression of our sincere condolence in the loss of his father on March 23rd.

E. J. QUINN, '19.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

Students on the Hill know how we feel these days. We are having some real examinations—some three, some four and a few five hour quizzes on practical topics. The Day School students arrive at nine and depart when Law School starts—except Donoghue, who remains longer. That "boy" certainly is studious. Lang tried to put one over on the rest of us on Monday of "Exam" week by stepping on his own elbow and crippling his right hand, incapacitating its penmanship proclivities; but, poor chap! he had to stand the tests anyhow and face the music of oral substitutes.

That Hamilton Debating Society had two very interesting debates prior to the examination; the one on placing an embargo on foodstuffs being a heated discussion, the other was on the question of compulsory military training. Even though pessimists think it would be rash for us to challenge you Hilltop Highbrows, judging from recent victories, there is a quartet unconquered, "downtown in the heart of Pittsburgh's financial district"—as Doctor Walker would phrase it—who would like to prove something sound, safe and sensible from an economic, legal, historical or financial standpoint. Who will accept our challenge?

On Monday evening, March 12, the faculty held a very interesting meeting and discussed many points of policy and new courses. Doctor Walker made several announcements, and committees were appointed to respond to the Dean.

Duquesne University is to have one of the largest schools for commercial teachers, with the strongest faculty, the coming summer. Over thirty courses will be offered. A catalogue will be issued about March 30.

The Evening School Association will give a banquet and dance on April 14th. A varied, pleasing programme has been prepared.

Finally the results of the examinations are to be made known on Saturday, March 24.

MONTEVERDE-HEWITT.

School of Social Service.

On Tuesday evening, March 6, Father Dewe gave the ninth of the series of lectures on social theory. He dwelt on various elements of the Malthusian Law, showing how this law was making itself felt at the present time. Density of population has a very close connection with the prosperity of a country, owing to the necessity of a greater division of labor and owing to the stress of competition, each man trying to excel his neighbor in the arts of production and thus each unconsciously contributing to the welfare of the whole community.

He then gave various statistics bearing on the birth and death rates, showing in particular the significance of the increasing number of emigrants compensating for the declining birth rate among the native born population. Owing to the improved conditions of living, and especially to better sanitation, the average duration of human life was now being prolonged at the rate of about fourteen years a century. Such a prolongation of life is highly desired, for the period between 50 and 65 or 70 is becoming to be recognized by many sociologists as the most valuable period in human life. It is then that, owing to experience, the constructive, initiative, and prudential elements should be at their best. It is a distinct loss to society when, as we read in the *Journal of Political Science*, out of 1000 males at the age of 15, only 444 live to the age of 65. So many years of training are thereby lost.

On the following Tuesday evening, Dr. Theodore Diller, Director of the Psychopathic ward, St. Francis Hospital, gave the first of his series of lectures, taking for his subject mental hygiene. While some people, he said, go to excess in one direction, always talking about the body as though there were no soul, yet it is undeniably true that there is a close connection between the health of the mind and health of the body.

Mental hygiene should begin even from infancy. The early years of the infant are most important in this particular. The child needs very tender care; it needs quiet, freedom from noises, plenty of sleep and bathing. Then, when the period of childhood commences, the child should be taught obedience. This virtue is important even from the purely mental point of view. It is not expedient either for the child or for the adult, that everything that is wanted should be obtained. To deny oneself is a most sound psychological principle. Then, too, there is the important

instinct of play. Play is of two kinds—passive and active. In active play, one takes the initiative and often has to make important decisions. On the other hand, passive play, which does very little good but often harm, means that a person does nothing but merely gives away to successive waves of emotion. The moving picture shows are examples of this passive play. They are bad because the spectator is merely passive, and especially because the impressions are too rapid. And when the person not only goes to the "Movies", but also indulges in the Sunday newspaper, mental dyspepsia is sure to be the result. Moreover, one has to do so much reading that it is positively harmful to indulge in banal reading of this kind. Active play is not only innocuous but necessary for all, for this, more than many other things, develops the needed qualities of the spirit of fair play, and the power to make rapid decisions.

Another prominent element in mental hygiene is tranquility, and, together with this, occasional quiet and repose.

On March 20, Father Dewe gave the tenth of the series of lectures on social theory. Reminding his hearers of some of the problems connected with the Malthusian Law of population impinging on the means of subsistence, he insisted on the necessity of more improved methods of production, especially in agriculture. There are too many waste vacant lots in our big cities that might be made to yield valuable vegetable produce. In the old country one great feature that greets the traveler entering any one of the big towns, is the sight of the acres of lots that are let at very cheap rates in the laboring population of the town. Not only thereby do they get part of their food at cost price, lessening one of the chief sources of family expenditure, but they have moreover something to fall back upon when there is lack of employment. The farm lands, besides, might be treated with more intensive cultivation as in Germany and England. Farmers might co-operate to buy and use the latest types of farm machinery, and many of our emigrants, instead of swelling the proportions of our already congested cities, might be directed to those lands which most closely resemble the lands from which they came and which they could therefore work with ease and success. For example, the Swiss colony in Green County, Wis., engaged in manufacturing large quantities of Swiss cheese, and certain colonies of Italians found congenial employment in the Southern States.

The consumer, too, could be educated. If people want the

food that can be produced only at the greatest cost, they must expect prices to rise. The nation that demands the food that can be produced at the lowest expenditure of capital and labor, is in a favorable position. By judicious advertising, for example, the people might be induced to indulge more in cotton seed, flour, and other foods. These foodstuffs are almost a complete substitute for meat. They contain much protein and fats, and yet they are exceedingly cheap.

If the consumer were well educated and trained so that he could choose the foods by the real genuineness of their quality and if he could guide production into those channels where not only the individual producer would be benefited but also the general public, we should undoubtedly hear less of high prices in so far as high prices are caused by the demand for foods that can be produced only at great expenditure of capital and labor.

J. J. G., '19.



BASKETBALL

THE ' VARSITY.

' VARSITY, 47—GROVE CITY, 26. Brilliant passing and accurate field goal shooting featured our second victory of the season over the Grove City College quintet in the home gymnasium, 47 to 26. Early in the season the ' Varsity beat Grove City at Grove City by a margin of two points, but, in the return game after a very close and low-scoring first half, the ' Varsity aided by a timely shift in the lineup, uncorked a burst of speed that left the visitors far behind, though they fought gamely and well to overcome the lead that was constantly piling up. Their passing game was excellent and their shooting, when they got loose, was good, but the Duke guards watched them so closely and stuck to them so fiercely when in Duke territory that they had little chance to score.

The visitors started off like winners in the first half and scored the first field goal. They led at 4-2 early in the game and, when the Dukes forged ahead, Coach Acher put Vinson into the game and he immediately caged two field goals on long shots and put Grove City temporarily ahead, 8 to 7. The Dukes were leading at half-time, 13 to 8.

At the beginning of the second half, Coach Bernard of the Dukes switched Cumbert from guard to forward in McGonigle's place and sent McCallum in at guard. The change worked well. Immediately the Dukes started rolling up the score, Morrissey, Obruba and Cumbert caging from the floor, while the visitors had difficulty in scoring at all. Once the score stood 21 to 12, again 30 to 14, 38 to 20 and 44 to 22. McCallum, besides playing a fine passing game, broke away toward the end for three nice corner field goals.

Captain Obruba, Morrissey, Cumbert and McCallum starred for the Dukes and Vinson, Moon and Captain Bigley for Grove City.

' VARSITY, 45—ST. MARY'S LYCEUM, 37. After trimming the Grove City College bunch the 'Varsity invaded the St. Mary's Lyceum floor in Lawrenceville and defeated the Lyceum five, 45 to 37, in a splendid contest. The game was close and well played from start to finish, and, though the Lyceum secured an early lead, the Dukes went to the front and were never headed, the Lyceum lads tramping on their heels until the final whistle.

The game was very close and hotly played in the first half. Scores came with difficulty, the count standing at 15-18 in favor of the Dukes at half time. Barry and Collins, with three and one field goals, respectively, did the scoring for the home team in this half, while Obruba, Cumbert and Morrissey tossed them through for the Dukes.

Things opened up in the second half. Coach Bernard switched McCallum and Cumbert for each other, at guard and forward, and the change worked well for the Dukes. Kelly was shot into the melee for the Lyceum and scored seven field goals during the remainder of the game. Had he been in all the way, the result might have been different. Cumbert, Morrissey, Obruba and McCallum scored often for the Dukes in the second half, while Walsh helped Kelly roll up the Lyceum total. McGonigle put up a beautiful guarding game, and broke up the Lyceum's strong attack time after time, though he did not figure in the scoring. The Dukes outscored the Lyceum 19 goals to 17 from the field.

' VARSITY, 13—SCHOLASTICS, 36. The final game of the season was a disastrous rout for the Dukes. Against the Pittsburgh Scholastics they opposed a crippled and incomplete lineup, and were overwhelmed on their own floor, 36 to 13. But listen to the recapitulation of their injuries, and then extend your sympathies.

First, big Zitzman, the stationary guard, had been out with a crippled shoulder since the Grove City game. Cumbert sprained an ankle in practice. Captain Obruba was struck in the face, and his mouth was so badly lacerated that he could neither eat nor speak, and Morrissey had to assume the field leadership, though Obruba played all through the game. McCallum had a touch of the grip. That's all that was wrong with the club.

But, in justice to the Scholastics, it must be said that even the regular team, in good condition, would have had a terrible battle with them, for they are composed of some of the best floor-men ever turned out in local scholastic circles. Sandomire, feeding the ball up the floor, and H. Levine and Pearlman, starred for the visitors. The lineup:

Duquesne, 13.

Scholastics, 36.

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|-----------|---|---|----|---|---|-----------|
| Morrissey | . | . | F. | . | . | Fisher |
| McCallum | . | . | F. | . | . | H. Levine |
| Obruba | . | . | C. | . | . | Pearlman |
| McGonigle | . | . | G. | . | . | Sandomire |
| Flanagan | . | . | G. | . | . | Scott |

Substitution—Donaghue for Flanagan. Field goals—Morrissey 2, McCallum 2, H. Levine 4, Pearlman 4, Fisher 3, Sandomire, Scott. Foul goals—H. Levine 10 out of 12, McCallum 5 out of 13. Referee—Dougherty of W. & J. Time of halves—20 minutes.

SUMMARY. The 'Varsity has gone through its intercollegiate schedule without having a defeat registered against it. This record is a continuation of its good performance in college circles, for in the past three seasons the Dukes have been defeated only twice by college opponents. Two years ago W. & J. won from the Dukes by a two-point margin on a field goal made in the last minute of play. Last year in an extra-period game Thiel College trimmed the Dukes by a three-point margin.

Although the Bluffites did not taste defeat at the hands of a college team this season, still three lost games are chalked against them, as Coffey Club, Lawrenceville Y. M. C. A. and

the Pittsburgh Scholastics out-scored the collegians. Early in the season the Dukes were handicapped by the disqualification of four men counted on as 'varsity material, and this slowed up the team, but Coach Bernard got busy and Mike Obruba helped make things hum.

The success of the Duke septet is due in no small measure to Captain Mike, whose center play set all the combinations rolling smoothly. Morrissey and Cumbert were dead-sure shots, while Zitzman, the big Cumberland lad, was always a tower of strength at guard. The running guards, McGonigle and McCallum, were thoroughly reliable and often carried the skirmishing into alien territory with telling effect. But more than anything else, Father Hannigan's watchful eye and gift for quick readjustment to changed conditions, both in practice and in games, must be counted as important factors in the happy rounding out of the season. Thanks also to him, the team and the school got more advertising than they ever had before on the sporting pages of the daily newspapers. The season's record follows:

| | | | |
|-----------|-----|----------------------------------|----|
| Duquesne, | 33; | Juniata, | 25 |
| " | 43; | St. John's University of Toledo, | 32 |
| " | 55; | Muskingum, | 37 |
| " | 20; | Grove City, | 18 |
| " | 20; | Lawrenceville Y. M. C. A., | 22 |
| " | 44; | Salem College, | 31 |
| " | 35; | Coffey Club, | 45 |
| " | 62; | Waynesburg, | 27 |
| " | 47; | Grove City, | 26 |
| " | 13; | Pittsburgh Scholastics, | 36 |

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

In daily scrimmage with their older brothers University High not only improved its own combinations, but made the 'Varsity men and the enthusiastic undergrads sit up and take notice. It is true the high school boys, better known as "Dukelets", are not gifted with avoirdupois, but their successful season just closed shows that speed combined with plenty of "pep" gave the lads a good standing. In local scholastic contests, the Dukelets were defeated on only three occasions. Bellevue, Munhall and Crafton were the proud victors. The little Bluffites broke even with Crafton, their traditionary rival, and also Munhall. Games were played at home and abroad, netting clean-cut victories. The Dukelets will lose Captain Butrym, Hayes, Kronz, and Sheran by

graduation, but the loss of the high school team will materially benefit the 1918 'Varsity. These men are worthy successors of the college heroes, Obruba, Morrissey and Zitzman. The agile Davies, the wiry Power, and the ever-reliable Lynam and Foley, always made their presence felt as the box-score records indicate. If these classy players are able to maintain their scholastic standing in approaching exams, letters will be awarded. The lettermen will then meet to select a 1918 captain. While we are bestowing well-merited praise, let us not forget the popular little cheer-leader, Marty Wajert, whose comical antics and ready selection of Greek yells time and again amused the audience and spurred the players to victorious efforts.

Father Rossenbach feels well compensated in the successes of the team for the time he devoted to its development and schedule.

Record: High 42, Munhall 17; High 24, Bellevue 36; High 20, Munhall 30; High 34, Crafton 26; High 27, Aspinwall 7; High 40, Lawrenceville Scholastics 14; High 20, St. Mary's Juniors, Johnstown, 28; High 22, Lawrence Y. Reserves 18; High 23, Coffey Club Reserves 45; High 23, Crafton 26; High 34, Dinwiddie Reserves 28; High 26, St. Mary's, Johnstown, 33.

JUNIORS.

Athletic ability at Duquesne University is shown not only in the more advanced departments but also in the preparatory department. The Prep basketball team, taken mostly from the High School students of the first year, better known as the Juniors, has made an enviable record in its basketball campaign.

After strenuous practice had been indulged in, Father Zindler developed a winning team; this accomplishment seems the most natural thing in the world to those who know of his long experience and varied gifts.

Contests were staged at home and abroad, and of the 19 games played the Duke Juniors garnered 13 victories. The 6 defeats recorded against them were due, not so much to the speed and agility of their opponents, as to their avoirdupois and aggressiveness.

Their record follows: Juniors 17, Codori Five 16; Jrs. 29, Waltham 38; Jrs. 13, Crafton Heights 7; Jrs. 23, Waltham Club 19; Jrs. 9, Columbia A. A. 6; Jrs. 28, S. A. C. Club 20; Jrs. 39, Superior Juniors 31; Jrs. 44, Dukane Juniors 9; Jrs. 18, Sharpsburg High School 66; Jrs. 22, Fast Quintet Juniors 16; Jrs. 29, Circle Club 17; Jrs. 38, North Side Juniors 27; Jrs. 6, Mt. Pleasant

Superiors 16; Jrs. 43, Braddock H. S. Juniors 14; Jrs. 26*, Septem Club 27; Jrs. 18, Homestead H. S. Juniors 52; Jrs. 15, Crafton High Seconds 14; Jrs. 43, Moon Run H. S. Juniors 17; Jrs. 7, Septem Club 15; Jrs. 19, Monte 10; Jrs. 27, Sharpsburg High 17.

* Extra period game.

"LITTLE DUKES" WIN FROM LOCAL LADS was the caption of the following article to which the *Butler Times* allotted a prominent place in its issue of March 17:—

Little Dukes led Butler all the way in a basketball contest last evening, and are still leading them, from the latest accounts.

Since way back in 1891 Duquesne University teams have been handing the beating to Butler. For goodness' sake, let's stop 'em, sometime, somehow!

It was the same old story, all over, again, but with a different bunch—that is all. Last night in St. Paul's school hall, the Little Dukes from Father P. A. McDermott's institution of education and athletics on the Bluff, at Pittsburgh, just walked all over the lively Shamrock lads who are good enough for almost any other occasion.

Getting away with a good start, the Little D's, which stands for something else besides Dukes, led our lads at the first quarter: had them 17x7 at the end of the half, and then unexpectedly found the local lads staging a comeback that enthused the crowd of spectators and kept the visitors on their toes at various stages. It was in the closing chapters that Claire Young and Hempfling scored long shots from the field that put the Shamrocks in the running and pep in the rooters. Home lads got as near as a couple of points to the Dukes when the latter again took the bit in their teeth, and romped under the wire by a fair margin.

Both teams played good ball, but it was the superior training and coaching of the Pittsburgh lads that put them in the line for victory. The crowd enjoyed the game in spite of the result, and there was much rooting.

This will show how the Shamrocks were decorated with the "23"—

Duquesne, 29.

Shamrocks, 23.

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|----------|----|--------|
| Egan | F. | Young |
| Rooney | F. | Lawler |
| Kettl | C. | Slater |
| Caldwell | G. | Benson |
| Bollens | G. | Madden |

Substitutions—Chambers for Caldwell, Hempfling for Benson, Angert for Lawler, Regan for Bollens. Field goals—Egan 6, Rooney 4, Kettl 1, Chambers 1, Hempfling 4, Young 4. Foul goals—Egan 1 out of 4; Rooney 4 out of 11, Young 5 out of 12, Slater 2 out of 5. Referee—Sam Foster. Timer—Lawler.

MINIMS.

The younger element amongst the students are as anxious as their seniors for a niche in the hall of athletic fame. That the ambition of the Preps was realized is quite evident from a glance at their enviable record. Composed of ten players, each of whom was a regular, the Minims accomplished wonders. Their roster contained no bench-warmer, because there was no appreciable degree of difference in the ability of the famous "Tenth Legion". Martin Carl and Molinari were the pivotal men. Aland and Cassidy, closely followed by McLuckie and Zamaria, rolled up the points which spelled a Minim victory. Captain Joyce, at guard, with three such running mates as W. Egan, J. Carl and McBride, consistently broke up the attacks of their opponents. With such abundant material and such excellent quality, it is no wonder that the Minims registered eleven victories out of thirteen contests. The Herron Hill Collegians had the honor of lowering the Minim flag. No return game could be scheduled. The well-balanced Oriel Club of the South Side broke even with the Minims.

The almost unbroken record of victories achieved is a source of unalloyed satisfaction and a subject of general congratulation to the genial general manager, Father Williams and his efficient co-operator, Mr. Kirkbride. Their combined efforts will put the Minim Baseball team on a winning basis.

The varied schedule called for two games each week. A student in the School of Social Service volunteered to coach these young hopefuls, and, needless to say, his instructions bore fruit, if we take as a criterion the 417 points of the Minims to their opponents' 229.

Record: Minims 16, S. S. Orioles 14; M's 19, Duquesne Midgets 15; M's 30, Adelaide Club 24; M's 13, Hill Top Cadets 12; M's 28, St. Peter's Five 7; M's 17, Herron Hill 30; M's 28, Vasey Club 17; M's 43, Coraopolis Juniors 12; M's 38, Golden Five 25; M's 40, Leetsdale 26; M's 51, Kingsley Stars 14; M's 29, Shamrock A. C. 11; M's 37, St. Mary's, Lawrenceville 14; M's 15, S. S. Orioles 38. Minims, 417; Opponents, 229.

' VARSITY BASEBALL

With the passing of the floor game, the students of Duquesne University have deserted the gym and, taking kindly to the offerings of the weather man, are spending all available time out doors. The crop of bats, balls and gloves in evidence shows unmistakably that the fever of "baseballitis" has made astonishing ravages. Those who lack stature or weight to make good on the grid or in the gym think that they have a better chance to sparkle on the diamond.

A formal call for 'varsity candidates was made a fortnight ago. The material this year seems to be more abundant and more experienced than last. Most of the University High letter-men of last year are ambitious to try out for 'varsity positions this year.

The Manager, Father Hannigan, has arranged a very attractive schedule. It is comparatively short because of scholastic requirements and because the campus will be in demand by the other three teams which will represent departments of the university, as well as by the class teams. Games abroad will be played only on Saturdays and holidays, so as not to interfere with the school routine. Last year the Bluffites lost only two college games. The University of Buffalo humbled the Dukes and Waynesburg broke even with them, winning and losing.

Washington & Jefferson will not be on the schedule this spring as no date could be arranged to mutual satisfaction. Lehigh University will cross bats with the Dukes for the first time on the local field; Bethany, which has not been on the Dukes' programme for three years, will be back. The schedule follows:

- April 16, Pittsburgh Athletics, at home.
- April 25, Niagara, at home.
- April 26, Juniata, at home.
- May 2, Salem, at home.
- May 7, Waynesburg, at home.
- May 10, Muskingum, at home.
- May 12, Westminster, at New Wilmington, Pa.
- May 14, Grove City, at home.
- May 19, Indiana Normal, at Indiana.
- May 21, Westminster, at home.
- May 25, Indiana, at home.
- May 26, Grove City, at Grove City.
- June 1, Bethany, at home.
- June 2, Waynesburg, at Waynesburg.
- June 12, Lehigh University, at home.
- June 15, Alumni, at home.

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A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXIV.

MAY, 1917

No. 8

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXIV.

MAY, 1917.

Number 8.

Mother Mine.

WHEN, at eve, the stars are gleaming
Like a crown o'er mortals beaming
Over land and over sea,
Thoughts of thee come tenderly,
Mater mea!

When, at morn, in doubt I ponder,
Shall I, this day, fail and blunder?
To thy shrine I look for aid,
Face the struggle unafraid,
Mater mea!

When, at noon, of effort weary,
Forth I look o'er prospects dreary
And my faltering courage wanes,
Hand of thine, unseen, sustains,
Mater mea!

When from virtue's path I'm straying,
Heedlessly o'er chasms playing,
Ere the dizzy brink enthralls me
Gentle voice of thine recalls me,
Mater mea!

Even when in chains I languish,
Writhing, torn with guilt and anguish,
There is mercy in the skies:
Heart of thine will help me rise,
Mater mea!

LUKE O'BYRNE.



Poetry and the Age.

"There breathes no being, but has some pretence
To that fine instinct called poetic sense."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

IT cannot but be admitted, even by those who frown upon anything that is not practical in the commercial sense, that the poetic element holds a distinct place in the progress of human affairs. That it will always continue to be so is an assured fact, since it is based upon the very nature of man. His relation to the existing order of things forms the ground-work of poetry. The passions, the imagination, the emotions, the intellect, the will, all enter into this relation to make poetry "that fine particle within us, that expands, rarefies, refines, raises our whole being." Yet the majority of the men of our age, or in fact of any age, if not unwilling to admit the poetic character of man, at least are quite indifferent to the fact that the poetic element plays an important part in the life of the human race. And this indifference not only causes the works of contemporary poets to be left unread, but leaves almost wholly unknown the classics of the masters.

Let us take up the facts of the case as we see them among us. Scholars and educators are prone to lament the attitude of the day towards classical literature, and rightly so, for the general apathy can scarcely be exaggerated. The care for literature is nearly passive on the part of the vast majority; while they do not quite ignore it, their interest is faint and perfunctory. But how differently do they regard poetry! The attitude seems to resolve itself into one of two; either a profound aversion for anything written that takes the form of verse, or a sincere belief that the age of poetry is past. And both attitudes are wrong, because they misjudge the meaning of poetry.

Even the average lettered man is inclined to shrink from verse form or the poetic character of the printed page. His dislike is not so much for poetry itself as for its conventional

form. He will take up prose that in its nature is true poetry, and enjoy it; whereas, if written in a fixed verse-form it would prove only a source of weariness and annoyance. But essentially there is no great difference between prose and verse. Both are the carriage for thought; both require a certain degree of musical cadence, their difference being one of degree rather than one of kind. The word paintings of Ruskin, Irving, Poe, are sublime poetry in prose, and surpass in beauty the visions of many of our poets writing in verse-form. The very highest emotions are expressed in verse, for meter, rhyme, rhythm, stanza, strophe and antistrophe, tend to enhance their beauty and lend dignity to their expression. Here then fundamentally, is the reason why distaste is felt for poetry; men dislike to wade through the mazes to find the pearl. Reading poetry, like every thing worth doing, requires a certain effort on the part of faculties that have received a definite training.

But there are those who say this is the age of the practical, and since all energy tends towards the scientific, the commercial, the industrial, there can be no time for "empty imaginings or subtle refinements of sentiment." It is evident that they are far from right; for, understanding neither themselves nor others, nor their relation to the great scheme of the universe, they mistake means for ends and passing shows for fixed, immutable entities. The age, with its achievements, looms up so tangible and concrete upon the horizon of their minds, like a mountain crag towering above them from their position at the base, that it is impossible they should believe anything could exist beyond it. They will tell you a few great authors existed half a century ago, but they are all dead now, and none lives to-day that can fill their place. In every age men of such myopic vision are to be met, and it is safe to aver that in the next half century those blessed with optics similarly weak, will be saying, "Ah yes, we had a few great poets at the beginning of the century, like Francis Thompson and Swinburne, but they are all dead now and none exist to take their place." When they say that the age of poetry is past they do not know the meaning of poetry.

To do away with it is to do away with the universe itself, for poetry lies in the very essence of existing things. To do away with it is to "strike at the living heart of things, erase the true, the beautiful, the good, and reduce all to one brute-level of universal degradation." God Himself is the Master-Poet, whose mighty work is Himself and His creation.

"God is the perfect poet
Who in creation acts His own concept."

God and His creation, down to the most infinitesimal micrococci,
are the most sublime poetry.

"Poetry is itself a thing of God.
He made his prophets poets, and the more
We feel of poesy do we become
Like God in love and power."

In our quest for goodness, beauty and truth, with our weak imperfect nature we absorb a tiny part of creation and are filled. And striving to give utterance to our pent-up emotions through the medium of speech, we formulate our vision into words and call our creation poetry—a poor imitation of the actual as it appeals to us; for we may grasp the sublimity of a thought, but its expression ever falls short of the mark, because the focus is imperfect.

"Our whitest pearls we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach :
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech."

But this is no reason why poetry should not be valued. Great poets have interpreted nature perfectly, and

Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Defense of Poesy", affirms that, of all other learnings, poetry is the most ancient, from whence all other learnings have taken their beginnings and "so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, nor no barbarous nation is without it." For poetry, in the restricted sense, is the grandest and most far-reaching of all the arts—the Art Divine. Music may be called the poetry of sound; sculpture, the poetry of moulded form; painting the poetry of harmonious grouping and of design in color; architecture, the poetry of building. But poetry in itself has a wider meaning and manifestation—it is a power working through them all, yet remaining itself distinct from all. It is capable of arousing the emotions with something of the combined effect of all the arts. Poetry "can sway with the grand harmonies of music, being itself the living harmony of thought and emotion, whether merely felt within or linked to the appropriate external expression." For it is capable of bringing before the mind's eye more vivid and animated forms than can spring into being on the magic canvas of the painter, or live in clay under the hand of the sculptor. Nor can the "architect group and mass, in long years, such heavenward piles" as the poet may build up in the short compass of an hour.

Wordsworth tells us of the result of his studies in poetry :

" . . . I have learned
 To look on nature not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity.
 And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things."

How many will grasp the subtle meaning of Wordsworth and feel the depth of these sublime words? All those who care to see, will find in the Divine scheme not a cold scientific calculation, or the soulless mechanism of many blind intellects, but a living organic whole, wherein truth, beauty, and goodness, so far above the material, work-a-day things of life, have their allotted place.

It is perhaps for the reason that so many are absorbed in the "practical" things of life that they miss the true meaning of poetry and "suppose that it is something to be found in books, contained in lines of ten syllables with like endings : but wherever there is a sense of beauty or power or harmony, as in the motion of a wave of the sea, in the growth of a flower that 'spreads its sweet leaves to the air and dedicates its beauty to the sun,' there is poetry in its birth." Thus speaks Hazlitt of the meaning of poetry. It is not a branch of authorship, but is "the stuff of which our life is made." History treats of empty, unwieldy affairs with which the earth is packed, but "there is no thought or feeling that can have entered into the mind of man, which he would be eager to communicate to others, or which they would listen to with delight that is not a fit subject for poetry."

"The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shape and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name."

(*Midsummer Night's Dream*)

It is to be remembered that the substance of life is not limited to those things which we perceive with the senses, nor is it confined to the sole pursuits of money-getting, or social or scientific advancement. Far away and beyond these worldly, "practical" values, are the "diligent conservation and cultivation of noble thought and sentiment" that find their way to noble action and constitute the very soul and substance of poetry. This indeed is the practical order, so different from the popular view. Poetry, then, essentially based on the existing order of things, is bound up and connected with our nature. For, impressions made upon us, we translate into words according to the manner in which they influence and arouse our feelings. It is the natural language of the imagination, the passions, of fancy and will.

We can read the character of epochs and peoples in their poetry. When times were rude poetry was entirely emotional and sentimental. It lacked the intellectual quality to add to its perfection. But as men grew in culture, a "soul of deeper meaning" gradually found its way to utterance. Though poetry always remained the language of the heart, at times there was a tendency to reduce it to the cold and philosophical, as in the age of Pope and Dryden. Hazlitt calls them the great masters of the artificial style of poetry, as Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton were of the natural. With Cowper, poetry began to be divested of its artificiality, when "the head thrust the heart aside" for unemotional and philosophical verse. It found perfect utterance in the days of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, even though there remained much of the moralizing and philosophical strain of the classicists. Then came the poets of yesterday, whose verse, being both intellectual and emotional, is the highest and most artistic,—Tennyson, Longfellow, Browning and "Shakespeare's Daughter", Elizabeth Barrett Browning. They handled poetry as a "fitting vehicle for the most abstruse speculation, for the expression of the subtlest and deepest metaphysical and theological truth, for appeal to the head and heart together, of head to heart, moreover of heart to head."

Here then is shown the error of those who would cast aside poetry, the keystone of the arts, and ignore its importance as the foundation of all art. They do not therefore justly gauge the poet's worth. Here an apt quotation from Austin O'Malley

comes to mind. "Behind my dwelling is a small lake, which in the day holds the sun and clouds, and in the night it holds the moon and a million white worlds; but it is not so deep as a poet's heart." Again he tells us that the poet wanders through the world storing his mind with wisdom and with a million forms of beauty; and turning to memory, the treasure house, he takes two or a hundred beautiful things and gives them to his imagination and intellect to mold into a new creation that is one and vivid. Or again he will stand rapt in the presence of nature and interpret for us her hidden meaning. "Whether they go down into the abyss of man's soul or up above the Rose of the Blessed for the marble they hew into new beauty, all great poets work alike, yet all work in different lines, for each was sent with a special revelation." The poet is "God's almoner of the beautiful for us that sit without the gates."

We have tried to show the importance of poetry in every age, even in the ultra "practical" modern age. Let those who look on it with disfavor know it is the "stuff that life is made of." To appreciate poetry is to appreciate life. For those who have seen the "passing" of the poetic age we have only this to say: they have seen that which is not! Let them know that the beauty, harmony and truth of poetry are of the essence of things, and therefore will never pass "even to the consummation of the world." And finally, those who would reduce the language of poetry to the "standard of common sense and reason"; those practical people who would dominate the age, and keep only what is gross, sordid, and unspiritual, must admit that the end and use of poetry always, "both at first and now, was and is to hold the mirror up to nature."

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.





A Paramount Duty.

PATRIOTISM is the love of country, a devotion to the land that bore us. Patriotism is more than instinct. It has a kinship with the emotion that naturally goes out toward the soil whence come both food and life. It gains strength with the growth of political institutions, and hence with efficient laws. It is essentially a conclusion of reason and not a mere intuition. Its basis is intellectual rather than emotional and passionate. It is an intelligent affection set deep in man's spiritual being.

But what is this country, this fatherland, for which we have an affection? Is it the soil? The land, the plains, mountains, and rivers, the fields and the forests? No doubt there is an inspiration from this very earth, from that part of the globe which our nation holds and we call "Our Country". Poets and orators have dwelt time and again on the undying attractions of their own land. The Dutch marshes, the Swiss mountains, sunny Italy and heroic Spain, equally touch the hearts of their people with an irresistible charm. But the land is nothing without men, wherein lies the soul of patriotism. The very same country whose scenery has been an inspiration to gallant generations, may, as the wheel of time turns, fall to indolent savages, listless slaves, or sordid money getters. It is the nation wherein lies patriotism, not the land. If the nation degenerates, patriotism dies, and the land becomes a monument. Let the nation arouse itself and the country may become a palace and a temple once more.

Yes, our country is something more than the single procession which passes across its borders in our generation; it means the land with all its people in all its periods; the ancestors whose patriotism has made us what we are, and whose memory is precious to us. And he who loves his country with a refined, effective love acts and speaks not for the present generation alone, but for all those who rightly live, and for whom every event in the history of their country is inseparable from every other.

Patriotism is a paramount duty. The soldier who offers his life for his country is a patriot; the statesmen who devotes his energies to the upholding of the national ideals is a patriot; the citizen who, in his own humble lot and place, ceaselessly serves his country is a patriot. The patriot is he who cherishes his home and household; who sets himself to the removal of social wrongs and deprivations; who reverences law, trying lawfully to repeal the evil statute; who puts his partisan under bonds of good behavior; who never doubts that public betterment is possible. For such betterment he strives, and beyond the strife he sees the final triumph. Patriotism like every other duty implied by the law of God is exceedingly broad. It looks afar; it is a revealer of the thoughts and hearts of men. Indeed, patriotism demands that to ourselves we be true. Citizens worthy of their country must be personally worthy, emulous of culture, devoted to virtue. No man personally dishonorable can be patriotic in the highest degree.

The patriotism which counts, concedes to the individual exercise of his best discretion at all preliminary stages, yet forbids his original independence, when the national decision has once been made. Patriotism must conform itself to the moral law; judge all things by the unalterable supreme standard of right and wrong. It will sanction no unethical exalting of the country's dominance above the country's righteousness; it will repudiate the idea that, because a war has been begun, it must end only when victory has been won.

The true patriot purifies himself that the country may be pure. He humbly serves his country, that his country shall stand for the noblest and widest service. He holds his rarest treasure at his country's rightful disposal, that his country in turn may be able to set itself to philanthropy's ministries. He longs to see his country loved by all earth's sons, and is not at rest until all the society about him has reached a moral standard. He loves his country best when he cherishes her divine ideal and consistently strives for her complete upbuilding on the foundation of justice and rational liberty to all her citizens.

DANIEL S. FISHER,

Pre-Medical.

To a Distant Rain Cloud.

F AIR cloud that floatest over yonder hill,
Thou shed'st no light'nings on thy peaceful way;
But from thy fleecy folds soft dews distil,
Cheering the languor of declining day.

Yet dost thou bear upon thy brow the beams
Of him whose radiance summon'd thee at noon,
From out the murmur of thy kindred streams
To scatter on the earth this evening boon;

Nor dost thou scorn to own him sinking now
Through the dim precincts of the darkling west;
But answerest his last look, as if to show
That all thy bounty was but his bequest.

Thou art an emblem of true charity,
In aspect bland, and liberal in deed;
Blessing and blessed, yet pointing modestly
To one who gave her gifts and bade her speed!

ANON.



VIOX.

THE gay crowd which packed the Million Dollar Stadium of the Flatbush Racing Corporation was one which out-classed any other in members and brilliancy. Men dressed according to fashion's latest dictates, women gaily bedecked, and wearing chrysanthemums of the colors of their favorites, packed the large stadium. Society had turned out in all its gayest colors. Youngsters with an eye to business, pushing their way briskly through the vast throng, were selling confections and light beverages of all kinds, while others shouted with husky voices, "Get your bulletin here. You can't tell 'em without the numbers!"

In the oval enclosure, which lay between the tracks, hundreds of cars of all makes and designs were stored; farther on, the temporary camping tents told of long days of tedious toil and laborious preparation, now cast aside for the smelling pits and the dust covered course. Out on the track the mechanics and drivers were bending every energy to put the finishing touches on their cars to have them ready for the race.

At one of these pits stood Viox, recognized by Americans as a pilot of high rank on account of his skill and daring. He had formerly been an aviator for the government, but had returned to his "old love". As Viox watched the concentrated efforts of his newly-acquired mechanic on his high-powered racing car, his thoughts flew to the oncoming race. Many prizes awaited him if he won this race. As matters stood, he was tied for second honors among racing pilots for the premiership of the world. He could easily forge to the front and attain the honor of champion for a year at least if he won this decisive race—the great, annual 300-mile—the derby of the motor-racing year.

The prizes for this event aggregated \$50,000. Twenty thousand was to go to the winner and appropriate prizes to those finishing in numerical order. "Twenty thousand dollars!" thought Viox. "What a fine gift for the wedding!" Yes—he had almost forgotten about Jean. To win, then, meant honor, wealth and Jean—Jean whose alluring beauty had won his love. All these, then, would belong to him. But, what if should not? No, he must not think such thoughts, for to-day he was out to win, and win he must!

In the last few weeks, however, events, adverse to his well-laid plans, had been occurring with such speed and perverse consistency as to ruffle him inordinately. First, he had lost Miller, his capable mechanic, who had suddenly taken ill with an attack of appendicitis; secondly, Jean's father had advanced a new suitor for his daughter's hand, in the person of a Robert Barns, and by threats had forced her to accept Barns's offer of marriage. The marriage, he recalled, was to take place that very afternoon at four o'clock.

Awakening from his reverie, he saw Jean waving her handkerchief in his direction. She was seated in one of the boxes behind a steel netting, apparently four feet high, which separated the stands from the track. As she stood there attired in a neat fitting suit of blue with a yellow chrysanthemum pinned to her coat, she presented to the eye a beautiful picture. She did not appear to be more than nineteen, although she had reached her twenty-fifth year.

Viox advanced to the netting and there they stood talking. Lately they had scarcely seen one another at all on account of the anger of Jean's father, who termed Viox a fatalist and refused to allow him to enter the house. "I fled from the house to

escape that hateful wedding ceremony and came immediately to the track," she said. "I wanted to be near you."

Suddenly the bell for the start began to sound.

Viox ran to the car without any comment. He had heard enough; he must finish the race as soon as possible. He knew just what he would do after that.

Presently, at one thirty o'clock, the great racing machines, stripped and ready for action, started around the 3-mile course. They were led around the first lap by the private car of President Baxton of the Flatbush Corporation. Other celebrities were also in his car.

In a few minutes the cars again came in view of the stands and as they crossed the line a second time, Baxton's car entered a side gate, and the premier race of the year was on.

Having the pole position, Viox swung into the lead as they rounded the first curve. He was closely followed by Oldfeld, the leading driver of the year, and Burmé, the noted French driver, who was tied with Viox for second honors.

"Seventy—eighty—eighty-five" read his speedometer as his machine gradually began to draw away from his rivals. He passed the stands with a thundering roar from his humming cylinders.

"Ninety-seven times more," ran his thoughts as he crossed the line a third time, still in the lead.

At the seventy-five mile post Viox had fallen back to third position, his two most dangerous rivals, Oldfeld and Burmé, leading the procession. At a hundred miles the men held the same positions, although Viox had made an unsuccessful attempt to dislodge Burmé from the second position on the thirteenth lap.

The staccato sounds of the great machines cut through the air at such a steady clip that the words of the announcer could not be heard across the course. People in the huge stands cheered the sensational, yet short-lived spurts of the trailing cars, which were frantically but vainly striving to head off the leaders.

On the forty-second lap, Viox passed the flying Burmé for second position. His motors were responding nobly to their task. Their perfect rhythm sounded like music to his ears, as they beat a steady tattoo on the air. Again, he let her out another notch and was soon at the heels of the great Oldfeld.

As Viox tried to pass Oldfeld's car, he met with a counter challenge from his opponent. Then began one of the most sensational and one of the longest spurts known to American devotees of the racing track.

Round and round the great saucer-like course sped the two cars neck and neck, wheel to wheel; neither asked nor granted quarter. The spectators in the stand went crazy at the sight. Men threw their hats and canes into the air; women stood and cheered until they were hoarse; while little boys, cheering as they never cheered before, almost fell from their lofty perches.

On the hundred eighty-second mile, Viox blew a tire and narrowly escaped injury. He was forced to relinquish the lead while he repaired to the pits. When he returned to the track again he found himself in third position, two minutes behind the leader.

As he passed the stands on the seventy-sixth lap he received news that Burmé had left the race on account of a broken shaft.

Oldfeld remained. The great Oldfeld—the man who stood between him and his goal—his life's ambition. Passing the stands, again, on the ninetieth lap, he was still a minute behind the leader. Thirty miles to go and still one minute behind!

As he turned the northeast bend he saw, away down the course, presumably a little over a mile ahead, a rolling mass of dust, and he knew that it came from the speed created by Oldfeld's car. Keeping his eye on his quarry, he opened up a notch and once more grimly set his teeth for a determined pursuit.

Sure and steady was the gain of Viox as they flashed past the stands after each succeeding lap. So, when the last lap began he was barely fifty yards behind his quarry. The crowd arose as a unit when the two began that final heart-rending lap around the three-mile course. The band played in the center of the oval but its sound was lost in the roar of the crowd as the high-powered machines dashed furiously into the half mile stretch. Viox was now twenty yards behind and coming strong.

Three hundred yards from the finish line the crowd saw Oldfeld's car suddenly swing in a drunken fashion from side to side. They saw it falter for an instant in its course and then plunge forward with undiminished speed, as a runner who staggers in a misstep and recovers himself. But those few seconds were enough for Viox. Taking advantage of the slip, he shot his car past the finish line, a bare ten yards in the lead.

Up the course he looked towards Jean's box. She was waving frantically towards him, and he saw coming down the broad aisle that led to Jean's box—her father!

The father had evidently learned of his daughter's departure and

had hurried to the most obvious place that he might find her—the race track. Viox understood. He turned on his power and made for that lower box. As he came he motioned her to vault the netting. She did so, but barely escaped the clutch of her father. They rolled out of the park while the angry father stood cursing his ill luck.

He heard no more from them till three weeks later, when they telegraphed from the groom's home town,

"Congratulate us! Married this morning.—Jim and Jean."

JAMES J. MCCLOSKEY, '19.



Mary's May-Song.

VILLANELLE.

MY Little One, we'll go a-Maying
Where lilies fair our path adorn
In field and woodland bower straying.

And, gay as birds, my joy betraying,
A song to Thee I'll sing this morn :
My Little One, we'll go a-Maying,

Thy brow with lily-crown arraying,
(Where soon will press the cruel thorn,
Thy love with ignomy repaying !)

Come where the pretty trees are swaying
And nectar on the breeze is borne :
My Little One, we'll go a-Maying.

The earth her freshness is displaying
Where all was once of beauty shorn,
In field and woodland bower straying.

And, Love, while Thou and I are praying
That flower-souls will ne'er be torn,
My Little One, we'll go a-Maying
In field and woodland bower straying.

LUKE O'BYRNE.



Is American Patriotism Waning?

(An Oration)

IT is natural, perhaps, for the unthinking to become impressed with the idea that during recent years love of country has declined, but they evidently give little consideration to the true meaning of patriotism. There are others who affect to believe that the real spirit of patriotism can be manifested only in time of war.

Patriotism is love of one's country. It is a belief in the principles which underlie good government, a strong desire to promote the safety of the nation, to manifest devotion to national ideas, both in time of peace and in time of war; to love and revere the flag, the emblem of liberty; to establish the reputation, and protect the welfare of the nation. Now, looking at the subject from this view-point, let us calmly examine if American patriotism is waning.

If patriotism be declining, where and when in our history did this decline begin? Is it fair to suppose that it began at the close of the American Revolution, and continued to our own day? Facts do not bear out this contention. A brief review of our country's history from the inauguration of Washington to the twentieth century presents a roster of patriots, whose lives were identified with noble achievements—scholars and soldiers and statesmen, whose energy and success in the upbuilding of our nation are far beyond the province of weak words of mine to express. The names of Perry and Jackson, Taylor and Sheridan and Grant, the immortal Lincoln and the invincible Dewey, sound like drum-beats to the ears of all true Americans. These men were as fully devoted to the cause of union and liberty, as were Warren and Washington, Allen and Hale, Sullivan and Montgomery, Wayne and Hamilton,—all heroes, all true Americans. The heritage bequeathed by our Revolutionary forefathers has been transmitted to us by a splendid galaxy of patriots who have won our respect and esteem by their bravery on every battlefield from lakes to gulf, from sea to sea.

Yet the statement is made that patriotism cannot exist in times of tranquillity. This assertion is pure fallacy—a begging of the question. Washington, Lincoln and Grant passed most of their lives in time of comparative peace; and Jefferson and Hamilton, Monroe and Webster, Cleveland and Wilson have won their title to our veneration rather by their constructive ability as statesmen than by skilful management of armies. It is true, indeed, that patriotism can be manifested superlatively only in times of war; and yet the call to arms but fans it into flame. We must also admit that the periods of the Revolution and the Rebellion were heroic ones, but we have only to study the pages of impartial history to realize that public faith and loyalty did but culminate in those periods. The statesmen of our times are no less patriotic than those of old. The flag that floated over our armed hosts on many fields of fight, commands respect abroad and love at home. The people of to-day are giving more attention than ever before to the vital questions that pertain to our government and national policy. Education, which is the only permanent foundation for true progress, is soon to be made a qualification for suffrage. Throughout the land universal military training is advocated in the name of patriotism. Party lines are vanishing, and as the citizen becomes better educated and more enlightened, he votes for men and measures, not parties and patronage. In our primary schools, both public and parochial, lessons of respect for our government are taught by word and example. The story of Paul Revere charms the ear of the young American, and the Stars and Stripes waving in triumph over him charms his eye.

Men of America, men of pluck and daring, you are as patriotic to-day as your forefathers who beat back the red-coats at Bunker Hill; as patriotic as when Jackson defeated the invaders at New Orleans; as patriotic as when Winfield Scott flung the banner of the brave to the breeze above the stately halls of Montezuma; as patriotic as when the Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray stormed the heights of San Juan—thus bequeathing, thus transmitting matchless courage, peerless patriotism to posterity.

MICHAEL F. WOLAK, '20.



Fools' Gold.

IS it not strange that those who went before
Across this vale of darkness, did not leave
A lamp, our credulous eyes to undeceive
Ere, too, we passed thro' death's Plutonian door—
To warn 'gainst hoarding foolish golden store,
To whose false glitter hearts beguiled would cleave
With consequence we never might retrieve
Ere life's frail thread be cut forevermore?

So, tho' we husband well the yellow grain,
What counts it when we reach the journey's end?
If unrewarded, we cannot complain:
Earth was our choice; will earth with Heaven blend?
Before the Judge, our merit, not our gain,
Our sterling deeds, will all the gold transcend.

GEORGE BILINNE.



The Keith Square Mystery.

THE city slept.

It was a somnolent Officer Hagan that patrolled Keith Square in the wee small hours of that spring morning. With a jolt, he passed by a sudden transition to perfect wide-awakeness; for he was aware of a young man crawling on his hands and knees up the steps of the Courtenay Apartments and gliding noiselessly into the vestibule.

"Either a burglar or a German spy," muttered the officer to himself. "I'll keep me eyes glued to him till I'm sure."

He crossed the square and tip-toed up to the door, keeping close to the wall. As he was about to push open the door, he heard the most curious of noises.

"Upon me word, someone is bein' choked—no, it must be a prima-donna warblin' on the phoneygraft. I have it! The spy is signalin' to a confederate! I'll nab him."

Stepping boldly into the hall, Officer Hagan, in one sweeping glance, took in an odd picture indeed; a very blonde, be-moustached young man standing at the foot of the stairs with his

shoes in his hand, and "hoo-hoo-ing" like an owl or some more outlandish bird.

"What are ye doin' here?" demanded Hagan.

"Your excellency," stammered the culprit, "I—I am—"

"That's enough. Tell it to the judge in the morning," said Hagan, and not another word would he let his prisoner utter, but marched him to the station.

At ten o'clock the blonde young man was brought before Magistrate Wasilski.

"What is the charge against this young fellow, Officer Hagan?"

"Your honor, I found him at two o'clock this A. M. standin' in the hall of the Courtenay Apartments with his shoes in his hand, signallin' to someone inside. Suspicious character is the charge, your honor."

"Can you explain your presence in the apartments?" asked the magistrate.

"Of course, your honor," he blurted out angrily. "I wanted to explain it to this boob of a policeman—"

"Proceed with your explanation, sir!" rapped the magistrate.

"Well, I was at the Alumni banquet last night, and didn't get home till two. I had just got inside the door of my apartment—*my own*, if you please!—when the cuckoo clock began to cuckoo 'two'. As wifey expected me at eleven, I continued the cuckoo-ing, and was still doing so when this detective fellow nabbed me."

"Name and address, please?" inquired the Honorable Wasilski.

"Floyd B. Makinlay, Suite 232 Courtenay Apartments, Keith Square."

"Search the directory, Miss Secretary."

"Floyd B. Makinlay, Suite 232 Courtenay Apartments, Keith Square, is correct," replied the secretary, after a brief delay.

"Discharged," said the magistrate.

THOMAS C. BROWN, '19.





Cardinal Newman—An Appreciation.

THE early nineteenth century was, in many of its phases, essentially materialistic. Rationalism had turned men's minds from intellectual and spiritual to materialistic and utilitarian ideas. Locke and Hume found worthy successors in Huxley, Spencer, and Stuart Mill. Naturally, those systems and habits of thought, penetrating the entire structure of society, crept at last into the sacred precincts of religion. Liberalism clamored at the door of the Anglican Church. Even Oxford, the home of orthodoxy, "haunted by the ghost of the Middle Ages," welcomed the new ideas and illumination. But a reaction was at hand. In the midst of this "March of Mind", appeared at Oriel, the center of enlightenment, a figure which, at all times rare, was then almost unknown to Oxford and to England, that of a religious genius, John Henry Newman. Remarkable as a man of letters, Newman is distinctively great because of the religious movement that he set on foot; peerless as a master of English prose, he is incomparably grand in the consecration of his lofty genius to a life of disinterested self-sacrifice.

To Newman fell the task of turning back the tide of infidelity and of setting on foot a movement destined to influence his country and the world throughout all time. To this religious movement, now historic as the "Tractarian", he brought all the force of his mighty intellect, and all the terrible earnestness of his dauntless will. Living like a simple undergraduate in Oxford, entrusted with a congregation composed of a few shopkeepers and their households, he began the Anglican reform.

His plan was simple. The Church of England had become secularized; it should now purify its faith, systematize its theology, and become again a vital force in the life of the people. To effect this change, it must return to the ideals of primitive Christianity, to the Church of the Fathers. Such was Newman's conception of the movement. To his Anglican contemporaries,

such a plan seemed dangerous; it looked like a return to Rome. But never did he or his associates dream of such an eventuality. Between the Scylla of private judgment and the Charybdis of infallible interpretation, they would steer a middle course. Logically, however, Newman was led to the truth. He began to perceive that the Church of the Fathers was the Church of Rome; that Charles Borromeo and Pius the Fifth were the heirs of the faith and the spirit of Athanasius and Augustine; that the shadow of the fifth century was on the nineteenth, "like a spirit rising from the troubled waters of the old world with the shape and lineaments of the new." And his great pilgrimage (far more significant than Childe Harold's) leads him to the seas and shores where antiquity had wrought its wonders, to the city of the Seven Hills, the home of his life's idea. The founder of modern Anglicanism becomes the restorer of Roman Catholicism in a land where it had been outcast for three hundred years.

One of Cardinal Newman's greatest glories consists in following this "kindly light" of faith despite the prejudices, the barriers of self-sacrifice and self-immolation that rose in his way. Numerous were his hostages to truth. For his convictions, he had to sacrifice position, fortune, family, friends; for his new faith, he had to court obloquy and spend his days in exile from a world which would have showered its favors upon him, did he but speak its language or regulate his convictions in harmony with its teachings. In touching words, he bids farewell to the Anglican community. "O my Mother!" he exclaims, "O my Mother! whence is this to thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from the bosom and finds no home within thy arms?" Thus he went apart from his own, he who might have graced the highest seats in the gift of the mighty, went as a humble Oratorian to his cell at Edgbaston or among the cholera-stricken poor of Manchester. Isolated, misunderstood, persecuted, he labored on, thinking his sublime thoughts, writing for a new century his inspired message. Not until age had whitened his brow, did his generation learn that a prophet had risen up among them, and they knew him not.

Distinguished though he is among the world's great men as the leader of an historic movement, Cardinal Newman derives a more excellent title to fame from the disinterested and unswerv-

ing self-sacrifice that characterized his purpose in life. The highest literary eminence and honors were easily within his reach if he cared to win them. He had the vivid constructive imagination of the poet, the keen penetration of the novelist, the broad perspective and philosophical insight of the historian; he writes the purest, the clearest English of the nineteenth century in a style that baffles description and defies imitation. Yet he casts all literary honors aside, unconscious, apparently, that the poet's mysterious vision was his; he consecrates all these wondrous talents to a greater if less worldly-brilliant work, and in that very crucifixion of self-interest, he at once achieves his providential mission and manifests the true measure of his gifted and saintly soul. Not as a master of English letters, but as a sturdy champion battling in the lists for Christian faith; not as a graceful and inimitable artist, but as a lone watcher on the heights, as a prophet announcing the day of redemption, does this mild and gentle, yet austere, figure haunt our imagination and lead our understanding captive.

"God hath in souls like his deposited
A quenchless flame as calm and strong as dawn;
Across the world his potent fire is shed,
Born of the 'kindly light' that leads him on."

FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Our Duty.

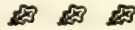
WITH the declaration of war against the German government, another great epoch in history begins. The last great power amongst the nations has been plunged into the world war. The die is cast. We who enjoyed peace through nearly three bloody years, striving to be the guiding norm of nations, the last hope of "peace on earth", and content in the lot of our own domestic affairs, have at last heard the war scream of the eagle echo throughout the land.

Having unsheathed the sword, it is our duty to stand by the sword. And with every desire for peace, we must nevertheless uphold the right in all things and stand loyally by the nation in every trial or exigency. One sentiment alone is permissible, and that absolute unity. Cardinal O'Connell urges us warmly to stand faithfully by the nation until the hour of trial has passed and the hour of glorious triumph shall arrive. We who have gathered strength of sacrifice from the sight of Calvary, God and our nation, now lift our cry to heaven that "neither base hate nor sullen anger may dim the glory of our flag." Furthermore, the love of true, God-given freedom, which ours, above all other lands, has cherished and defended, must be the "thrilling power that will quicken our pulses into a still greater love of America than we have ever known till now."

Cardinal Gibbons with his many decades of experience in the affairs of men, urges us to uphold the right and make loyalty our primary duty as citizens of this country. "Loyalty is manifested more by acts than by words; by solemn service rather than by empty declamation. It is exhibited by an absolute and unreserved obedience to one's country's call."

Since, therefore, the destinies of our country are in the hands of men whom we have chosen to guide us in just such emergencies, schooled in fostering care of *Alma Mater* and Holy Mother Church, we, as soldiers of Christ, will be soldiers of the Stars and Stripes. Wholeheartedly, we will make her trials our trials, her victories our victories, her cause our cause.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



Could We But Judge.

THERE are two good men, one dead and the other unborn, says an old adage, which means that we who are born children of Adam are none of us perfect. Individually, we are prone to all the faults that humanity is heir to. Our very unwillingness at times to excuse the deeds of our neighbors, our brothers in the flesh, proves the weakness of our nature. We will forget that, placed in like circumstances, we might act even worse than he on whose actions we frown.

It is of our nature to find fault with the erring one, whereas his good deeds go on unsung.

"When I did well I heard it never;
When I did ill I heard it ever"

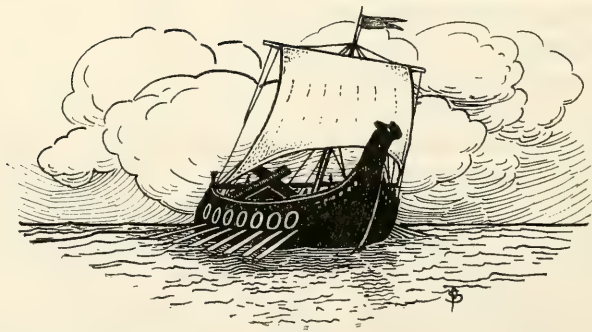
is an old proverb that is ever new. Those actions and events that we judge wrong have a way of remaining fresh in the mind, whereas goodness and righteousness are often taken as a matter of course, and very soon forgotten. This is true especially when the ill has a subjective element; when a direct encroachment is made upon our pride and conceit. We too often keep those inflamed mental ulcers alive instead of permitting them to heal in the soothing balsam of forgetfulness. And the flowers of kindness planted in the garden of our hearts, often with much toil and labor, we leave to wither and die for want of a fostering recollection or a little moisture of goodly feeling. Strange perversity! We are inclined to cherish the weeds instead of the flowers. The unpleasant we consider as the very extraordinary, and we murmur that a rose cannot bloom without a thorn.

This is so because our judgments are personal and subjective. We reverse the telescopic focus and see all from a narrow, selfish point of view, instead of trying to gain a mental panorama and see the general effect. We fail to place ourselves

in another's position, to try to realize what his attitude is. This is true of our judgments with respect to persons in responsible positions. We assert our disapproval of actions and deeds they do, forgetting all the while that they are in a better position to know the circumstances than we who judge from afar. If human nature can be relied upon, we should take it as a settled principle that persons act as they see the right and in proportion as they realize their responsibility.

It is for us then to place more confidence in our fellow-men. Confidence in oneself increases proportionately to the reliance we place on others. Let us be liberal in our mental attitudes, throwing off the shackles of the subjective and broadening our views to meet the views of others. And when personal injury or offense comes our way, we should guard the mind lest they be magnified to the point of blurring the clear mental vision. It is in our nature to feel rebuffs, insults and slights, but it is a wise rule to suspend judgment while awaiting maturer counsel. We must strive against unreasoning inclination, and all the while bear in mind that we draw nearer to perfection, mentally and morally, according as we rid ourselves of the marks of subjective satisfaction. The way may be long and steep, but it is comforting to remember that in the disposition to tackle difficult things, lies the first condition to achieve them.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Euchre and Reception.

THE Euchre and Reception given by the Athletic Association, in the Moose Temple, was a huge success, socially and financially. All the committees worked harmoniously, intelligently and efficiently, drawing an attendance of over eleven hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, among whom was an unusually large number of alumni. The MONTHLY wishes to convey to the student body the expression of its cordial appreciation of their untiring efforts to make the affair memorable for all its perfected details.

We are profoundly grateful to the many friends who generously contributed valuable prizes for the occasion, and we gladly seize this opportunity to thank them for the practical interest they annually take in promoting the success of an undertaking which has in view the financing of the various athletic activities of the University.

DONORS AND PRIZES.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| P. J. Sheridan | Vase |
| Mrs. P. Fitzpatrick | Hand-made Fancy Work |
| E. Egan | Landscape |
| Mrs. M. Burdelska | Hand-worked Cushion |
| Mrs. A. Aland | Boudoir Cap |
| Joseph Fleming Co. | Violette de Mai |
| Mrs. A. Aland | Boudoir Cap |
| Grafner Bros. | Bronz Vase |
| Joseph F. Glynn | Fountain Pen |
| Raymond Huckestein | Safety Razor |
| Wagner Bros. | Rest-well Slippers |
| Geo. M. Wilson | Umbrella |
| Joseph Fox | 2 lb. Box of Chocolates |
| A. W. McCloy Co. | Fountain Pen |
| William Pawlowski | Hand-made Basket |
| Miss Marie McDonohue | Set of Hand-worked Doilies |
| M. Fisher | Cuff Links and Scarf Pin |
| Miss M. Manning | Hand-worked Scarf |
| Bernard Gloekler | $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Knives and Forks |
| Miss Mary Egan | Boudoir Cap |
| Goldenson's | Landscape |
| Terheyden Co. | Silver-plated Cake Basket |
| E. A. Urbaniak | Fancy Cushion |
| A. Karabas | Toilet Set |
| Mrs. C. F. Maley | Hand-worked Center Piece |

| | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| Miss M. Wolf | Lady's Umbrella |
| Spear & Co. | Carpet Sweeper |
| J. G. Bennett Co. | Smoking Set |
| W. J. Gilmore Drug Co. | Champagne Glasses |
| Wunderly Bros. | Landscape |
| Gillespie Bros. | Cut-glass Vase |
| Mrs. B. Becker | Fancy Toilet Bag |
| Miss Talbot | Boudoir Cap |
| William Kelly | Box of Cigars |
| Mrs. E. Kearney | Hand-worked Pillow Set |
| F. Mansmann | $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Gentleman's Hose |
| C. Fussenegger | Amethyst Rosaries |
| C. Fehrenbach | Gold Cuff-Links |
| A. Krieger | Picture—St. Rita |
| Miss Mary Thoma | Hand-painted Cream Urn |
| Lyceum Theatre | Box—Lyceum Theatre |
| P. V. Deasy | Silk Necktie |
| K. L. Knorr | $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Silver Knives and Forks |
| Frank Kerner | Amethyst Rosary |
| A. Hosen | Autumn Scene |
| H. Dryer | Lady's Purse |
| Mrs. Agnes M. Fording | 5 lb. Box of Chocolates |
| Mrs. A. Buisker | Gentleman's Traveling Set |
| Miss Talbot | Lady's Combing Jacket |
| Mrs. Kersting | Lavalliere |
| T. E. Wall | Lilac Toilet Water |
| H. J. Werheim | 1 lb. Box of Chocolates |
| Mrs. J. Glynn | Cream and Sugar Set |
| Mrs. John Nagle | Mayonnaise Set |
| M. A. Gloekler | Combination Knife |
| Mrs. J. C. Gratz | Boudoir Cap |
| Mrs. P. Walsh | Picture |
| R. Sullivan | Silk Necktie |
| Mrs. W. S. Etzel | Picture—The Last Supper |
| Mrs. H. Rothrauff | Picture—Boy Christ in the Temple |
| J. P. Mulvihill | Gent's Umbrella |
| H. J. Schlelein | Gent's Umbrella |
| Miss Fischer | Lace Table Cover |
| G. Henne | Bronze Clock |
| Miss Fisbher | Boudoir Cap |
| Ruffenach Bros. | Gent's Slippers |
| C. H. Hungerman | Briar Knife |

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| M. G. Henne | Picture—Return from Calvary |
| Miss C. M. Baum | Hand-painted Brooch |
| Oriental Glass Co. | Water Set |
| J. B. Fitzgibbon | Hand-painted Toilet Tray |
| Miss C. M. Baum | Hand-painted Brooch |
| J. B. Fitzgibbon | Hand-painted Toilet Tray |
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| Henry A. Nied | Hand-painted Plate |
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The Big Play.

THE Red Masquers will present "Officer 666", in the Lyceum Theatre, on Monday evening, May 7th.

We are all familiar with melodramas and farces, but it remained for Mr. Augustin McHugh to introduce us to a combination of these two forms of drama—and successfully, too. "Officer 666" was a dramaturgical puzzle to the critics at its premier in the great metropolis. How to classify it, was the question. It was melodrama and it was farce, and yet it was MORE than either of these. It had many tense, dramatic scenes, and it was explosive with farcical situations—all the legitimate outgrowth of natural situations, of incident and plot, and of truthful character creations. After much casting about for a correct term of nomenclature, somebody hit on the idea of a new term, and thus "Melodramatic-Farce" was born.

The play in its present form, is the development of what had been a successful vaudeville one-act drama, the author, himself, playing the principal character. It was then called "The Gladwin Collection."

In its improved form the play was an instant and permanent success. Immediately after its favorable reception in New York

City, another company was formed; it was sent to Chicago where its New York success was duplicated. At one time six companies on the road were playing "Officer 666". Last year it was released for stock, and except for a presentation by the Davis Players, the approaching performance by the Red Masquers will have been the only exhibition of the play in Pittsburgh outside of the original road production.

Travers Gladwin is a young millionaire with a hobby for art collections, particularly of paintings. His great wealth had made everything commonplace for him. He longed for a "thrill". And he leaves the New York City home, for foreign travel, in search of a THRILL. News comes to him that his butler and attorney are in a conspiracy to rob him. He returns home incognito, only to find another man in his home about to make off with all his valuable pictures and using his name.

This spurious "Gladwin" is a great picture expert and adventurer; besides taking over Gladwin's name and house, he has arranged to elope with the one girl that had indicated the possibility of a heart thrill in the bosom of the young millionaire. *The picture expert, the girl and Gladwin*, meet in Gladwin's home. This, together with the servants, detectives, police officers and PARTICULARLY "Officer 666", brings about many strong, virile and ludicrous situations. Thrills and laughter follow each other in quick succession. Gladwin, who had gone abroad in search of thrills, finds in his own home more of them than he had ever dreamed of. His first is when, immediately after entering his house, the door bell rings and the girl whose life he had saved four years before and whom he never expected to see again, walks into the room. His next is when he learns that this same girl was intending to meet in his own house a man with whom she had arranged to elope, and that this man was the adventurer who was using his name, and, on account of this name, had won the attention of this same adored young lady. The third is when, stepping out from behind a portiere, he discovers the "picture expert" cutting a \$40,000 Rubens from a frame on the wall. Thrill succeeds thrill throughout the entire play, and the action goes on to the ever-increasing interest and amusement of the spectators.

The young lady sums up the situation pretty accurately at the last moment of the play when she says in wonderment to Galdwin, "Why, this is all so wonderful that it does not seem

possible it could happen except in a play." Gladwin answers "My dear, it couldn't!"

CAST of CHARACTERS :

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| Travers Gladwin | Joseph A. Burns |
| Whitney Barnes | Joseph E. Monteverde |
| Bateato, Gladwin's Japanese Servant | Thomas C. Brown |
| Police Officer Michael Phelan, No. 666 | Joseph L. McIntyre |
| Alfred Wilson | Raymond N. Baum |
| Thomas Watkins | Edward N. Soxman |
| Captain Stone | Thomas A. Drengacz |
| Kearney, a Plain-Clothes Man | Leo J. Zitzman |
| Ryan, a Police Officer | Charles S. Lang |
| Other Police Officers | |
| John J. Foley, Wm. K. Morrissey, Jas. J. Murphy, Julius J. Sedley | |
| Helen Burton | Cornelius H. Becker |
| Mrs. Burton, Her Aunt | John J. McDonough |
| Sadie Small, Her Cousin | Clement H. Hungerman |

After the play, the gymnastic classes will present a series of drills and pyramids. The orchestra will be out in full force, and vocal selections will diversify the programme.

CHRONICLE

College and High Schools.

The results of the third term examinations were published in the University Hall on April 4th. The following obtained first place in their respective classes :

Examinations E. N. Soxman, J. J. McCloskey, F. J. Ligday, L. Urban, B. J. Taszarek, J. L. Kettl, F. L. Gratz, R. C. Merkel, A. J. Succop, E. V. Johnston, F. E. Risacher, C. H. Hungerman, M. N. Glynn, A. J. King, C. E. Dilmore, R. G. Reilly, T. W. McBride, M. J. Carl, J. Garrity, N. I. Schramm, J. Rozenas, A. Szatkowski and F. S. McCarthy.

One hundred and ninety-two honor cards were distributed. The Very Rev. President emphasized the necessity of study. At

the conclusion of his remarks the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home", and the students were dismissed for the Easter holidays.

We offer our sincerest sympathy to Professor George B. Binlein, teacher in the High School department, on the death of his mother which occurred on April 15th.

Sympathy The high Mass on April 25th was offered for the repose of her soul at the request of the Commercial classes. Rev. H. J. McDermott represented the Faculty at the funeral services in St. Michael's Church, S. S.

On April 22nd, the Junior class entertained a large audience, with the last Sunday concert of the year. The debate on govern-

ment ownership of telegraph and telephone lines was of an interesting nature, and the arguments of both sides were well balanced; the decision rendered was in favor of the negative.

John J. O'Hare, ex-'02, came all the way from Boston to renew acquaintance with the faculty and alumni. He is a cousin of the Very Rev. President. During his

A Welcome school days he distinguished himself on the campus as a fleet-footed half-back and hard Visitor tackler. He spent Holy Week and part of the following week as a guest of the University. On his home trip, he stopped off at Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia, to meet friends and see the public monuments.

School of Accounts.

ONE member of our accounting staff, a very excellent accountant, has recently opened an office of his own.

The gentleman is Mr. L. P. Collins, C. P. A., the instructor of the Advanced Counting class, and formerly a member of the firm of Main, Squires & Co. His offices are in the H. W. Oliver Bldg. We wish him success in his new endeavor.

On Saturday, April 14th, the Evening School Association held its dance at the Schenley. A large number of the students and their friends gathered and made the event a great success.

The Teachers' class on Saturday morning proves that the right kind of instruction, when given correctly, attracts and holds its members. Upon the completion of the course in methods of teaching Commercial Subjects and Office Practice in April, a new course in Logic was started, with Mr. Deviny as the teacher.

The members of the Graduating class are now revising their theses. The variety of themes will demonstrate the versatility of the students, and, in as much as the topics are investigations in matters studied, the thoroughness and completeness will please the most critical.

The Hamilton Debating Society holds weekly sessions. A special literary entertainment was held during Easter week, and a moot court was the principal event in the session the following week.

Some of our day students have responded to the call to arms by actual enlistment, and all have arranged to participate in the drills and study of tactics. Among those who will constitute our "Returning Heroes" is one Paul McGraw, better known as Muggsy, the hero of many baseball and football encounters.

MONTEVERDE-HEWITT.

School of Social Service.

○ N Tuesday evening, April 3rd, Mr. Rollo McBride, in charge of the Parting-of-the-Ways Home, gave the first of his lectures on the work that his institution is doing for discharged prisoners.

Certain very basic principles must be thoroughly understood before any attempt is made to deal with the discharged prisoner. He must be treated like a man, not like some inferior creature. He must not be preached to, for any such procedure would arouse his antagonism. And, neither last nor least, something positive must be done for him; no mere academic interest will suffice. He then pictured what is only too typical of too many of our so-called criminals. A boy comes into the city from the country. He is quite unsophisticated. He falls into evil companionship; he is persuaded or rather forced into drinking habits. He falls into the hands of the police, and is sentenced to \$10 or thirty days in prison. On his release, all the capital he is given to start life with, is his five cent fare. He feels the world is against him, or rather would feel so, but the Parting-of-the-Ways Home comes to his relief and puts him once again on the first rung of the ladder. On being received into the home, he is given clothes and food, and at the earliest opportunity is furnished with a job. All he need do is to comply with the conditions of the Home and abstain from drink and swearing and certain other noxious habits. Mr. McBride then quoted certain significant statistics. Out of

some 12,000 men, of whom complete records were taken, including their home and family surroundings and past life, no fewer than 71 per cent. made good. 269 returned to their respective churches, while 147 had banking accounts. He also spoke of the enormous number of arrests made during the last year, and said that 73 per cent. of these arrests were made on the three offences of vagrancy, which means wandering about without money, drunkenness, and loitering about in a suspicious manner. Men guilty of such offences are not really criminal, but once in prison they become graduates in evil. The cost of punishing each one of these is about \$27, and yet the result of such punishment is to make the victim worse than he was before. He also commented on the apparent injustice of giving the alternative of a fine or imprisonment. The rich man pays the fine, and remains a respectable member of society, while the poor man is put into jail and incurs the taint thereof.

In order that our penal system may reform the legal criminal, the penal system itself must be reformed. In the meantime, the Parting-of-the-Ways Home is doing an incalculable amount of good, and has met with the positive approval and encouragement of some of our most learned judges.



BASEBALL

As soon as the weather allowed, the 'Varsity candidates dropped all indoor work in the gym and sallied forth to the campus. After a careful scrutiny of the students, the coach and his advisers finally selected the 'Varsity team. The side lines are crowded every day by the enthusiastic undergrads to whom baseball practice is a treat. When the "D" suits were donned for the first time, and the squad, headed by Captain Zitzman, trotted out upon the field, a wave of cheering greeted them.

With Zitzman at first base and Obruba at second, both

veterans, it looks as if the right side of the infield is nailed down. The other side, however, is not so settled. Short and third are now being tenanted by Coyle and McGonigle, respectively, the change having been made necessary by Popoff's decision that his studies this spring would be too heavy to permit him to assume his usual station at third. Both Coyle and McGonigle are straining every nerve to make good and to hold these assignments permanently. If they do as well later as they have started out, it looks as if the Duquesne infield will be as strong as it has been in years past.

"Chunky" Doran and Drengacz should hold down the catching department acceptably, and Doran's ability to sub in the infield at second, third or short, is going to bolster the club against emergencies.

Morrissey is the only veteran in the outfield; right is his assignment. Brickley, a warm-weather pitcher, seems to be first choice for center field. The left field job is a bone of contention between McClurg and Foley. If the latter is able to take off some weight, he may get the position, but as McClurg is the only left-hand hitter on the club, he may stick.

The players are showing more confidence and better form at the bat. The batting order at present is only tentative. Coach Bernard is looking for a good lead-off man. The toss-up seems to be between Coyle and McClurg. Base running and laying down bunts seem to be the Dukes' weak points.

Brickley, Carmody, Fisher and Deasy will do the hurling this spring. The two former are right-handers and the two latter, southpaws. However, as a whole, the Dukes look better than they did last year, when only two games were lost.

' VARSITY, 2—PITTSBURGH ATHLETICS, 2.

D. U. and Pittsburgh Athletics, by mutual agreement, played a five-inning contest which resulted in a tie, 2 to 2. Carmody pitched his first game for the Dukes. At times, through stage fright, he suffered a lapse of control, but steadied in pinches, striking out 9 batsmen, and allowing only one hit. The entire Duke team gave him able support, playing an errorless game.

The Dukes secured both their runs in the first inning when Coyle walked, reached third on Morrissey's screeching double, and tallied when Brickley hit through shortstop. Morrissey scored on Captain Zitzman's timely two-base hit to left field fence.

The Athletics scored one on a passed ball in the first inning,

the first three men getting free tickets to the initial sack. In the second frame, Welsh crossed the rubber on Breakirn's single.

In the third inning, Forabach was derricked, and Thompson was sent to the mound. With the bases full and one down, Thompson easily retired the side. In the fifth inning, Miller relieved Thompson, and the Dukes with men on bases were unable to score. Morrissey, with three hits to his credit, carried off the batting honors. Obruba, Bevan and Walling accepted very difficult fielding chances. Score by innings:

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Duquesne | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—2 |
| Pgh. Athletics | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0—2 |

Two-base hits—Morrissey, Zitzman. Stolen bases—Morrissey, Brickley 2, Breakirn, Welsh. First-base on balls—Off Carmody 8, Thompson 2, Forabach 1, Miller 1. Wild pitches—Carmody, Thompson. Passed balls—Doran 3, Jordan 1. Hit with pitched ball—Bevan, Walling. First-base on errors—Brickley, McClurg, Morrissey. Left on bases—Duquesne 5, Athletics 4. Struck out—By Carmody 9, Faraback 5, Thompson 1, Miller 1. Umpire—Harkins, County League.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The University High nine have set sail for the season of 1917 with Jim Garahan at the helm. He proved a successful pilot last year and has profited by past experience so that our expectations run high. The call for candidates was responded to by some forty ambitious and enthusiastic aspirants. It was not an easy task to separate the chaff from the good grain as they appeared on the field. However, after some two weeks of strenuous field work, the following have been selected to hold up the honors of the High School department for 1917: Kenna, Marecki, McGrath, pp.; Sheran, Doyle, cc.; Captain Hayes, McBride, Vitkauskas, Ruffenach, infield; Rooney, Kettl, Kelley, outfield.

The season opened on Saturday, April 21st, with an 8 to 6 victory over the Spring Lane Club. Swissvale High succumbed, 6 to 5, on the following Tuesday. This beginning augurs well for the season.

JUNIORS.

The Junior team has been organized with the following players: Wilson, Bollens, Reynolds, pitchers; McNally, Caldwell, catchers; Whalen, first; Mahoney, second; Captain Gaffney, third;

M. Carl, short; Gujski, W. Egan, fielders, assisted by one of the pitchers.

The season opened on April 20 with a 13 to 1 victory over the Munhall High School; Wilson twirled most effectively, allowing only one hit.

Games scheduled: Millvale H. S. (2 games), McKees Rocks H. S. (2 games), Munhall H. S. Jrs. (2 games), Holy Rosary Jrs. (2 games), Holy Name Jrs. (2 games), O'Neil Jrs. of Groveton, Troy Hill Jrs., Crescent Jrs. of Rankin, Windon A. C., Waltham Club, St. Mary's Jrs. of Homestead.

THE MINIMS.

The Minims will endeavor to maintain the excellent reputation they made in basketball. Judging from practice, the team will be composed of the following candidates: Dawes, Wilinski, Dabney, Curran, pp.; Cassidy, c.; Hungerman, 1 b.; Zamaria, 2 b.; Borgman, 3 b.; Fisher, Conley, ss.; Cochrane, r.; McGrath, m.; Foerster, l.

BASKETBALL

THE 'VARSITY CAPTAIN FOR 1918.

After an unforeseen delay in the election of a captain for the Duquesne University Basketball team for next year, a choice finally has been made. The man is Mike Morrissey, who captained the team in 1916. Mike Obruba, the 1917 pilot, was his rival.

The selection of the Duke floor-leader was unusual. Just before Easter recess, the letter-men met to pick the leader and it was found that the two Mikes, both former captains, had the same number of votes. Then each resigned in favor of the other, still making it a tie.

The next morning another attempt was made with the same result, and then both attempted to resign in favor of a third member of the squad, but this was instantly vetoed by the rest of the letter-men.

After the holidays, a coin was tossed up to decide the matter. Morrissey won the toss and was proclaimed captain of the Duke floor team for 1918.

McGonigle and McCollum received their basketball letters in the Auditorium. Ex-captain Obruba, Captain Morrissey, Zitzman

and Cumbert "made their letters" last year. The following students on the University High team were also awarded letters: Captain Butrym, Hayes, Kronz, Sheran and Davies.

DINNER LEAGUE.

In many colleges the exclusive use of the gymnasium and ball-fields is given to representative teams; in Duquesne, every student is encouraged to participate in games beneficial to health and study. The Dinner-hour Basketball League, composed of representatives of every class, was a source of enjoyment to players and spectators alike. All were eligible, and gladly seized the opportunity. Each class had two representative clubs, composing a league of twenty teams. Managers followed the games closely, to get a line on the best material for their fives, and the practice, it was found, developed players of the right calibre.

Fourth High, under the able management of James Garahan, achieved a notable success. The Seniors and Juniors were veritable live wires: their contests were brimful of college sportsmanship. Prep. Law and Pre-Medics, under Morrissey and Fisher, respectively, staged some of the best contests. The Commercial Department had a worthy representation, and elicited considerable enthusiasm amongst the members of the school. Third High is to be complimented on producing such players as Davies, Egan, Power and O'Brien.

Now that the winter season is over, the Dinner Baseball League is being organized, and several games will have been played ere this issue reaches our readers.

The success of the League is due to the untiring efforts of the energetic Father McGuigan. He arranges the games, coaches the players, and serves as referee. Even in the most exciting contests, his decisions and authority are never questioned. His experience and skill in every species of athletics are an inspiration to every student whose motto is *Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*.



Report of other lectures must be held over for the next issue.

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Duquesne Monthly

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Number 9.

The Daisy.

NOT worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to tell a God is here :
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

What power, but His who arched the skies,
And poured the day-spring's purple flood,
Wondrous alike in all it tries,
Could rear the daisy's curious bud;

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold embossed gem,
That set in silver gleams within;

And fling it with a hand so free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God.

J. M. GOODE.



The Way of War.

THE great American republic has been duly declared in the state of war. After three long years of diplomatic maneuvering and vain procrastination the inevitable has come to pass; our Congress has met and following thoughtful deliberation has concluded that for us peace and honor are no longer compatible. The dignity and integrity of the nation requires a supreme sacrifice. Therefore, all our resources are being mobilized with alacrity; money, men and munitions are rapidly being concentrated for our venturesome undertaking.

In view of the fact that America has had so long a time to observe and meditate upon the modern method of waging war, it is probable that we shall be able to avoid many of the costly mistakes that heretofore have always characterized democracy's entrance into war. We ought in the nature of the case to profit greatly by the blunders of England, France and Russia. If, however, mistakes do crop up, as they have the nasty habit of doing, it should never be possible to say that they sprang out of our failure to become conversant with the present way of war. Such negligence would be contemptible, criminal and traitorous.

In the very first place, it behooves us to bear in mind that warfare has been keeping pace with our marvelous industrial progress. War is no longer a passion, it is a science. As such, it must be treated in a purely scientific manner. Emotionalism and sentimentalism must not be permitted to get the better of common sense. Solidarity must be promoted among the citizens in every possible way for the obvious reason that in union there is strength. Above all, America must be efficient. The lessons of the last three years are teeming with praise of efficiency. In our age bravery is as nothing when coupled with gross inefficiency.

Now, as a matter of fact, this requisite quality, so common in our business life, is conspicuous only by its absence in our governmental transactions. It seems to be the peculiar pre-

rogative of all democratic forms of government to do business in the most loose and unbusinesslike manner possible. For a Mexican dollar's worth of military equipment, our treasury department has been accustomed to part with five dollars in gold. Army and Navy guns and supplies have been paying exorbitant dividends to private stockholders in private corporations. Our steel-plated dreadnoughts and cruisers have turned millionaires into billionaires. And so it has been going in this land of plenty; few cared, for our creed has been to do unto others as we would have others do unto us.

To-day, however, America is facing a crisis. Never before in the history of our national life have the exigencies of the moment been so pressing. Menaced by a foreign foe in Europe, our country is threatened with starvation by food speculators at home. Drastic action is imperative, but the government up to the present seems powerless to take it. As a result, rancor is burning in the hearts of the people and patriotism is being smothered as by a back-fire. That the government will ultimately act is certain, but it is just this sort of hesitation and delay that proves disastrous in present day war.

Palpably, our government must develop decision. It must have the power and stamina to move promptly and efficaciously in this and the many other like contingencies that will invariably arise during the course of this war. It must rid its system of all the execrable parasites that are wont to pillage the nation in time of war. If this age is to see a repetition of the unmitigated graft and robbery that harrassed our armies in the Civil War, the effectiveness of an American contingent on the Somme would be nil. The stern mandates of efficiency must be inexorably applied to all government doings. Prices of all commodities—whether they be munitions or foodstuffs or clothing—will have to be fixed by a temporary but tyrannical authority. All this and more will have to be done if this war is to be prosecuted to a successful conclusion.

The way before the American people is not so smooth as the newspapers would have us believe. In their misguided ardor they would throw a deceptive light upon certain unpleasant features of our great task. But they have sadly misgauged the mettle of the American people. They think of the "Melting Pot" and forget that it is the fiery crucible that renders true steel out of complex masses. The citizens of the United States need not be tricked or

cajoled into doing their duty. Although their blood is not blue nor their names long and sonorous, in their veins course the blazing red corpuscles of men—and warriors. They will not blench to hear the tremendous toils before them. Indeed, the truth will only link them more solidly together in the determination to wage a successful war.

Infinitely different from the wars of the past is this war of the present. Incomparable, most heinous is it in its methodical destruction and monstrosity. By the side of it, our bloody Civil War was a playful fiasco, an innocent spectacle. All the ingenuity of our age, all the deviltry that science could devise has been introduced into this tempestuous fight. But it is not our intention to digress into a lengthy discussion of the means whereby up-to-date warfare is pursued. That has been repeatedly done until everyone is cognizant of the hugeness and dimensions of the modern mania.

Let us now consider America's prospects and incidentally her allies' according to the data at hand.

Undoubtedly the most momentous event since the United States determined upon war was the astonishing rebellion in Russia. Apparently without the slightest disorder of confusion, the strongest intrenched of despots was forced to abdicate in favor of popular liberty. Owing to her isolation, however, the allies of Russia are practically uninformed as to the real conditions of the country. Conflicting rumors are current and it is almost impossible to get the truth.

As the United States has through necessity aligned herself with the entente, of which Russia is a principal constituent, the affairs of the Duma are of more than passing interest to us. In fact, the eventual decision of the Slavs, as to whether they will continue in war or not, will virtually settle the severity of our sacrifice.

Now, nobody, unless it be a newspaper man, will have the audacity to say unreservedly that the new Russian regime will fight to the desired end. At the most, Petrograd is vacillating. Hostilities have been suspended on the Eastern front and Cossacks and Teutons are alleged to be fraternizing in "No Man's Land" between the trenches.

Diplomats and statesmen have been hurried from England and France to offset German intrigue in the Duma. Affairs are, indeed, in bad shape. In an editorial appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* of a recent issue, the American people were urged

not to take a victorious outcome of the war as a matter of course. The writer claimed that heretofore Russia was held in belligerence solely by the influence and will of the Czar, but as Nicholas has now lost power it would scarcely be surprising to see Russia make a separate peace or even take up arms against her present allies.

Such is the state of affairs that confronts the United States upon her entrance into the European conflict. A tremendous burden immediately falls upon us. Practically, the whole outcome of the war depends upon the stamina and grit of the American people. If Russia breaks faith with the allies, we are their only hope. If Russia does not disavow her pledge we alone can furnish the necessary sinews of war to change the present equilibrium.

Thus matters stand at this moment, and surely they are serious enough to sober the American mind and drive all military "faddism" away.

DENNIS J. MULVIHILL, '18.

June.

I'M coming along with a bounding pace,
 To finish the work that Spring began;
 I've left them all with a brighter face,
 The flowers in the vales through which I ran.
 I have hung festoons from laburnum trees,
 And clothed the lilac, the birch and broom;
 I've wakened the sound of humming bees,
 And decked all nature in brighter bloom.
 I've roused the laugh of the playful child,
 And 'ticed it out in the sunny noon;
 All Nature at my approach hath smiled,
 And welcomed the advent of bounteous June.
 For this is my life, my glorious reign,
 And I'll graciously rule in my leafy bower,
 All shall be bright in my rich domain
 Of forest tree, leaflet, bud and flower.
 And I'll reign in triumph till Autumn time
 Shall conquer my green and verdant pride,
 Then I'll hie me to another clime,
 Till I'm called again as a Sunny Bride. —F. L.

The American Flag—Its Spirit and Significance.*

A THOUGHTFUL mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself. Whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the ideals, the history which belong to the nation. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see immortal France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the checkered history of that island kingdom. And when Erin's harp of gold gleams on its background of green, the eye is caught, indeed, by the unrivalled beauty of the design, but the heart throbs quicker to the memories and the hopes that it evokes.

Our country, too, has a banner; and wherever it has streamed abroad, men have seen daybreak bursting on their eyes, and have rejoiced in that symbol. Not another flag on the globe has such an errand, or has gone upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings for the wayfarer. The stars upon it have been to pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it have been beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars in the zenith shine on even while night retires from the horizon, and then, as the sun advances, the light that heralds his coming breaks into streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see indeed in its sacred emblazoning no rampant lion and no preying eagle; they see the symbols of light, the harbingers of day. It is the banner of dawn; it heralds for the world the Dawn of a New Day, the day of complete human Liberty.

Consider the men who devised and set forth this banner; they were men who had taken their lives into their hands, and consecrated all their worldly possessions—for what? For the vindication of the doctrine of liberty, and for the achievement of liberty, for themselves, their compatriots, their descendants, and all mankind.

*Delivered at the Oratorical Contest.

If anyone, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him: it means what the minute-men of Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill meant; it means the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known—the right of men to regulate their own lives and exercise their freedom in matters of government.

The history of this banner is all on the side of liberty. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered those valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was revealed by the beams of light from the starry banner. It cheered our army driven from New York and marching along in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with unexpected triumph, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this people. When the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington, while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

How glorious, then, has been its origin! How honorable its history! How divine its meaning! In all the world is there another banner that typifies such grandeur of spirit, that holds out such soul-inspiring hope, that incites to deeds of such nobility and valor? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never, not once, in all the cycles of its career, made to stoop to despotism!

Accept it, then, in its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the free people that stand in the Government, on the Constitution. Forget not what it means; and, for the sake of its meaning, be true to your country's flag. Let us, then, twine each thread of the glorious tissues of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and, looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans; on the rock-ribbed shores of the

Columbia and in the ancient halls of the Montezumas; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory.

If yonder flag, hanging in graceful folds, could find expression, it might say to the world, "I had my birth in Philadelphia; my stripes of red and white and field of blue and thirteen stars were first kissed by Pennsylvania's sunlight. I was the first to reach the top of your tower on Independence Hall; I was first to point out from whence came the music of our Liberty Bell. I led the vanguard of the Continental army from Valley Forge to Yorktown. The lilies of France once floating over Fort Duquesne were lowered to the lion of St. George floating over Fort Pitt, but both gave way to me when the wind from the free Alleghenies unfurled my colors above the waters of the Ohio, at the town of Pittsburgh. I led your conquering armies from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. I first blushed in protest against slavery in my native Keystone State. I was trailed in the dust, but rose again to feel the loyal grasp of Lincoln and Grant. I festooned the capitols of every State until, instead of thirteen, I displayed eight and forty stars, to give inspiration to the millions of men and women who love the country and the cause for which I stand. And, to-day, in the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson, I float in splendor and in glory over every city and village in this broad land, and I stand for the noblest ambitions of humanity, for peace through the world and for the dignity and honor and protection of all who love liberty and equality, and who claim the sheltering protection which I have always given."

Men of America! men of pluck and daring! Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and among the dead; and of him, the first and greatest of them all. But, before all and above all other associations and memories,—whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places,—its voice is ever of Union and Liberty; of the light that shall "never perish from the earth."

"Therefore, O patriot fathers, in your eyes
I brandish thus our banner pure.

Watch o'er us, bless us, from your peaceful skies,
And make this issue sure!"

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.

Through the Woods.

O H 'tis pleasant to look to the coming spring,
While the winter winds are blowing;
When the flowers shall bud, and the sweet birds sing,
On the bough into beauty growing;
When the snowdrop, pretty nun-like flower,
And the violet, dainty fairy,
Like a maiden coy, in her wintry bower,
And the primrose sweet and chary,
Above the withered leaves shall show—
Oh! then is the time through the woods to go.

Oh! I love to watch the blackbirds run
Through the glades in their plumage glossy;
And the squirrel, so frolic and full of fun;
And the sparrow so bold and saucy,
That comes, like a sturdy beggar, to get
Our alms from the bird we cherish;
The robin, so sacred to all, the pet
Of our childhood, that must not perish
For lack of the refuse crumbs that lie
At our lattice, to catch the sweet bird's eye.

Did you ever mark in the moonlight hour,
Or in the sunshine brightly glowing,
The chestnut tree, ere a leaf or flower
On its russet boughs were showing?
When embalmed in the gum that nature spread,
To protect the embryo blossom,
The tree, as it lifts its regal head,
Is more brilliant than beauty's bosom,
In the jewelled blaze of her court-day wear,
Or the diamonds that flash in her glossy hair.

I've watched that tree in the moonlight cold,
As it shone in its gem-like glory,
And thought of the legends we read of old,
Of Aladdin's wond'rous story;
And in sooth it seemed, as if magic fays,
With their tiny hands, were spreading
A thousand lamps in that bow'ry maze,
For some gay court fete or wedding;
And I fancied I heard their golden strings,
And the rush of a myriad of fairy wings.

Oh! 'tis sweet to indulge in a fairy dream,
 When the soft moon shines above us,
 And the aged woods and silver stream
 Are as friends that know and love us.
 But the dream of life is a long, long dream,
 And so chequered by joy and sorrow,
 That the sun that smiles in his evening beam,
 May arise in storms to-morrow;
 But the holy winter of age shall bring
 The joys of a long and eternal spring.

M. CRAWFORD.



JOAN OF ARC.

(A Symposium)

JOAN, AND FRANCE.

"Thus the Maid

Redeemed her country. Ever may the All-just
 Give to the arms of freedom such success."

SOUTHEY: *Joan of Arc.*

IN 1429, when Joan of Arc appeared, France was on the verge of ruin. Lying in chains, helpless and hopeless, under an alien domination, her soldiers disheartened and dispersed, all hope torpid, all courage dead in the hearts of the people, through long years of foreign and domestic outrage and oppression, she seemed about to be erased from the catalogue of nations. A revolution unparalleled thus far in the history of the country, was toppling French society from its very foundations; destruction was widespread; famine stalked through the land; pestilence swept the fairest fields and the most beautiful cities, and blood feuds were destroying the last vestiges of French patriotism. That country in which to-day the flame of patriotism burns so

brightly, was, in the fifteenth century, but a confusion of disintegrating, warring states. The Dauphin, rightful though disinherited heir, was a fugitive in his native land. Listless, cowardly and subservient, dissipating in festivities the last resources of his provinces, he was a poor rallying point for the forces of patriotism. No wonder, then, that Paris and the "North" went over to England's martial monarch, "the king so full of grace and fair regard."

Yet in the moment of her greatest peril, France finds her deliverer.

The sorrow and woe of the nation waken a response in the breast of a little musing maiden of far-off Domrémy. To her had come the archangel, Michael, with the message of the "great pity which was for the kingdom of France." "Messire", she had answered, "I am but a poor little peasant girl; I know not how to lead the soldiers." "God will aid thee," the angel had responded, and she believed. She came forth to save a nation and to shape the destinies of a people. She came forth with power from on high, and with a genius which shall be a marvel to the world as long as the world stands.

Her life—so short, so glorious, so sad—is a familiar household tale: "her name and her fame are in the catalogue of common things." Omitting all details of her childhood, the years of her joys, her prayers, her household chores, her angelic visitants—we find her on February 23, 1429, at the age of seventeen, bidding farewell forever to her native Domrémy. On May 8th she raises the siege of Orleans; during May and June she conducts the brilliant campaign of the Loire; on June 29th she defeats the English at Patay. Then breaking through the English frontier of the Loire, she leads the triumphant march to Rheims, entering the city on July 29th. On the 17th she crowns her king, and her work is ended. Shadows now fall athwart her path: jealousy, treasons, and intrigues destroy her career. In May, 1430, she is captured by the Burgundians. In May, 1431, she is condemned by French partisans, and burned to death by the English.

Such is a summary recital of this brief apparition in the gloomy history of her epoch, a meteor flight across the dark night of brutality and violence of the fifteenth century. Yet the spirit which took its flight from the funeral pyre at Rouen has inspired a nation. Deserted by France, destroyed by England, she becomes the Heaven-sent avenger that wrecks the fortunes of the one, the

guiding star, the bright angel that leads the battling hosts of the other. "Eight years after my death," she had said, "my Lord will drive you English out of France." So the sequel proved.

What she was to France of her own day, she is now to the nation in the hour of peril. The patriotism of France, her national life, her glory, her undying fame, centre around this Divine ideal. Soldier-saint, angel-patriot, virgin-martyr, she is the standard-bearer of the armies of France; she is the personification of ideal, beautified France—France glorified by beauty, saved by the sword, rising from the wreck of battles, and divinized by the sacred fires of Patriotism.

JAMES F. MURPHY, '20.

Joan of Arc, the Pattern of Chivalry.

"Oh, captive maid
 Keeping perpetual vigil o'er the land
 Thy young heart died to save; forever stand,
 Clothed in immortal whiteness
 a victim to atone,
 By thy pure consecration, for the crime,
 And shame, and madness of wild, warring time."—ANON.

HISTORY and fiction present us with medieval knighthood as compounded of gentle courtesy, fearless bravery, and faithful love. To be esteemed like Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, or like the Arthurian heroes, to right the wrong; to reverence their king and their conscience, to "lead sweet lives in fairest charity," seems to sum up the chivalric ideal. The knight of the Middle Ages thus interfused religion and patriotism, and sanctified the noblest passions of the human heart by the realization that danger and even death encountered in the defence of virtue, was a most perfect sacrifice on the altar of God and of country. To attain this ideal the Middle Ages ever strove; but not until those ages were closing did they bring forth their perfect flower in the saintly and heroic maiden who died for her country through love for her God.

Viewed under this aspect, Joan of Arc had a two-fold mission. Primarily, she was sent to save her native land.

France has ever been the land of chivalry. In France

medieval knighthood took its birth; in France alone it reached its culmination. Yet in all this galaxy of the brave and the good, one only, the "peerless maid", sums up in her person the ineffable ideal. To France she was the golden thread that drew together a broken race. To the dying cause of France her name became a rallying cry, and in her glance of fire the feeble heart took hope. Behind her sacred banner of the cross and *fleur de lis*, the sword of valiant France gleamed as of old against the Moslem hosts, and dashed once more the invaders from the shores. And again, to-day, the children of France, in the throes of a mortal struggle, turn their eyes to their immortal, grace-formed, patriot maid, and beg of her, by the pure consecration that clasped her fettered hands, to save her own dear land from "the crime, and shame, and madness of wild, warring time."

Yet, what Joan of Arc is to France, she is to all mankind. For all nations and all times she is the embodiment of consecrated patriotism. Five centuries ago, she fought for righteousness and the "Prince of Peace". Those days of chivalry, with their golden panoply and bright array, have vanished forever. But the hallowed warrior-maid and her glorious cause remain. Upon us all she calls to fight the Christian fight against the powers of darkness on the field of life. Her motto, "For Christ, my King", must be our motto too. Her ideal of patriotism, that "the salvation of our country can be attained only by the reign of Christ in the land," must be our ideal. When, then, we open the book that contains the story of her prayers, her prowess, her sorrows, and her passion, let us ask this soldier-maiden to bring us and our own dear land to the feet of Christ the King.

EDWIN J. MURPHY, '19.

Joan the Saint.

"A maid

That paragons description and wild fame;
One that in th' essential vesture of creation,
Doth bear all excellency."—OTHELLO.

IN Joan of Arc, we behold the triumph both of natural virtue and supernatural grace. Though she was a wonderful being, altogether inspired and divine, yet she was an ideally human creature. Though she was the confidant of saints and angels,

though she took counsel with the Most High, she was ever the maiden of Domrémy, the child of the people, the simple, smiling, happy girl of the fields. Receiving her message from the mouth of an angel, like the maiden of Nazareth, she was always, like the maiden of Nazareth, the fragrant flower of modesty and truth. "In the essential vesture of creation, she bears all excellency;" in the marvel of her supernatural gifts, she outstrips the tongues and the thoughts of men.

Vast and varied, however, as her virtues are, some few are pre-eminent, either as distinctive traits of character, or as special manifestations of the power of divine graces; gorgeous as are the sunlit summits of her sanctity, a special dazzling beauty shines round the loftiest height of her sinless soul.

In the purely natural order, she appeals to us, in a forceful manner, as the perfect mirror of simplicity, loyalty, and truth. With a candid, fearless faith, she speaks to the king or the peasant, the noble dame, or the little child, the iniquitous judge, or the unfortunate prisoner.

"What is your name?" is the first question asked by those who condemned her.

"In France, they call me Jane, but at home my mother called me little Jane" is the childlike response of this child saviour of France.

"Did not the people often kiss your garments and your ring?"

"Yes, but I don't know why; I didn't inquire." Virtue went out from her, but she knew it not.

"Did the voices you heard speak French?" asked one of her judges.

"Yes, and it was a better French than yours," was the straightforward reply.

"Promise us that you will not try to escape, and we will loose your chains," they said to her.

"I will escape if I can," was the answer.

"If you give us your word that you will not fight for the king, we shall let you go," they told her.

"I will always fight for the king," was her response; "for that I have been sent." Fearless and frank is this soldier-maiden; honest and true, and bold and brave, is this dauntless leader of the army of France.

Brave and loyal as she was, however, she was most gentle, compassionate and kind. Though she had the spirit and genius

of a soldier, she had the heart and hand of a Sister of Mercy. In the thick of the combat, she forgets the flying arrows to nurse the wounded and dying. She weeps over the fallen; she kneels amid the din of battle, and prays for the souls; she holds on her knee the bleeding head of the dying English knight, wipes away the blood-clots and whispers words of consolation and hope; in the cities, she gathers the children and the maidens about her, and prays with them before the shrine of Our Lady; and as the *angelus* rings out its melodious tones from the old cathedral belfry, her gentle heart recalls the familiar notes of Domrémy, the painted window, the garden, the old curé, the morning Mass, the happy, care-free days of childhood; and she longs to be home again with her mother and her sister, far away from these cruel wars. Pity and love were always in her heart. "Warrior though she was, she was always on the side of the angels."

Nothing, however, in her life, except its very stainlessness, is more beautiful than her forgiveness of wrongs. "Glasdale! Glasdale!" she cries to the rough captain at Orleans, "you have blasphemed, you have insulted me! I fear for your soul!" And the next instant, when the dark waters of the Loire closed over this rude Englishman, the maiden knelt and wept like a child. Her judges and custodians tortured her in every conceivable way. For weeks they kept her bound,—chains about her feet, waist, and neck—to the cold floor of an iron cage; for months they dragged her, day after day, before their infamous tribunal. They censured her; they contradicted her; they forced her to sign abjurations; they abused her; they heaped ill-names upon her; they refused her all the consolations of religion; they tortured her in conscience, mind, and heart; they subjected her to every outrage that God permits to his virgin-martyrs. Her king deserted her, her country betrayed her. At her execution, Paris lighted bonfires to show its joy; the *Te Deum* was sung in the Church of Notre Dame; at the court, Charles amused himself with another prophet, a pretender who was to rival Joan's best achievements. Nobody uttered a protest, nobody struck a blow; neither voice nor hand was lifted to avert her doom. "She came to them a maiden, and in years almost a child; beautiful, gay, with a glad countenance. They offered her the bread of tears and the water of affliction; they tricked her and they gave her the death of fire." And as she stands alone and helpless on that aerial death-pile, she forgives them all, she prays for them all,—for France, for the king, for her enemies, for the judges, for the "good people,"

as she called them—"Father, forgive them," she says like her Master.

What a wonderful scene it is, this martyrdom of the national heroine and saint; the mighty scaffold in the broad square of Rouen; the dark multitude surging in from every street; the stolid, staring crowd on the roof-tops round about; the scowling English soldiers, and the iniquitous tribunal,—all the hideous, mocking world against one little, innocent girl! And away above their heads on her scaffold the martyr clasps the crucifix to her breast. Her Saviour had suffered, and now He called this little sister to suffer too. "Jesus! Jesus!" she exclaims as the volleying flames rush upwards and seize her. "Jesus!" she cries aloud for the last time with an energy that thrills those round about; and the fair head drops on the maiden's breast, and the Daughter of God goes home to her Father's House.

Yes, the peasant girl of Domrémy is more than a chivalric ideal. She is a saint. Over her helmet she wears an aureola, over her silk and gold the halo of sanctity. Meek, humble, patient, forgiving, absolutely sinless and stainless, she stands at the close of the Middle Ages the embodiment and culmination of the ideal of sanctity treasured by those centuries of faith. If in her person knighthood attains its perfect flower; in her, too, the "Virgin Help of Christians" becomes visible among men. She is an angelic revelation, a vision made into flesh and blood,—inexplicable, alone, in the one sole ineffable path.

PATRICK A. DIRANNA, '20.

Joan of Arc in Literature.

"Es liebt die Welt, das Strahlende zu schwärzen
Und das Erhabene in den Staub zu ziehn;
Doch fürchte nicht! Es gibt noch edle Herzen,
Die für das Hohe, Herrliche entglühn."

SCHILLER, to VOLTAIRE.

NEVER, perhaps, has an individual attracted such universal attention and yet obtained so poor a place in literature as the heroic Maid of Orleans. In poetry and in legend, in history and in fiction, the world has either sung her praises or held her up to obloquy and scorn; from the very moment of her death to the present day, she has been denounced as a magician

or lauded as a martyr; her enemies have made unwarranted and unpardonable attacks upon her; her friends have glorified her as the "one flawless character of a brutal and wicked age". Yet, strange to say, in all this accumulation of writing there are but few masterpieces. Scarcely a decade since her death has failed to pay its tribute to her memory, but not until the nineteenth century does one of these tributes rise above the commonplace.

The first to busy themselves with her story are her French contemporaries. These give most contradictory accounts of her. To the French of the North she was a sorceress; "a monstrous woman", the limb of satan; to the party of the king she was a sacred virgin, an inspired prophetess, "one whose actions and renown were as necessary to maintain as the Bible itself." These contradictions, these controversies, these ill-assorted, inane vaporings of fanatical partisans, taint the pages of history for four hundred years. Finally, however, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Michelet, in his immortal "*Histoire de France*", redeems French history from the charge of ingratitude towards Joan of Arc. Rising even above himself, he gives in his sixth volume what is, if we accept the verdict of a contemporary critic, "the finest effort of history and the most popular picture of the saint;" inspired by the very loftiness of his theme, he enshrines forever in the hearts of his countrymen, their noblest ideal of patriotism and sanctity.

Michelet's history reawakened interest in the life and mission of Joan of Arc. After the middle of the nineteenth century, numerous biographies of the "Maid" begin to appear in France, reaching the culmination in our own day in the voluminous works of Anatole France and Monsignor Henri Debout. Anatole France may be dismissed with a "passing sigh". Thoroughly deistic, he cannot appreciate the supernatural in Joan; fiercely anti-clerical, he writes from a perverted view-point. Quite the contrary is the case with Monsignor Debout. Secretary to the Bishop of Orleans and member of the Beatification Commission, he had access to all documentary evidence concerning the Maid; a high-souled patriot, he could appreciate her consecrated heroism; a devout priest, he could judge adequately of the supernatural elements in her career. His monumental work, *La Vie Admirable de Jeanne d'Arc*, in two quarto volumes, is at once a charming literary masterpiece, and the final verdict of history on the life and deeds of Blessed Joan of Arc.

It is only, however, in the domain of history that Joan of

Arc has been adequately conceived and presented. Imaginative literature—whether poetry, drama, or fiction—has failed to grasp the soul beauty of the incomparable maid. And this is all the more marvelous, for Joan of Arc is the most poetic figure in the whole human drama. Great poets, it is true, have celebrated her for good or ill—Shakespeare, Voltaire, and Schiller—yet, if we except Schiller's *Jungfrau*, we have from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century a dreary night, broken only by an occasional gleam. The oddest, the quaintest, lines on Joan of Arc are those written by an Italian nun, her contemporary. Only one manuscript copy remains to this day, but "'tis caviare to the general." Naturally, too, the authors of the miracle plays found the maid a fitting subject for their lines. In her honor was composed "The Mystery of the Siege of Orleans", a drama presented every year on the anniversary of the deliverance of the city. Joan is the glorified heroine, yet we cannot but feel as we labor through its twenty thousand heroics, that the patriotism of the unfortunate audience that sat it out must have bordered on enthusiasm. This leviathan of a drama is worthy of literary note, solely because it gave birth to Shakespeare's presentation of Joan of Arc in "King Henry VI." We have met nowhere, excepting in the English chroniclers from whom Shakespeare borrowed, and in Voltaire, so false a picture of the Maid of France. We would wish to believe that Shakespeare never wrote those awful lines of the first act; they are unworthy of him, un-Shakespearian, unpoetical. But the best of poets fall sometimes below themselves,—"even good Homer nods"—and infamously bad as are the scenes with La Pucelle in Henry VI., their execrable taste and nefarious falsehood do not prove that Shakespeare did not write them. Misled, no doubt, by a spurious and ignorant patriotism, by the spirit of his country and his age, he might have been guilty of these deplorable libels on the noblest of God's creatures.

Shakespeare's mistake is, however, but a poor paltry error, beside the indecency of Voltaire. And it is to the eternal shame of France that one of her brightest geniuses should deliberately, with malice prepense, besmirch with licentious rhyme the chastity, the beautiful and noble fame of the Virgin of Domrémy.

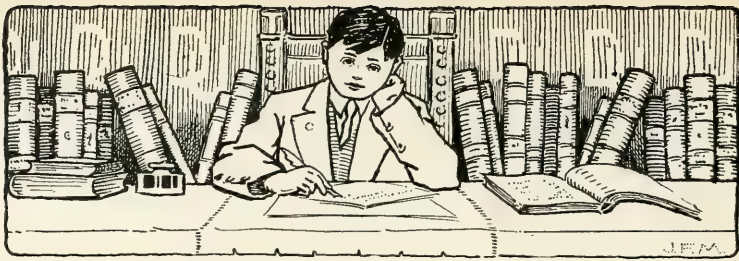
"I never committed the crime of reading Voltaire's Pucelle", said our English poet Southey; and as a protest he wrote his epic poem, "Joan of Arc". Tiresome though his production may be, it marks the first effort in English poetry to portray faithfully the life and deeds of the saintly heroine. In the same sacred

spirit of reverence, and likewise as a protest against Voltaire's ribaldry, Germany's noblest poet, the gifted and patriotic Schiller, wrote his *Jungfrau von Orleans*, the masterpiece of all pure literature that celebrates the maid. It is true that Schiller sins grievously against historical truth, both in the life and death of the heroine, that he weaves into her history for dramatic effect the romantic motive, and so creates a faulty impression of Joan's supernatural singleness of purpose; but his artistic motive is correct, and he attains his artistic purpose: from the purely natural point of view, his picture of Joan is ideally perfect. With his keen appreciation of the noble and the loyal, Schiller beheld Joan of Arc as the representation of the sacred cause of her country, the type of inspired purity and truth; through he falls far below the Catholic concept of the grace-inspired maid, he has at least rescued her from literary travesty and defamation, and has "placed upon the brow of her innocence, the beautiful wreath of poetical beatification."

Despite Schiller's beautiful conception of Joan of Arc,—romantically perfect though it be,—there remains to be written a literary masterpiece commensurate with the nobility and sanctity of the maid of France. So sublime and so pathetic a theme calls for the highest inspiration and kindest sympathy. Ere this world has run its course, perhaps some heaven-inspired singer may appear, some soul realizing within itself the natural and supernatural traits necessary for an adequate portrayal of the spiritual gifts of Blessed Joan of Arc.

SCRIBLERUS.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

A Lesson Already.

THE great American republic, with all its vast resources of men and money, has at last been drawn into the mad maelstrom of war. After three long years of precarious ventures into troubled waters, the whirling madness has clutched our Ship of State. What the future holds for us is extremely problematic. However, in view of our isolation and present affiliations, it does not seem probable that we are liable to extinction.

On the other hand, we shall surely receive a few valuable lessons. For instance, we are, even at this early moment, suffering from the foolhardy negligence of our bureau of naturalization in not having made more energetic efforts to bring into our fold the multitude of foreigners laboring at our most strategic points, our industrial centers. As a result, everyone of these un-Americanized Americans is a latent peril to the nation. Not having been taught that America has a soul and ideals, they think only of their own material welfare, and so are susceptible to the most insidious plotting.

The onus of this is traceable directly to the department head insofar as that individual has applied the stern dictum of business to this business of naturalization. He has made it pay dividends. Therefore, just an average profit of \$65,000 goes into the treasury of the U. S. each year after all cost of maintenance has been deducted. This sum, needless to say, accrues from the tax imposed upon candidates for citizenship.

Perceiving our danger at this late moment, many patriotic, commercial and labor organizations have adopted and presented to the authorities at Washington resolutions calling upon the

government to direct this annual gain to the extension and development of Americanization work among non-citizens. How the government can turn a deaf ear to this proposition is not easily imagined, so it is confidently to be expected that this evil will be remedied.

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.



After Graduation—What?

WE are wont at times to reflect, and not without wonder, on the relation of the mind to the succession of moments and the order of passing events. How slowly does the present yield to the future, and yet again with what rapidity does the present resolve into the past! What was to us a long stretch in September has eventually come to pass. We near our journey's end, and looking back over the course, realize that it has been accomplished very swiftly.

It is perhaps now more than at any other time of the year that the question arises in the mind, "What shall I do in the world?" The same question perplexes each generation, and becomes more serious and difficult according as the complexity of modern life increases.

We must come to realize this when we consider how much depends on one's first choice in life. We must realize that hazards lie about those first steps, and that life may be a success or failure, according as that choice has been fortunate or ill-advised. The term of our pilgrimage is too brief for experimenting and re-commencing.

In these turbulent times we need forethought and determination to steer our course through a seething world. He who makes the wrong choice, reaches a port where there is no demand for his cargo; he who vacillates, who has no fixed purpose, lies becalmed on a placid sea, or is tossed and driven about by storms far from a haven of refuge.

Many a young man, pausing on the threshold of life and with every opportunity to work some good in the world, asks himself: "Shall it be wealth, fame, ease; shall I choose pleasant rural haunts, with peace and quiet, or shall I heed the call of the city's throngs." The gay adventurer counting his opportunities and talents, chooses hopefully, dreaming all the while; and, alas!

he has scarcely begun before his airy castle tumbles about his head.

We must ask ourselves honestly, what is my work? What shall I do that I may best honor God, serve my country, and save my soul? What the heart answers sincerely, that is to be done. Pythagoras, centuries before the dawn of Christianity, thus counseled his disciples: "Choose the noblest way of life, however hard, for by use and habit even the hard things will become easy and sweet."

J. J. McDONOUGH, '17.



Dr. Walker's New Book.

IN the new series of books brought out recently by a large publishing company is one by a gentleman well and favorably known by our students. The book is a treatise on Corporation Finance, and the author is the authority on financial topics, Dean William Homer Walker, LL. D.

As noted in the preface, the book summarizes the lectures given in his classes in the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce during the past three years. But let this one fact be recognized: the book can never be as complete as the pointed talks given on Tuesday evenings. That the book is a synopsis of the lectures is proof positive of sound theory and the best practice on corporate financial procedure.

The orderly arrangement of topics, the clear-cut definitions, the explanations and practical examples make the book very readable and serviceable to the student, the accountant, the young banker and the investor.

From a pedagogical view, the book should prove eminently successful in the class room or lecture hall, as the discussions are arranged in a lucid manner, principles are deduced from observed data, and the chapters follow one another in natural sequence. The contents comprise a short sketch of a corporation, description of capital, capital stock, and the method of sales; the function of trade credit, loans, procedure in issuing bonds secured by mortgage, collateral trust, leases, the uses of preferred stock, etc.

For practical purposes, the critic must acknowledge that its equal has not yet appeared. From an experience varied and at times costly, the author has vitalized the pages, and tells in

unmistakably plain terms the pitfalls to be avoided in financing new corporations. These chapters alone are worth hundreds of times the cost of the book.

To the investor, the book will be really serviceable in so far as it explains by principles, precepts and examples, the various kinds of bonds and stocks that the corporations issue. The observations regarding the relative values of the various kinds of securities are succinct, comprehensive and concise. Not only is the reader told the items that should be found enumerated in the proposition, but he is enabled to distinguish by quick methods good from valueless funds.

The junior accountant will derive much benefit from a careful study of the book. He will find that the knowledge of the author is quite accurate on accounting methods, though he may not always approve of the definitions of accounting phenomena. Apparently the desire to condense complete thoughts, as stated in the original draft, has caused the editor to leave out important parts of sentences and many explanatory comments.

The young banker will learn for the first time many of the expedients used in financing corporations. The chapters on promotion, maintenance of capital, income, dividends and surplus, selling stocks and bonds, will undoubtedly be of the greatest value to him.

The quality and quantity of serviceable, condensed data make the book exceptionally welcome. Previous to the appearance of this text, no authoritative information could be easily secured concerning the financing of small companies. One might have concluded that only million dollar corporations existed. For the business man who wants to find out the safest and soundest method to finance a corporation about to be formed out of a partnership, Chapters I., III., V., XV. and XVIII. will prove invaluable. The chapters on the functions of promoters will be interesting and profitable reading to all.

We welcome this volume, and look forward to a succeeding work on another topic on which our Dean is acknowledged an authority, namely, Money and Banking.



Alumni.

REV. T. F. COAKLEY, D. D., of St. Paul's Cathedral, REV. J. R. COX, of the Epiphany, and REV. C. F. GWYER, of St. Canice's, are amongst those who have volunteered to serve as chaplains to the U. S. forces during the present war.

VALENTINE J. OLDSHUE, formerly city editor of the *Gazette Times* and during the last two years serving with the American Ambulance Corps in France, has received a first lieutenant's commission in the U. S. army.

WILLIAM J. HOEVELER distinguished himself in the American Ambulance Corps on the Verdun front. During the last three months he has been receiving instruction in the U. S. Aviation Corps at Miami. Will has the temperament, skill and courage to make an ideal aviator.

DR. HARRY L. MURPHY, of Crafton, is one of the twelve physicians Western Pennsylvania is contributing to the fighting front in France. He will rank as lieutenant. The doctors accepted will mobilize at the army hospital in Washington before sailing. Their first duty on arriving in France will be to make ready for the American engineers, regulars and marines, who are soon to cross the Atlantic.

BERNARD J. MCKENNA, Esq., is receiving instructions in the officers' camp at Fort Niagara.

TOM KENNY has enlisted as a Marine at Port Royal. His several years' experience in the National Guard, and his knowledge of higher Mathematics, should procure him rapid promotion.

SERGEANT RAYMOND C. BLATT, at present studying in the Kemper Military School at Boonville, Mo., has taken an examination for prospective army reserve officers.

JAMES F. DUNBAR has applied for the position of quartermaster sergeant.

AMONGST recent enlistments we note the names of HOWARD MURPHY, JOHN GILLESPIE and DAN KELLY, each of whom distinguished himself on the gridiron.

T. AMBROSE FEENEY has qualified to practice at the Bar of the State of Ohio. In conjunction with Frank A. Bolton, he has opened an office at 705 Trust Building, Newark, Ohio. We wish both a very successful practice.

E. GARRICK O'BRYAN serves as Secretary of the Executive

Committee of the Water Street District and Downtown Triangle Improvement Association.

JOSEPH L. JOHNSTON, besides being the chief chemist of the Pressed Steel Car Co., below McKees Rocks, is the official tax collector of Greentree Borough.

JOHN HESS is a very successful sales manager for the Knights Life Insurance Co. of America. His office is at 14 Wabash Street, W. E.

JOSEPH IRLBACHER is now exclusive proprietor of the Irlbacher Dye Works, having bought out the other members of the Company. He is the very efficient director of three establishments—at 4778 Liberty, 3700 Butler, and Commercial Avenue, Aspinwall. As cleaners and dyers, the Irlbacher firm has had an admirable record for upwards of twenty-two years.

JOSEPH ROSSWOG has opened a cigar store at 6269 Franks-town Avenue.

AUGUST KRIEGER has branched out into the wall paper business at 1223 Brownsville Road. We wish him well.

JACOB HERBST, since the death of his father, is president of the J. Herbst Lumber Co. He is to be congratulated on the increase of business his activities have secured for the Company.

JAMES DWYER recently experienced a stunning but agreeable surprise. On the day his father was numbered amongst the millionaires, he came into possession of the store on Webster Avenue with an added gift of \$200,000. With this start in life, James should make good.

JOHN D. LOCKE pays us an occasional visit when he comes to the city to make purchases for his Gents' Furnishing Establishment at Rockwood, Pa. He is always welcome.



Obituary.

TO Mr. Herbert H. Sullivan, professor of Chemistry and Biology until the 18th Regiment, of which he is an officer, was called to active service, we wish to convey the expression of our sincere sympathy on the death of his father,

Dr. J. Bailey Sullivan. Dr. Sullivan was a teacher in the old Pittsburgh Catholic Institute which, in the course of time, developed into the present Duquesne University. It is a supreme consolation to his surviving relatives and many friends, that he was one of earth's noblemen—a gentleman of whom his Church and his profession may feel justly proud. He was profoundly interested in Christian education and in the uplift of the humbler members of society. He gave two of his daughters to religion in the persons of Sister Justin of the Blessed Sacrament Order, and Sister Florence of the Sisters of St. Joseph. On Wednesday, May 23, he was laid to rest from Corpus Christi Church, Rev. H. J. McDermott attending as representative of the Faculty. *R. I. P.*

Robert Ray Mellody succumbed at the age of 24, after a tedious illness, passing away with all the comforts of religion on May 15. He graduated from the Commercial Department in 1910, and gave promise of a very successful business career. Rev. A. B. Mehler attended the funeral services in St. Lawrence's Church. *R. I. P.*

Leo H. Keating, ex-'99, was the victim of an automobile accident recently in one of the Western States. Our prayers will be offered up for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*



BASEBALL

' VARSITY.

HAMPERED considerably by the daily military drill, the enlistment fever and the disqualification of one of the most versatile members of the club, the 'Varsity team has dropped four out of five contests. The ordinary baseball fan "pulls hard for a victory," and cannot brook a defeat. Men of experience, however, realize that even defeat can be faced with

honor. Coach Bernard's men certainly have had no horseshoe hid in their kits. The proverbial "luck" has been with our opponents. Salem College of West Virginia won out in the ninth. Muskingum smashed us to a pulp; Juniata and Indiana Normal won out in the tenth. The only consolation we can offer our loyal "backers" is a clean cut victory over our time-honored rival, Grove City.

' VARSITY, 8—JUNIATA, 9.

The 'Varsity lost its opening game in the tenth inning to Juniata College. The Dukes whaled the leather for eleven clean blows, while Juniata had only five safe swats.

Berkley, of Juniata, was derricked in the second inning and Lawson was taken out in the fourth. Swartz, who was rushed into the breach, did much better. Fisher pitched for the Dukes and repeatedly pulled himself out of tight places. In the ninth inning, however, he suffered a lapse of control and Juniata put three runs across, deadlocking the score at 8-8.

Blair, the first man up for Juniata in the tenth, dropped a Texas leaguer over second, stole second, reached third on a passed ball and scored later when the ball bounded off Doran's shin-guard and rolled along the first base line.

McClurg and Coyle had several timely hits. The entire Juniata team played a fast game in the field. The score:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| DUQUESNE..... | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0-8 |
| JUNIATA..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 1-9 |

' VARSITY, 2—SALEM, 4.

The 'Varsity sustained its next defeat at the hands of the Salem College nine on the home grounds by a 4 to 2 score. Dennison twirled for Salem, and Carmody for Duquesne. The former pitched a steady game up to the sixth inning, when he suddenly shot out an S O S signal of a sore arm and Johnson was sent to the rescue.

The Salemites had a 2 to 0 lead up to the fourth, when Brickley doubled, Popoff singled and Obruba whaled the leather almost to the fence for a triple, thus deadlocking the score. In the ninth Powell and Captain Henderson laid down bunts and brought in the winning tallies when Johnson poled a long two-base smash to the fence.

In the third, Morrissey, running at full speed, shot out his gloved hand and turned a potential homer into a metéoric out. Henderson, Powell and Fox starred for the visitors.

' VARSITY, 3—MUSKINGUM, 16.

Muskingum downed the 'Varsity by a 16 to 3 score on the 'Varsity grounds, the Dukes joined the Zeppelin corps in the second inning and never came down to earth again. Despite ten costly errors behind him, Brickley pitched a remarkably steady game. To add to the Dukes' discomforture, Frost nipped them when hits would have told a different story. Bothwell, Cain and Captain Zitzman starred in the field. Popoff, Brickley and Kirk were effective at bat. Morrissey had the longest hit of the game, a triple to the left field fence.

' VARSITY, 13—GROVE CITY, 9.

The 'Varsity broke its losing streak by administering a 13 to 9 defeat to Grove City. The Dukes took a fancy to Batchelor's benders in the fourth inning and sewed up the game. Thereafter Grove City's star twirler settled down and pitched a steady contest. Brickley of the Dukes pitched an admirable game, allowing only seven scattered hits, while the Duke contingent registered seventeen blows.

Drengacz, McClurg and Brickley batted like fiends. Daugherty poled out three pretty hits. In the fifth inning he kicked in with a slashing homer over the center field fence with a man on second. Popoff, McGonigle and Obruba played a bang-up game for Duquesne, and Captain Schafer and Gould starred for Grove City. The score by innings:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| DUQUESNE..... | 2 | 4 | 0 | 6 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | *—13 |
| GROVE CITY..... | 2 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0—9 |

' VARSITY, 5—INDIANA NORMAL, 6.

The Indiana Normal boys won out in the tenth inning, at Indiana, in one of the best games of the season, 6 to 5. Herrick, the first man up in the tenth, tripled and scored when Schenk grounded to McGonigle. Herrick beat out McGonigle's peg to the plate by the fraction of a second. Herrick and Obruba each gleaned three hits. The latter had a three-base hit and a home run with men on bases.

The hitting on both sides was equally divided. Fisher, who was on the knoll for our boys, displayed a fine exhibition of sharp-shooting. The score by innings:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| INDIANA..... | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1—6 |
| DUQUESNE..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0—5 |

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The High School team has had so far a remarkably successful season. A strong aggregation has been selected, and the members work together like a well regulated piece of machinery. Most of them will be eligible for the 'Varsity next year, and, with the nucleus that will remain over, should give a good account of themselves in college baseball.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 8—SPRING LANE, 6.

University High opened its season with an 8-6 victory over Spring Lane. Kenna was on the mound for the High School lads; he gave only six hits, and struck out ten opponents. The score:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| U. H..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | x—8 |
| S. L..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2—6 |

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 6—SWISSVALE HIGH, 5.

Swissvale High succumbed to University High by a 5-6 score. Kenna and Wise were the opposing pitchers. The score:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| U. H..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1—6 |
| S. H..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0—5 |

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 16—MUNHALL HIGH, 3.

Munhall was defeated in a six-inning contest, 3-16. Marecki was touched for only one hit; that with four bases on balls and two errors netted Munhall its three runs. The score:

| | | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| U. H..... | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 9 | 2—16 |
| M. H..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2—3 |

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 10—FIFTH AVENUE HIGH, 3.

University High takes a legitimate pride in having downed Fifth Avenue High by a 10-3 victory. Fifth held the lead by two runs in the beginning of the fifth; then Rooney, Ruffenach and Kettl shoved ours to the front with their three timely runs. From this on, Fifth was beaten to a standstill, whilst the young Dukes forged ahead with two runs in each of the succeeding innings. McGrath was the successful twirler, ably supported by Catcher Leo Sheran. The score:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| U. H..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 2 | x—10 |
| F. A. H..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—3 |

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 9—BELLEVUE HIGH, 3.

Bellevue High was the next victim, 9-3. Marecki struck out seven and gave only six hits. Hayes had five assists to his credit. Rooney, Ruffenach and Richardson were the heavy hitters of the occasion. The score:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| U. H..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 1 | x-9 |
| B. H..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2-3 |

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 9—OAKDALE HIGH, 2.

In a seven-inning game, Oakdale lowered its colors to the invading Dukes, 2-9. Hayes, Rooney and Kenny carried off the batting honors; Doyle and Rose had the largest number of outs to their credit. Kenna out-classed Morgan and Rose on the mound. The score:

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| U. H..... | 1 | 6 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0-9 |
| O. H..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1-2 |

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 14—MUNHALL HIGH, 0.

"Pat" McGrath qualified for a niche in the hall of fame when he pitched a no-hit game against Munhall High, defeating them by a 14-0 score. McBride, Kelly and Sheran distinguished themselves in fielding; Ruffenach and Rooney wielded the bat to advantage.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| U. H..... | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 6 | x-14 |
| M. H..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0-0 |

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 5—ALLEGHENY HIGH, 6.

In Exposition Park Duquesne and Allegheny Highs clashed in what should be one of the hardest games of the season. Allegheny, after an unbroken series of victories, started in with confidence on their own grounds. The young Dukes were somewhat nervous, and "Pat" McGrath had not quite recovered from the strain of his no-hit game two days before. At crucial moments, when Allegheny was in line to score, the umpire accidentally or otherwise, got between Sheran and the fielder and thus prevented outs at the home plate. An avalanche of hits gave the Dukes five runs in the fifth inning. It was not until the ninth inning that Allegheny was able to take the lead. A base on balls and a two-bagger, with one out, decided the game against the Dukes. The score:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| U. H..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0-5 |
| A. H..... | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1-6 |

JUNIORS.

JUNIORS, 9—CRESCENT JUNIORS, 4.

The Duke Juniors won their second game, handing the Crescent Juniors of Rankin a first defeat, 9 to 4. Bollens made his debut as moundsman and twirled most effectively. Mahoney, Gujski and Wilson fielded well and also had the batting honors. The score:

| | R. H. E | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|---------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|----|---|
| D. U. JRS..... | 1 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | *-9 | 11 | 6 |
| CRESCENT JRS..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0-4 | 7 | 3 |

JUNIORS, 8—MUNHALL SOPHOMORES, 3.

The Munhall High School Sophomores were defeated for the second time at Munhall in a six-inning game, 8 to 3. Chief Wilson allowed only two bingles. Reynolds and Egan by timely hitting sewed up the game. Whalen accepted difficult chances.

JUNIORS, 5—TROY HILL JUNIORS, 3.

A nip-and-tuck game with spectacular plays and gilt-edged pitching resulted in a victory for the Juniors over a fast aggregation rejoicing in the title of Troy Hill Juniors. Wilson struck out ten of the visitors, and Mooney fifteen of the victors. The score was tied in the fifth inning, but in the seventh the sturdy little high school lads took the lead and increased it in the eighth. The score:

| | R. H. E | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|---------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|---|---|
| D. U. JRS..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | *-5 | 8 | 3 |
| TROY HILL JRS..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0-3 | 7 | 2 |

JUNIORS, 18—BROOKLINE JUNIORS, 2.

Chief Wilson had the Brookline Juniors at his mercy, allowing them only three hits. Sullie struck out seventeen batsmen, and Wilson had fourteen to his credit. The Duke Juniors scored 18 runs and the visitors only 2. Gujski was the hero at the bat, getting a home run, a three-bagger, and a single. Captain Gaffney, Bollens and McNally fielded remarkably well. The score:

| | R. H. E | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|---------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|----|---|
| DUKE JRS..... | 2 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 5 | *-18 | 12 | 3 |
| BROOKLINE JRS..... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0-2 | 3 | 7 |

JUNIORS, 2—CRESCENT JUNIORS, 5.

In a poorly played game, the Duke Juniors were defeated by the Crescent Juniors, 5 to 2. Bollens pitched a steady game, allowing only five hits. Poor fielding, however, by the Dukelings spelled defeat for them. Gujski and Gaffney played acceptably. Caldwell, by a timely hit, saved the Dukelings from a shut-out. The score:

| | R. H. E | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|---------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|---|---|
| D. U. JRS..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0-2 | 5 | 9 |
| CRESCENT JRS..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0-5 | 5 | 0 |

CHRONICLE

"Officer 666"

THE Dramatic Director and the University have good reason to feel proud of the distinct artistic success achieved by the "Red Masquers" in "Officer 666". This play, combining the elements of a melodrama and those of a farce, was more like real drama than anything the boys have hitherto essayed to present. They have been accustomed to keep their audiences in roars of laughter: this time, too, peal upon peal rewarded their efforts. But there were tense dramatic moments, when every spectator held his breath in fearsome expectation, forgetting for the nonce that it was only make-believe. There seemed also to be more personality than usual in the characterizations; each one was a sharply defined, pulsating, breathing, human individual. Radically this was all due, of course, to the author of the play; but—what is at least equally important—the director and the actors gave an interpretation that was in every detail true to life.

It must be said to the credit of all that no one part overtopped the others. Ray Baum's ('18) strong handling of the role of the well-poised villain, the picture expert Wilson, was an intensely interesting piece of work. By contrast, the lighter parts of Barnes and Officer Phelan, in the hands of Joseph Monteverde, '17 (Finance), and Joseph McIntyre, '19, suited these young men, as one said, "down to the ground." Joseph A. Burns, '18 (Law), as the young millionaire in search of a thrill, got the welcome befitting—a leading man of his stamp. In the principal female role, that of Helen Burton, the bride-to-be, Cornelius Becker, '17 (H. S.), was by turns timid, surprised, and indignant, as the story unfolded itself. Charles Donnelly, '19 (H. S.), made a very winsome, artless, unaffected cousin, Sadie Small, and John McDonough, '17, impersonated the Aunt, Mrs. Burton, with matronly grace and distinction.

A clever piece of character work was that of Thomas C. Brown, '19, playing the Japanese servant, Bateato. The plain-clothes man, Leo J. Zitzman, '17, and the police squad, under Thomas A. Drengacz, '17, helped the atmosphere and sustained the interest.

Both the men and the "ladies" in the play were correctly and

beautifully costumed, thanks to the generosity of several downtown stores. The stage was handsomely furnished. One unique feature of the performance, called for by the very plot itself, was the magnificent display of a large number of genuine and costly paintings, loaned for the occasion by Wunderly Bros., Art Dealers, who not only provided this unusual exhibit, but sent two experts to hang the pictures.

The intermission after the play was agreeably filled with a soprano solo by Charles Donnelly, a violin solo by Francis Kleyle, and a triple quartette, "The Goblins Will Git You If You Don't Watch Out!"

About 130 students participated in the second part of the entertainment, a snappy series of gymnastic drills and dances, and a remarkable set of pyramids. The baseball drill and the gymnastic dance were novel additions to the usual programme. The combination of swiftness, grace and strength in the pyramids elicited rounds of applause.

Throughout the evening, the University Orchestra furnished a varied and interesting programme of classic and popular music, adding the last indispensable touch to round out an entertainment that only Duquesne could provide.

M. A., '16.

Immediately after the declaration of war steps were taken both on the hill and in the downtown school to form a company for infantry drill. The services of Captain Drill James O. Corbett were secured, and all students and alumni of the University, who qualified physically, were invited to enroll. Since the beginning of May, the students of the downtown departments have been drilling twice a week in the assembly room of the Annex Hotel, and those of the departments on Bluff Street have had daily drill during the whole noon hour on the campus. Captains Griffin and Milne, U. S. A., Messrs. Dan Fisher, Mountain, McCloskey, Johnston, Ferrick, King and O'Brien have aided Captain Corbett in putting the boys through the evolutions. Rev. E. N. McGuigan is also a very active promoter of the work. Excellent discipline prevails, and a crack company is fast being developed.

A school for the training of officers for the United States Army has also been opened.

William Jackson, of the Second High; William Morrissey of the Prep. Law class, star 'Varsity basketball and baseball player;

Ray Baum, of the Junior class, official cheer-leader at all athletic contests and heavy man in the last three plays; John "Red" McGuire, John Breen, Howard Murphy and J. Murphy, have all enlisted in the Infantry; John and Paul McGraw are in the Hospital Corps; Leonard Kane, Charles Keane, Howard Kreuer and Dan Maher have joined the "Mosquito Fleet"; Desmond Schneider is in the Engineering Corps; William Graham is a Sergeant in the Field Artillery.

The students are taking an active part in the very necessary work of providing abundant food for the nation and its armies in the present crisis. Almost everyone is working at present in the family garden. About a

Gardening hundred students have signified their willingness to work on farms during the summer. Rev. Bernard McGuigan, manager of the Clairvaux Camp for boys, near Beaver, spoke to them on May 18. He will employ a large number throughout the summer.

With impressive ceremonies Duquesne University raised Old Glory on a new 85-foot flag-pole dominating the city at one o'clock on Tuesday, May 22. Previous to

The Raising of the Flag the unfurling of the flag, city and county officials and the deans of the different faculties were entertained at lunch, and the students' infantry, commanded by three army officers, gave an exhibition drill on the campus.

Joseph A. Burns, Law '18, President of the Students' Athletic Association, donors of the flag, was chairman of the exercises. Justin J. Gallagher, College '19, in his presentation address, spoke of the symbolism of the flag, its history and its claims on all true Americans.

In his address of acceptance, the President, the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, LL. D., spoke as follows:

My first duty is to thank our visitors for their presence, and the Athletic Association for the gift of the flag. . . .

The flag we are about to raise has had its place for the past 32 years on the College tower, right under the Shadow of the Cross, for it is exactly 32 years since yonder building was dedicated. And I venture to say that no more appropriate or befitting place can be assigned to the flag of our country than under the shadows of the Cross of Christ, and whilst placed on this lofty

pole, it still remains under the shadow of the Cross of the college building.

There are or should be, gentlemen, two great loves in the soul of man—the love of God and the love of country. I feel inclined to say, after the example of our Divine Master, when He said that the love of God and of our neighbor are one, that the love of God and of our country are one. I do not believe that a man can love his country with true patriotic love, unless he has the love of God in his soul. I believe that the more a man loves God, the more genuine, the more disinterested, the more self-sacrificing, is his love of country and the flag of his country. . . .

Let us rally round this flag and learn the lessons it teaches. No bird and no beast of prey is inscribed on our flag. The stars bespeak the growth and greatness of our Republic, as the stars light our paths at night, so the flag with its stars is to lead us to the morning of hope and to the dawn of victory. The blue reminds us of the skies above and of heaven—Excelsior is to be our motto; we are to be a better nation and people. The white speaks of innocence and spotlessness; let no stain sully that whiteness, and let our lives as individuals and as a people be crimeless before God and men. The red is not the blush of shame, but it suggests sacrifice and blood, signifying that we must be ready to suffer and die, if necessary, for our country. These are some of the many lessons taught us by this flag which we hoist to-day, as a beacon from this lofty eminence to all the citizens of our great city, a flag which we raise with a wish and prayer that God may guide us and make us one and all most loyal to the flag, to the Stars and Stripes, and I pray also that God may enable us, as a nation and as a people, to bring true liberty and true peace to the nations of the world.

The buglers then sounded the "salute to the colors", whilst Captains Griffin and Milne, U. S. A., slowly raised it. The whole assembly immediately broke into the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner", accompanied on cornets by Professor Weis, William McNanamy, Jacob Mosti and James Graham.

Judge Reid and Judge Drew also addressed the students, and a letter was read from his Honor the Mayor, expressing his regret that the Governor's call to Harrisburg prevented him from being present. The ceremonies closed with a blessing, pronounced by Rev. Lawrence O'Connell, and the singing of "America".

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Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXIV.

JULY, 1917

No. 10

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXIV.

JULY, 1917

Number 10

Graduation Night.

FAREWELL a while, my own Duquesne,
I love thee more that now I leave thee;
The holy tie, the mystic band,
Draws closer round my heart to grieve me.
Thy campus, and thy sunny halls,
I leave with sad regret behind me.
The gladsome faces beaming round
Of happy college days remind me.

But for this night we'll cast our cares
Upon the winds, and seek for pleasure;
And may each one that sits around
Give and receive it without measure.
Assembled round the festive board,
We'll raise our voices cheerily;
Then to the deep, with steady sweep,
Our bark we'll steer right merily.

E. L. WILSON.



How Can I Serve My Country?

(Master's Oration)

THE power against which we are arrayed has sought to impose its will upon the world by force. The time has come when we must combat this great power. To this end the United States has entered the greatest conflict of modern times with a clear understanding and appreciation of the responsibilities involved in the act. It is accepted as a settled thing that we will proceed energetically and resolutely to raise two armies—one for home defense and one for service overseas. It is "a task of the first magnitude" that confronts us, one to which, as our President eloquently declared, "we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and peace which she has treasured."

In view of the present situation and the call to the flag, the predominant question in the American mind is, how can I serve my country?

If you possess the physical qualifications, enlist in any of the various branches of active service—army, navy, aviation corps, ambulance corps, and many others.

But the question comes also to those who, for various reasons, cannot enlist for active service. These men, women and children can serve the country in various and important ways. The man at home, at his bench, is oftentimes rendering a greater assistance to his country than many on the firing line. The larger the number of men required on the fighting line, the heavier the responsibility that falls upon the producer behind the lines. Not only must he produce for the civilian population, but he must make good the shortage caused by the withdrawal of men from industry to the army.

Suppose you are engaged in one of the highly organized industries, a maker of automobiles, of dye-stuffs, of woolen goods,

of metal products. The probabilities are that you would be retained in your position; that if you offered your services to the country as a fighting man they would be refused. Suppose you are engaged in any branch of the system of communication in this country, telephone or telegraph. The chances are that your whole industry will be taken over, and that you will find yourself, if not in the Government employ, at least under Government supervision, and in the service of your country precisely to the same degree as the man who goes out in khaki with a rifle on his shoulder. Several million men are employed in this country in connection with transportation, on the railroads, steamboats, and trolley lines. The utmost care would be exercised by the Government in distributing these men, or in calling upon them to fight. Transportation is an absolute essential of effective warfare, just as necessary as the making of munitions; for munitions, once made, do not become of value until they are carried to the battle front.

Every American industry, therefore, must continue to operate. They must go forward to increased production; for new and pressing demands upon them arise each day—demands which are vital to the ultimate success of the present war.

To those American men who are to remain at home, and to all American women, will the task fall of sustaining our industries. To do that work, every resource must be co-ordinated and brought into service. The President calls upon the farmer, the merchant, the miner, and the manufacturer, to sustain and increase production and distribution to meet our expanding demands. Upon the farmer rests in a large measure the fate of the war and the nation. The supreme need of our nation, and of the nations with which we are co-operating, is an abundance of supplies, and especially of foodstuffs.

No feature of war is so ominous as the danger of famine. We see that patently enough to-day in the various warring countries. If our truck gardeners and farmers have strained their energies to produce the limit, we must fall back upon other producers—our children. How may American children help America to be prepared for the war, and to engage in it successfully? By utilizing existing agencies—our home garden, school garden, and vacant lot associations. Children should be encouraged to plant in their gardens no flowers, but vegetables only. Economists see the reserves of fertility in the back yards and vacant lots of our cities and towns, and they see the labor power

in the "idle hour" of men and women, but especially of children. They would intensify vegetable planting by using existing machinery in a large way, and by greater publicity, co-ordination and consequent efficiency. Most of the six million boys and girls in this country between the ages of seven and nine would seem to have time enough for home gardening, while for at least two-thirds of these children, there is access to back yards, side yards, front yards, and vacant lots, which might be cultivated as small gardens for the growth of vegetables and small fruits.

Consider what the children with some intelligent direction might produce in vegetables and fruits, not only for their own table, but also to supply the men at the front. Such a nationwide effort, thoroughly carried out, would add from \$250,000,000 to \$500,000,000 to the food value of this season's crops. Aside from this, a certain number of physical and moral advantages are also evident—new health and strength for children, and a greater removal from the temptations of the street; also, greater appreciation and knowledge of nature, and—what is of special value just now—a keener sense of responsibility to our country during the present crisis.

The housewives of America may play a deciding part in the elimination of waste.

Out of our abundance have come many careless customs that must be changed or curbed. We must learn to imitate the race thrift of the housewife of France, who has so ably aided the soldier members of her family by home saving. Save wherever you can, and show by your economy and carefulness that those who are in need may not want because of your waste. Time will only prove to us the vast importance that the elimination of waste in the home will have in the winning of the war of all wars.

Then again, our country can be very efficiently served in rendering our aid to the American Red Cross Society.

If we propose to help the wounded in Flanders or to prepare against the day when we may need help ourselves; if we are inclined to come to the rescue of stricken and afflicted people in this country—or anywhere else—the most efficient and patriotic method one can think of is to join the Red Cross. It brings to mind the San Francisco fire, the Chinese famine, the Mississippi floods, and the Messina earthquake. It is like a page in Sherlock Holmes. It is a part of our life and inheritance; it is a good part of what makes us proud of our country. There is not a man alive in the Republic who would not have answered had he had a

personal call to stand by, on any of these occasions, and had known it. Well, on this occasion you have had the call, and so have I. The Red Cross does it. If you belong, you help.

If you cannot man the industries, till the soil, or give active service, no better or more valiant and patriotic duty could you render your country than by aiding to alleviate the pains and sufferings of those who have gone to the fighting lines to give their blood for their country and yours.

These, ladies and gentlemen, are only a few of the numerous and various ways in which our country can be served. Our victories are not won solely by the men at the front, but also by the forces that remain at home, and that, by their united efforts, do their duty to the land that bore them.

In the sense in which we have been wont to think of armies, there are no armies in this struggle. There are only whole nations armed. Thus the men beneath the flags are less a part of the army that is France or England, than the men who remain at home to till the soil and man the factories. So it must be with us. It is, then, not an army that we must shape and train for war; it is a nation.

To this end we must draw close in one compact form against one common foe. But this cannot be if each pursues a private purpose. All must pursue one purpose. The Nation needs all men, but needs each man, not in the field that will most please him, but in the endeavor that will best serve the common good. Thus, though a sharpshooter pleases to operate a trip-hammer for the forging of great guns and an expert machinist desires to march with the flag, the Nation is being served only when the sharpshooter marches and the machinist remains at his levers. The whole Nation must be a team in which each man shall play the part for which he is best fitted.

We have appealed to the lower motive of fear and a proper regard for our own safety; but far above that is our deep concern for the safety of our imperiled institutions; for that which was Abraham Lincoln's solicitude—that this last great experiment of human freedom, a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

We have entered into the common struggle; so let us do a great Nation's part in the battle of civilization and in high devotion to the cause of all humanity—for the democracy and freedom of the whole world.

While Right was fighting for its life and ours, until quite

recently we were left behind inert and useless. Oh, soon we hope to be delivered from this shame—soon we trust we shall stand beside our brothers, ready to do our bit!

No step in a man's life is often more sordid and apparently meaningless than his death. But if by our death we could help our country and defend our flag, who would not leap for the opportunity? Then at last we shall be safe—life glorified, death sanctified;—clean gain either way. Then we can truly say, "whether we live, we live unto God; and whether we die, we die unto God," for then, in this holy cause, "to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

HENRY J. GELM, M. A., '17.



The Beauty of Flowers.

LIKE the brook—the simple stream;
I like the fairy moon-light's beam,
O'er wood and dell;
But more I like in sedge and grass,
To see fair flow'rets as I pass,—
I like it well.

Fair creatures of the fairest day,
They bloom awhile, then fade away,
Their heads resign'd;
When autumn winds sweep o'er the earth,
Blasting each thing of tender birth,—
Rude and unkind.

But, beauteous flow'rs, I like ye well,
By rippling stream, in grove or dell,
Or lowly vale;
Ye speak a language true and mild,
Far more than hoary mansions piled,—
How sweet your tale!

Ye tell me at the coming gloam,
I must not here take up my home
Nor dream of bliss;
And when ye die my vision soars,
To worlds where life eternal pours,—
More bright than this.

WILLIAM WADE.



“P. P. P.”

THE loyal Pittsburgher venerates a motto which sets forth adequately his pride in the natural gifts and the artificial attainments of his remarkable city. To him nothing is so obvious as that “Pittsburgh Promotes Progress”. He elbows through its crowded markets; he ploughs his course among innumerable wayfarers in the “downtown section”; he gazes complacently upon a thousand chimneys, and congratulates himself that he lives in the most wonderful city in the world. But the trouble is that he has lived nowhere else. The progressive stranger is not quite so enthusiastic: he can make comparisons. To him the far-famed motto is susceptible of quite another interpretation; laconically he might observe that Pittsburgh Paralyzes Progress. Some features of our city justify such an interpretation.

Pittsburgh is indeed blessed with splendid natural gifts, both as to location and scenery. Its numerous hills arise in graceful folds from the silvery currents of three beautiful rivers. Its hill-sides are decked with natural parks, clothed in soft perennial green or sculptured in rude, quaint, or majestic forms by the elemental forces of wind and rain. Along the roads and bridle-paths in outlying districts, immense trees whisper to one another in the gentle breezes of spring and autumn. A peculiar unity and harmony seem to pervade the entire scene. No hill is too high, no water course too broad. Scarcely is there a city in the world endowed with such a fund of natural beauty, blest with such a store of natural gifts for the use and enjoyment of man.

Yet it would seem that the citizens of Pittsburgh have either thrown away or spoiled their inheritance. Notwithstanding all their natural advantages, they persist in cultivating unsightliness in hill and valley and waterway. The natural scenery about us is defaced by dirty, irregular, and unsightly buildings. Our hills are garnished with dilapidated stairways, rotting in the very eyes of our municipal administration, or are marred by open waterways whose grey-brown currents percolate through beds of refuse, or wind in and out between malodorous back yards and

unkempt gardens. In many spots along these stairways, the railing is either trembling in senile decay, or has passed into innocuous desuetude; the immediate environment for the pedestrian is mud and tin can, ash-heap and discarded bottle; the pervading atmosphere is frankly unfragrant. Untidy children disport among discarded household furniture, and slatternly matrons hang out dilapidated linen on superannuated undergrowth. Nor is this general untidiness confined to any one "hill section" of the city. It extends north, south, east, and west. Scarcely is there a hillside thoroughfare whose physical makeup is sound, or whose immediate surroundings are wholesome. Among our "cliff dwellers" there seems to be an enthusiastic conspiracy against nature. And the Board of Public Health looks on complacently.

Along our waterways the same untidiness prevails. A century ago the scenery of our three noble rivers must indeed have been charming. We can imagine the graceful foliage by the swift-flowing Allegheny, the varied scenery of the winding Monongahela, and the lordly sweep of the beautiful Ohio. But the hand of man has been laid on the gifts of God, and the gifts have been defiled. We must, of course, allow for the needs of industrialism. Mills, factories, and railroads will needs extend along our river banks; and mills, factories, and railroads connote, perforce, smoky atmosphere and untidy surroundings. Yet a little insistence on cleanliness by the city administration would bring about a wonderful transformation along these water courses. Granite breakwaters would be an agreeable substitute for unsightly banks of mud; refuse heaps could be disposed of, and vacant spaces transformed into small river parks and playgrounds; shrubbery could be coaxed to grow in the abandoned stretches along the banks; dwellers in the immediate environment of the river, owners of river craft, house-boats, and landings, might easily be intimidated into an approximation of neatness. Approaches to bridges could be beautified indefinitely. Instead of selfish, loud-mouthed protestation against national plans for bridge improvement, a more generous coöperation would bespeak less of venal commercialism and more of civic pride and aesthetic appreciation. Despite the handicap imposed by trade and manufacture, there is ample scope to cultivate the natural endowment of beauty.

Our streets likewise are poorly constructed and miserably kept. With the exception of the few narrow streets in the

confined business area, and the few broad avenues in the aristocratic section, the thoroughfares of our city are unsightly and unclean. Invariably these streets are narrow, invariably are they untidy, invariably are they out of repair. Throughout the city, the sidewalks need repaving. The stranger pedestrian must needs be watchful of his steps in passing along our sidewalks. One wonders what use has been made of the paving-blocks removed from the sidewalks in the South Side—there are few brick or stone dwellings in that vicinity. There seems to be no definite planning of the hill sections for future streets. These vast areas are spotted here and there with precarious habitations thrown up, it would seem, haphazardly—"when the fit was on." Yet it would be the easiest thing in the world to map out all these sections with streets and parks. Then, again, rarely is any cleaning done on most of our streets. Except for the casual visitations of the "American Reduction Company", sorry indeed would be the condition of our common streets. Apart from an occasional flushing in the business section and a kindly shower of rain, our thoroughfares remain dusty, dirty, unwholesome. Fat politicians living in East End luxury, do not realize the environmental influences to which the proletariat is condemned.

Pittsburgh is known throughout the land as the "Smoky City". Its very industrialism makes it such. The great steel mills with their huge furnaces and enormous stacks, give rise to practically one-half the smoke and dirt of the city; the numerous scattered factories add much more to the poisonous smoke of the steel mills; and the railroads, passing through the whole length and breadth of the city, with the smoke just streaming from the engines, contribute just enough smoke and dirt to justify the appellation "Smoky". Other cities have abated such nuisances by passing laws regulating the height of stacks and the consumption of smoke, and by forcing the railroad companies to install electric motors. By taking similar drastic measures, Pittsburgh could easily rid itself of such nuisances by rigidly enforcing the ordinances passed by the city council.

What is the cause that our city thus remains in so many of its vital energies under a sort of paralytic spell? We do not underrate the splendid industrial activity of Pittsburgh, the fine public spirit that characterizes many of our citizens; we do not wish to belittle the aesthetic and social feeling that has created our fine parks and residential districts, nor the keen sense of public service that has given rise to our library system and our

local colleges and technical schools. Yet most of such enterprise is the outcome of private philanthropy or the result of individual wealth. Is then the condition of our vast cosmopolite sections due mostly to lack of such virtues in the proletariat? Can our untidy and ill-paved streets, our unseemly water fronts, our haphazard location of thoroughfares, our abandonment of beauty along the hillsides, be laid at the door of the working population? In some measure, no doubt—in the same measure as the untidiness of the urchin may be charged to his own inadequate perception of ideals of cleanliness. But in the same degree as the unwashed child connotes unkempt parenthood, does the uncleanly street connote civic incapacity. Everything in Pittsburgh that "promotes progress" may be attributed to the ambition, industry, or virtue of individual citizens; may not much that paralyzes progress be charged to successive closed corporations of venal politicians who exploit the public to attain their own ends? Whenever a civic administration is borne into power on a wave of religious prejudice or narrow party spirit, we may rest assured that American ideals of civic betterment will subserve partisanship and plutocracy.

FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20.



What Catholics Have Done For American Liberty and Independence.

(An Oration)

THE Church does not concern herself with the complicated problems of human government. Her mission has a higher and holier purpose. Nevertheless she has exercised a powerful influence on civil governments all during the ages. Her influence has been equally great in the development of free principles and in the progress of civil liberty. Indeed the essential features of democracy—liberty, equality and fraternity, are just as old as the Church herself. It was on her own soil that the tree of liberty took root and spread its branches and shed its fruits throughout the civilized world. Under her fostering care and teaching that obedience to the law of God is the only righteous rule of life, and recognizing man's personality—his will, conscience, thought, spirit—she inspired her children to think and act individually, thus giving rise to their perfection in all the arts and sciences, and keeping alive in them the quenchless blaze, the fires of human freedom. She has been the guardian of human liberty adown the centuries.

When human rights were struggling for existence, the Church was the Sanctuary of hope that carried the spark of liberty, blazing forth at one time, or again smouldering, yet ever alive, ready to break forth from the clouds of darkness and oppression into the noon-day of freedom. And thus, by an unbroken chain, liberty has come down to us, freighted with the precious principles of Holy Mother Church to the nations who bore our ancestors, and then to our forefathers, the founders of this our own American Republic, the home of liberty and independence.

These same principles inculcated through so many centuries we find in her children when they raised the family altars and lit the fires of freedom in the infancy of this nation. In the labors and hardships of colonization, in the planting of the vital elements of American freedom and in the creation of our American civilization, much has been done by the children of the Catholic Church. It was the Catholics of the colony of Maryland under Lord Baltimore that first proclaimed universal liberty, both civil and religious. This proclamation became the keynote of the grand song of American liberty that echoes over the entire Union. The genius of that colony consecrated by the Church, rose on the horizon of history as the day-star of American institutions.

Then in the war of independence with England, when the arbitrament of arms had been invoked to maintain liberty, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a learned and distinguished Catholic, the wealthiest man in the colonies, espoused with ardor his country's cause, and encouraged his fellow-churchmen to assist the revolted colonies. He and his cousin, Archbishop Carroll, were the first diplomats of the Thirteen States accredited to foreign countries. They were sent to the Catholics of Canada, and, as an able and eloquent defender of the cause of liberty, the Archbishop was the cause of hundreds of Canadian Catholics entering the Army of the Continentals.

Catholic France was the first to recognize the belligerent rights of the infant republic. She gave her means to arm and equip its forces and carry on its campaigns. She who was proud to call herself the "Fourteenth State", sent her army and navy to aid in the battle against overwhelming odds, and without her powerful assistance, the revolt would have ended a disastrous failure.

The Marquis de Lafayette, a Catholic also, came to the defense of the colonies with his purse, and gave his services in the field of the struggling patriots.

In that eventful war, American, Irish and German Catholics fought side by side with their Protestant fellow-citizens. Almost half of the American army was composed of Irishmen who sought freedom from oppression in the new land of liberty. Among the many Irishmen who held commands in the Army and Navy were General John Stark, the hero of Bennington; General Anthony Wayne, "Mad Anthony", as he was lovingly called; General John Sullivan, General Richard Montgomery, and General Moylan, with Commodore Barry on the high seas, appointed by Washington "the father of the American Navy", and commander of the first ship to hoist the Stars and Stripes. Jere O'Brien, who in Machias Bay, fought the first naval fight of the Revolution, was another Irishman.

Knox's artillerymen and Morgan's riflemen were all Irishmen. At the battles of Bennington, Stony Point, Cowpens and King's Mountain, Irishmen commanded the American armies in person. The Maryland line, which bled so freely at Camden, with the Catholic Baron de Kalb, was composed to a great extent of Catholic soldiers. The victory of Cowpens, where John Morgan commanded, Bancroft says, marks the most important battle of the Revolution. In this great struggle for liberty, half the

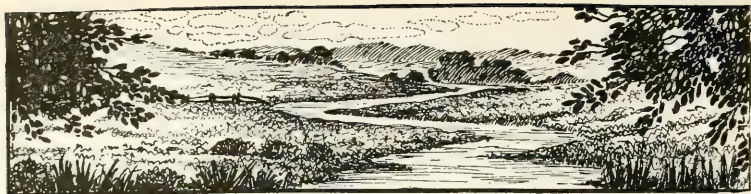
generals and officers were Catholics,—Lafayette, Pulaski, Count de Grasse, Rochambeau, Baron de Kalb, Kosciusko and many others.

Catholic Spain threw open her home ports and the port of Havana to the American marines. She contributed 3000 barrels of powder, blankets for ten regiments, and a million francs to the young and struggling republic. From Catholic Poland came Pulaski and Kosciusko, immortal names in American history and gratitude. Indeed, all the foreign aid that came to the struggling colonists we owe to Catholics and Catholic countries.

Consider then this historic array, brief and incomplete as it is, and add to it the many other advantages that Catholicity has conferred upon American citizenship from its treasure-houses of literature and its repositories of art; its encouragement of architecture and its open-handed charities. Then consider its schools of learning and its magnificent libraries; its unfailing support of civil authority, its mighty achievements for the cause of temperance, its unswerving attachment to every sound moral principle. Add its garnerers of splendid music, the development of religious drama, the long list of authors and their voluminous contributions to literature; its magnificent files of bibliography and its precious rolls of sacred manuscripts. Consider its hospitals for the afflicted, hospices for the weary and distressed, and refuges and shelters for the sick of mind and heart, and, finally, its uplift of the standard of the cross in every hour of trial.

One cannot briefly do justice to the subject so vast is its scope. At most I have given but a mere outline of a wonderful history, but sufficient to mark the one important point that the Church, which in every age has been the advocate of free principles, the mother of heroes and republics owing to the teachings of her Founder, is the living witness, the custodian, and guide of democracy. In her hands are the golden keys which give access to the treasures of life. Under her aegis have struggling nations securely gained their birthright of freedom. That she is the friend of free institutions, we need no better proof than living acts, and this is to be seen in what Catholics have done for American liberty and independence.

J. J. McDONOUGH, '17.



If You Ask the Father.

WHEN fears and perils thicken fast,
And many dangers gather round;
When human aid is vain and past,
No mortal refuge to be found—
Then can we firmly lean on Heaven,
And gather strength to meet and bear;
No matter where the storm has driven,
A saving anchor lives in prayer.

O God! how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the blest decree,
That grace can e'er be found when sought,
And nought shut out the soul from Thee.
The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
The flame may scorch, the rack may tear;
But torture-stake and prison-wall
Can be endured with faith and prayer.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom,
In grateful joy, in trying pain,
In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb,
Oh! when is prayer unheard or vain?
The Infinite, the King of Kings,
Will never heed the when or where,
He'll ne'er reject a heart that brings
The offering of fervent prayer.

E. COOK.

The Call.

THE large Colonial clock in the hall-way of a big frame mansion struck six when a silver-crowned head and a wrinkled, motherly face appeared, for the third time within the hour, at the bay-window of a living-room, anxiously await-

ing her son. The people hurrying homeward from the places of their employment failed to notice the care-worn countenance of this fragile little mother who scanned the face of each pedestrian as he mounted the steep ice-covered street, thinking that perchance it might be her boy's. After waiting for awhile in vain, she turned her footsteps to her daughter's quiet studio on the second floor, the windows of which faced the long snow-clad lawn.

"Alice," asked the aged mother in a trembling voice as she entered the room, "do you think Ed is working overtime to-day?"

Miss Beverly, who, like her mother, seemed to be worried over her brother's unusual tardiness, turned from the window where she had stood pondering, and smiling assuringly, cheered her mother as well as she could.

"Don't worry, mother. I am sure Ed is working overtime," said Alice as she seated her mother near the window. "You see the time for making out the annual tax statement is at hand, and the City Hall is thronged constantly with property owners who come to pay their taxes. Evidently Ed, as one of the more experienced employes, is kept busy beyond his regular hours."

"Daughter, Ed always tells me whenever he expects to work late, and he mentioned nothing of the kind this morning."

"Oh, mother, why worry unnecessarily? Ed isn't a mere boy. A man of his age should be able to take care of himself." Then, as if trying to hide her own embarrassment, Alice pointed toward the lawn, directing her mother's attention to the numerous lights twinkling in the windows of the distant houses, and comparing them to the stars that had already begun to dot the dark blue vault above.

Just at that moment, the door knob turned, and Ed, the subject of their anxiety, entered the house. He stopped for awhile in the hall-way to take off his hat and heavy overcoat. Immediately the two ladies left the little studio, and Alice escorting her feeble mother, slowly descended the stairs. In a moment, mutual greetings were exchanged, and soon they were seated around the dining-room table.

As usual, Ed entertained his mother and sister with an account of the day's happenings. But there was noticeable in his voice a tone that jarred upon his hearers' ears, and made them feel that he had some news to communicate that would prove a disagreeable surprise. At length, when the evening meal was

drawing to a close, he determined to broach the subject most on his mind.

"Mother", he said, "I was late to-day because I called at the recruiting station on my way home."

The meaning curtained behind his words escaped his mother's attention, and turning to her daughter she asked:

"Alice, what do you think of Ed's being at the recruiting station this afternoon?"

"Well, mother, I really don't know what to think of his being there. But I must warn Ed not to go there any more without our knowledge. Otherwise we shall miss him again."

"Did you miss me, Alice?" Ed laughingly questioned.

"Did I? I should say I did. Just ask mother how we felt when you failed to come at your usual hour. But, Ed, tell me what induced you to enter the recruiting station when you never went there before?"

"Perhaps nothing more than mere curiosity. But don't you think America needs recruits?"

The last sentence Ed said in a low tone as though intended for himself, but the sharp ear of the mother caught the meaning of it and with an eager, curious tone in her voice, interrupted her childrens' conversation.

"But, Ed, you don't intend to become a recruit?"

"Mother, why shouldn't I, when my country is in need?" earnestly asked the young man as he came near his mother's side.

"But Ed, America is not yet attacked at home," simultaneously cried out the mother and sister.

Caressing his mother's hand, Ed nodded his head towards the paper that lay folded on the bamboo table. His sister, laying down her work-basket, curiously glanced at the six o'clock edition of the *Pittsburgh Press*, and uttering a slight cry of astonishment, read the headlines printed in the big red letters, "America on the Verge of War." After reading the title, she laid the paper aside and cast a long, fond look towards her aged mother and her beloved brother.

This conversation, the noble disposition of the young man and the announcement in the paper sufficed to let the two broken-hearted women understand the crisis was at hand. They all kept silence, for they were afraid to betray their feelings. At length two big tears rolled down the mother's wrinkled cheeks.

Standing beneath the portraits of her husband and first-born, she asked, "Do you really want to enlist in the army?"

"Mother, America calls me," was the only reply Ed gave.

"Go, then, my boy, and follow the footsteps of your father and older brother," replied the mother as she blessed her boy.

Two days later the little family met for the last time around the dining-room table. The mother's face was drawn and sad while tears coursed freely down her aged cheeks. Alice was outwardly calm, and heroically concealed all evidence of the anguish that gnawed at her loving heart. Edward bravely passed through the ordeal, picturing to them both his happy home-coming, crowned with a victor's laurels won in his country's cause. Not to prolong the agony of parting, he bade them an affectionate but hasty farewell, and sped on his way to join his regiment. Wistful faces and tear-dimmed eyes followed him to the curve in the high road, where he disappeared from view, waving his hat in a final adieu.

Alas! how many times will scenes like this be enacted before the dove of peace alights upon our standards. Thousands of brave American youths will answer their country's call. Thousands of mothers and sisters will mourn the absence of their loved ones, and pray for their safe return. How will that prayer be answered? Ah, if they meet not here below, they will cherish the hope that they shall meet again where partings are no more, and every tear is brushed away from off the face that mourns, and where every sacrifice for God or country will be rewarded beyond the dreams of the most sanguine.

S. M. ZABOROWSKI, '19.



The Fervent Heart.

O H, what a glory doth this world put on
For him that, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and lessons eloquent.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

—A. Q. Z.

Trying Them Over.

ON a swampy tract of land, "somewhere in Erin", stood an old mule and a cart of hay. The mule had balked. Men gathered around the mule and the cart of hay, and their suggestions were as varied as they were ineffectual.

"Tie a string around his ta-ail" said one of the by-standers. "It gives him somethin' else to think about. It never fails." This remedy was applied, but had no effect.

"Blindfold him," suggested another.

A bandage was tied over the mule's eyes, and an attempt was made to start him, but not with the hoped-for result.

"Back him!"

"He won't back," shouted the exasperated owner, "I tried that!"

"Try the omadhaun wid a shafe of oats!"

The oats failed to budge the obstinate brute. The owner then resorted to lashing and kicking the beast, but all in vain.

Finally, a benevolent old gentleman suggested that a fire be built under the mule. A lad was accordingly sent to a neighboring carpenter shop for some shavings. The gossoon returned in haste with a sackful. They were placed on the ground under the mule, and a lighted match was applied. As the first feeble flame arose from the fire, the by-standers edged back. The smoke then began to curl about his legs. The mule unbent a little. The crowd were still moving back. Suddenly the old creature turned his head, took a calm survey of the situation, and when the shavings burst into a blaze, moved forward about five feet without any unnecessary haste, and stopped again. The fine cart and newly saved hay were damaged to the extent of fifteen pounds, before it occurred to anyone to scatter the blazing shavings.

Just then an old farmer, in a ragged suit and a broad-brimmed hat, strutted gaily up the field, and coming to the high-spirited mule, spoke kindly, rubbed his nose, patted him on the back, climbed into the well-scorched cart, and said, "Get along, Jenny!"

The mule moved off down the field in a little trot, with his head high in the air, just as if he had accomplished something wonderful.

Moral: It's a wise donkey that knows who his friends are!

JOSEPH L. MCINTYRE, '18.

The Meaning of the Flag.

(A Symposium by Students of the Second Year
High School Class).

Exordium.

BUT yesterday we were concerned with our own affairs: to-day we live for the nation. Our country is about to enter the great world war as the champion of free democratic government. A wave of glorious patriotism has swept through the length and breadth of the land. So we, as loyal Americans, meet here on this most auspicious occasion—to show our love and patriotism for our country, by unfurling to the breeze the national emblem, the Stars and Stripes. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. It is our little share in the great work that the nation is carrying on. We honor the flag because we love our land and believe in the cause in which our flag is unfurled. The flag of the United States of America, with its stars of faith and hope, its blue of energy, its red of brotherly love, and its white of peace and righteousness, expresses liberty, humanity, morality and might. It is the symbol of the highest, holiest, happiest home that liberty has ever known; the banner of the fairest, mightiest, noblest throne that justice has ever consecrated, and it shall ever be the emblem for heroic endeavor and patriotic sacrifices. May we ever strive to crown the flag with glory, to protect it from treason, and to send it down to posterity with all the blessings of civilization, liberty and religion.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, H. S., '19.

Our Flag, the Symbol of Union.

Our flag is the symbol of union. Every State in the Union is represented in the flag. And this seems to be the peculiarity of our glorious banner: that while it is a national ensign, a rallying point for the nation's cause, it gathers together in its symbolism each of the units represented in the nation. In this respect, it differs from other banners; it is not a combination of meaningless colors, but a gathering into one beautiful scheme of the elements expressed in our glorious title "The United States of America."

Our flag had its inception in union, its growth and glorification in the cause of union. In early Revolutionary days, when our sympathetic Mother Country sought to introduce divisions among us, the Congress of Confederation adopted for our army an ensign that aimed at once to express our hope for a single

nation, and our purpose to offer to foreign aggression the determined resistance inspired by belief in a common cause. Later in the history of the nation, our banner reached its culminating glory in the cause of union, when for the first time since its inception, it showed that it would have complete unity or none at all. The North, and those who sided with it, could have lived in unison under one government, but a unity without any exceptions was desired. This was accomplished by the Civil War, the supreme test of the Union. And now, as in the early days of the nation, our flag floats over an undivided country, and expresses by its very symbolism the self-same devotion to common ideals that built up in the modern world the most perfect of nations.

EDWARD J. CAYE, H. S., '19.

Our Flag, the Symbol of Freedom.

What a glorious emblem our flag is! It's very make-up is symbolic of a glorious sunburst, the rising of the new republic. Its pure white stripes, like beams of morning light, represent the pure cause of liberty, in which it has been unfurled. Its red stripes, significant of the first bright rays of the rising sun, typify the red blood of thousands of its brave followers, who died that it might still float over the land of the free. Its bright stars, on their background of blue, are like the glorious stars of Heaven bursting through the azure robe of night, and lighting the way for all nations to follow to liberty and freedom.

The history of our flag is the story of the triumph of freedom. The flag had its very origin in the cause of freedom, when it led the troops of the infant republic through the Revolution to final victory. It stood the test, when civil war threatened to disrupt the Union, and to make a separate nation of the dissenting states. It championed the cause of the downtrodden, when its brave followers freed Cuba from the hand of the oppressor. In the present crisis, it rises in its just might, as champion of freedom, against the power of autocracy backed by organized force. Never has "Old Glory" been forced to bow to tyranny; never has it been dragged in the dust by the oppressor; never, to the everlasting praise of the nation, can it be said that it has been carried into battle, to overawe or to crush the weak.

LEONARD V. WHEATLEY, H. S., '19.

Our Flag, the Symbol of Democracy.

The government for which our flag stands is a democracy. From the very beginning of the nation to the present time, popular rule has been supreme. The very basic principle underlying our original revolt from England was the idea of representative government. "Taxation without representation is tyranny" exclaimed the Fathers of the Republic, and in defense of this principle they laid down their lives. When the war was over, they set to work to make a constitution allowing freedom of speech, of worship, and of legislation. Their successors have built up the most unique government in the world, at once the pride of our own people and the wonder of other nations. "The great wheel of political revolution," says Webster, "began to move in America." America kindled the torch of democracy that in our day bids fair to illumine the path to free representative government for all mankind. At this moment we are engaged in a great war, testing in its final issue, the principle of democracy against old time autocratic power. Let us hope that the flag which we unfurl to-day, as believers in government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" may lead the van in this glorious combat for faith and freedom and democracy among the nations.

LEO P. DOOLEY, H. S., '19.

Peroration.

Students of Duquesne University: the flag that waves above us is the flag of union, of freedom, of patriotism, and of democracy. To-day the statesmen of our nation have decreed that this flag shall again be borne on the field of battle in its same sacred, historic cause. War is indeed a terrible, a disastrous thing; but "right is more precious than peace." Let us, then, in the name of our country's honor and our country's sacred ideals, do our share in this glorious combat. Let us fight as our forefathers fought, and our flag shall never fall beneath the tyrant's heel. Let us show again the spirit of '76 and '61. Let us fight as did the heroes at Bunker Hill and Monmouth and Saratoga. Let us defend the cause as did the boys in blue at Gettysburg, and in the Wilderness, and then our flag shall never fall.

There are very many ways in which we can help our country in this present crisis, and if we do all that we are able, and fight as our forefathers fought, I am positively certain that our country

will come out victorious, and that our flag will always float over "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Call to mind the meaning of the banner we raise to-day; recall its splendid history, its glorious mission; be prepared to make sacrifices on the altar of your country, and never forget that if our flag is good enough to live under, it is good enough to fight for.

JOHN L. IMHOF, H. S., '19.



Patriotism and Education.

(Valedictory)

WHEN we behold the maelstrom of slaughter which is unhappily engulfing so many nations, demolishing the achievements of centuries, yea, threatening the ruin and disintegration of civilization itself, we stand appalled at what must be the hardships imposed by it, the probable duration and final outcome of a struggle of such gigantic proportions. As a sequel to these unhappy developments we find our own beloved nation a participant in the war; and this fact brings home to every good citizen the significance and the importance of what is most essential to national life and happiness, namely, love of country.

To-day immense patriotic demonstrations are occurring throughout the land: at every angle we behold remarkable gatherings of generous patriots recalling once more the days of those men who wrought for us and bequeathed to us the priceless boon of freedom. The clarion call of the bugle, the steady march that is a response to it, the unfurling of the starry banner, betokening all that every American citizen holds dear,—all are demonstrations that should kindle the heart with patriotic pride.

The country's best patriots are its best educated citizens. It

is so now; it has been so always. Even in the earliest times, love of country and education were closely identified. It was through education that Greek patriotism reached its greatest perfection. Whether in Sparta or in Athens, the youth of Greece were taught that their paramount duty was to take part in the nation's councils, to pride themselves in its institutions and to defend it with their heart's blood in time of stress or danger. For the Romans, too, education possessed a similar patriotic significance. In the Medieval Age patriotism was still more deeply affected by education; for education, now founded on the principles and ideals of Christianity, rendered a Christian's duty toward his country also a sacred duty toward God.

Fascinating as history is in the exposition of truth, we need not confine our investigation to historical sources entirely to learn that education exercises an influence on patriotism. It follows from the very nature of education. The two are as cause and effect: true education germinates patriotism, and true patriotism thrives on education. It is reasonable and evident that whatever conduces to the peace and happiness of a nation, that blessing is to be perpetuated with the greatest zeal. But nothing save true education, that is, education based upon religion, can be productive of genuine patriotism, nothing a source of greater benefit to the individual, to the country and to society. Therefore it is imperative that a nation should perpetuate the source of so many benefits. And therefore Christian education has a vital bearing on the life of every individual as well as on the life of every nation.

I shall now endeavor to make clear my contention that education based on religion is the source of the purest patriotism. First, it aims to train and develop the qualities that underlie good citizenship, preeminently honesty and manliness. In this country of ours there is need of such character development, for the extermination of organized evil, for the elimination of corrupt office-holders and the suppression of corrupt laws. Again, Christian education, in its effects upon the mind, arouses in us a sense of charity and magnanimity, so that there need be no contradiction between love of country and love of a world-wide commonwealth of good men; and that the wrongs of a nation are to be annihilated rather than the nation itself; that the God-given rights of freedom and justice are to be honored and respected by all nations regardless of their power in the world. Thirdly, Christian education enables the mind to view love of country in

its most practical signification, not limiting it to a mere theory or to a vague subjective esteem; on the contrary, it enables the mind to view love of country as a noble virtue that is acquired and perfected by the exercise of those duties that are incumbent upon every citizen.

I ask, therefore: in time of peace or war, what can be a greater asset to a nation than an education such as we have acquired? During the past four years our *Alma Mater* has bent her energies toward equipping us with what will make us the very best Americans. In the education we have received at her gracious hands Divine Providence has bestowed upon us an inestimable treasure. And now that we are about to enter the broad arena of life, let us with a feeling of pride and gratitude often contemplate the lessons we have learned. Let us cherish a love for the precepts of wisdom and truth which our devoted professors have endeavored to inculcate in our minds. And most of all, let us cultivate with a great zeal the principles which our *Alma Mater* has ever taught as the foundations of character. Comrades, we shall not offer these weak words alone as an expression of our deep appreciation, but we shall endeavor to show it in our lives.

Fellow graduates: the time of our parting has at length arrived. From the first days of our college life, it was with a feeling of singular happiness that we looked forward to this night. But now the day is far spent, the night comes on apace; and as each fleeting moment passes, as on a gentle wind myriads of fond recollections are borne in upon our hearts; but these transports are intermingled with sighs of regret, as comes the insistent thought that we must sever the cords which for so many years have bound us together. To our beloved *Alma Mater*, to our esteemed professors, to the undergraduates, we must bid a fond adieu—and to one another now, in the sweetest of verses, must we say the saddest of words,

Farewell! a word that must be and hath been
A sound that makes us linger—yet—farewell.

CHARLES J. DEASY, B. A., '17.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

'Seventeen to 'Eighteen.

WITH sentiments that are as varied and as contradictory as they could well be, we attempt to write our last editorials. We took up the work with trepidation; we pursued it with ever-growing pleasure; we lay it down with the satisfaction of having realized at least some of our dreams. Our successors will plan as we did: we hope their plans will be generous, their purpose steadfast, their success unfailing. If in our work they can find aught to inspire them to nobler things in college journalism, we shall be happy indeed.

Staff of '18, we salute you, and into your hands commend the destinies of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY!



The Year's End.

CERTAINLY the old school on the Bluff never saw a school-year end as strangely as this one did. There was practically no baseball on the campus since Easter. Noon-hour games and team-practice were given over for daily military maneuvers. Ball-togs disappeared for khaki, and in place of gloves and bats the boys shouldered twenty-seven-pound Springfield rifles. Where the cries of the fans and the yells of the rooters once resounded, now only the stern commands of drill-sergeants and the occasional call of the bugle were heard. One after another, students slipped off quietly to enlist, and letters informed those left behind that Uncle Sam had found places for them at Erie, Eagle Pass, or Cheyenne. Even the commencement

had a warlike atmosphere. There was something ominous in the music, when one recognized the old airs of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," and "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "The Vacant Chair." And, utterly breaking away from tradition, the orators spoke not of the things of the mind and the arts of peace, but of the services of brain and brawn and blood, rendered and to be rendered to our country in time of war.

We came to school that we might develop into good men, useful men, leaders of other men in all that is highest and best. Has *Alma Mater* changed her policy? Does she wish us to turn our energies toward destruction; to employ them in pulling down all that we have hitherto held sacred and holy? God forbid! But she knows that our country has entered into a war not of her own choosing,—a war against militarism—a war against war. She knows that the outcome must be the triumph of right. But she wants us to do our part that this consummation may be speedily reached, without the excessive sacrifices that would accompany a dilatory or inefficient participation in the conflict.

Light of limb and immature of mind though we be, every one of us, God helping, shall do his part!



Shadows.

JUNE and verdant hillsides, cerulean skies and balmy breezes, cast a spell of tranquillity over our spirits, and arouse us to the charms of nature's beauty. As to one relieved of doubt and depression long-continued, to us comes a sense of ethereal lightness and buoyancy. The faculties find solace in the enjoyment of their several objects; in nature they have the panacea for every ill.

As our eye feasts on some natural picture of wooded vale or flowery glen, we are conscious that its beauty lies not so much in the variety and blending of colors as in the play of light and shade, rounding and softening each bold, uniform mass of verdure; heightening the contrasts between the long green monotonies of the endless forest; enhancing the infinitely delicate tints of flower-strewn upland and blossoming glade. Little pleasure, indeed, can the eye derive from masses of solid color without a shadow to break its sameness. The whole man craves for variation and change.

What shadows are to nature, sorrows are to humanity.

Sorrows come to all, and great is he that understands the beauty and richness that they contribute to life. Have we not all remarked "the sweetness and abiding light" in the heart of a fellowman that has known suffering and has borne it nobly? And have we not witnessed their hopeless absence in him who has been surfeited with prosperity and long contentment? Sorrows chasten the proud spirit; the self-centered they render generous; the irresponsible they steady and sober; the frivolous they stir to nobler ambitions and achievements. They are the shadows in the picture that enhance what is of value in character, and make its beauties stand forth revealed.

From the crucible of suffering every one emerges more human than he entered, and, let us add, more God-like, too. For was not the most perfect of men, the King of Men, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"?

Disappointments, disillusion, pain, failure,—these are the shadows of life. And one day, when we at last arrive at wisdom, we shall thank the Arbiter of our destinies, not only for the blessed sunlight that he has flooded our lives with, but also for the shadows that filled the spaces between.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Commencement. 1917

ON Tuesday evening, June 19, in the presence of an audience that filled every seat in Soldiers' Memorial Hall, Duquesne University held its thirty-ninth annual commencement. The decorations of the hall, the music by the orchestra, and the speeches of the graduates were all of a patriotic character. John J. McDonough pointed out that the Catholic Church has been, from the foundation of the United States down to the present day, the advocate and promoter of democratic principles; James L. Brady showed how efficient legislation can help our country in its present crisis, and Henry J. Gelm answered the question, "How Can I Serve My Country?" showing how every

man, woman and child, can aid in the various spheres of activity the circumstances of the war have thrust upon us. The valedictorian, C. J. Deasy, honor graduate, emphasized the importance of religious education as the handmaid of patriotism.

In all, sixty-nine diplomas were awarded: The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Right Rev. Monsignor S. J. Gorzynski, Very Rev. John J. Otten, C. S. Sp., and the Honorable James B. Drew.

The degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred on Rev. W. S. Healy, C. S. Sp., and Clinton E. Lloyd.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on H. J. Gelm, W. C. Heimbuecher, Sister M. J. Keenan, Rev. F. A. Retka, Sister M. P. Richards, H. J. Schmitt, Sister M. Smith, Rev. L. J. Zindler.

The degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred on W. L. Austen, J. P. Baker, J. L. Brady, J. A. Burns, C. A. Davis, J. M. Gallagher, R. F. Hunter, M. F. McManus, J. R. McNary, J. R. O'Keefe.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on C. J. Deasy, T. A. Drengacz, I. V. Kennedy, J. A. Kirkbride, N. J. Koch, F. C. Maley, J. J. McDonough, N. J. Popow, F. C. Streiff, J. J. Sullivan, Leo J. Zitzman.

The degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science was conferred on J. R. Donoghue, L. J. Drozynski, C. E. Eyler, A. G. Gloekler, J. J. Hewitt, J. E. Monteverde, A. F. Sanderbeck, F. G. Weigle.

Diplomas for Stenography were awarded to C. G. Haendler, W. M. Hock, S. L. Hohman, A. M. Kuhn, L. L. McManus, J. J. Murphy, E. F. O'Connell, M. F. Obruba, H. R. Teese.

Diplomas for Accountancy were awarded to H. H. Bickar, H. R. Burdelski, J. P. Carmody, J. F. Donnelly, I. J. Doody, R. G. Henne, J. B. Hudock, A. M. Kuhn, E. S. McGinnis, R. C. Merkel, L. H. Mosurak, J. C. Pearce, J. J. Sedley, L. P. Snyder, L. H. Sweterlis, F. T. Zamaria.

In addition to the medals awarded to the graduates—C. J. Deasy, F. C. Streiff, J. J. McDonough, H. R. Teese, and R. C. Merkel, Silver Medals for Elocution were awarded to K. A. Leopold, L. H. Brandl and S. P. Balcerzak; and Gold Medals for Religion and Oratory were awarded to W. J. Turley and T. C. Brown.

In three English essay contests, cash prizes were awarded to J. J. McDonough, \$25.00; J. E. Monteverde, \$25.00; D. J. Mulvihill, \$10.00.

Before conferring the diplomas on the graduates, the Very Rev. President, Dr. Hehir, spoke as follows:—

The exercises of this evening bring to a close the school year of 1916-'17. Early this morning we had solemn services in the University chapel, at which the under-graduates and graduates received the Bread of the Strong, to prepare them for the holidays and the great battle of life. In the forenoon, Honor Certificates were given to those who passed with distinction in the respective classes and departments during the past ten months. This evening we reserve for the honor men and graduates of the year.

I have the pleasure to announce an increase in the number of students in all the departments of the University. During the year we registered some 1100 students, making our institution the third largest in enrollment in the city, and making it the first as an institution of the people, for the people, and especially supported by the people, dependent on the mere tuition parents pay for their sons, not built up or maintained by any millionaire, not overburdened by rich endowments, and, so far, not helped or maintained by State funds, so lavishly appropriated to other less deserving educational institutions.

On this occasion I wish to direct the attention of all here present to recommendations of the United States Government to educational institutions. On May 5th, at the call of President Wilson, 180 college and university men met in Washington, and on May 11th, 30 representatives of Pennsylvania colleges and universities met in Gettysburg. We discussed various questions but principally the duties and responsibilities of educational institutions in the present crisis, and the following resolutions embody what parents and college faculties have to bear in mind:

"In view of the serious need in the near future for men broadly educated, capable of solving the great problems, spiritual and intellectual, that will arise in this country, we believe that students in our colleges of liberal arts should continue where possible throughout their courses of study, and that all young men who can avail themselves of the opportunities offered by our colleges should be urged to enter.

"We believe further that in consideration of the importance of science and knowledge in the present war, students pursuing technical courses such as medicine, chemistry, agriculture and engineering, as also students of Divinity, are rendering or are to render, through the continuance of their training, services equally as valuable as those they might offer if they were at once to enroll in military or naval service."

In accordance with these resolutions we have urged our students to continue their studies, but, at the same time, we have enrolled them in the Red Cross Society; we have listed them for garden and farm work; we have organized two companies who take regular military training on the College campus, and already some 40 University men have enlisted or are prepared for commissions. During the past few months things look so military and warlike on the Bluff that, as an old timer there and as a lover of peace, I would strongly recommend certain gentlemen of whom we read a few years ago, but of whom we hear nothing now, the searchers of firearms in the basements of churches, not to visit the basement of the University chapel without a safe escort, as 200 modern rifles are carefully kept there by our two military companies.

Of the many sad consequences of the present war, the most destructive ever waged, there are few things that cause more alarm than the closing of institutions of learning in European countries during the past three years. Practically all the colleges, seminaries and universities of Europe have been closed; hundreds of thousands of students and professors have been killed; it will take generations to place transatlantic schools where they were in 1914. In this respect, more than in others, shall we here in America be called upon to help the Old World to restore education, civilization and Christianity, which have got such a setback by the present uncalled for and unjustifiable war of nations.

Hence the necessity to keep up our schools, and especially to keep them thoroughly Christian. Some European countries failed in this; they turned their backs on God; they drove Christ out of the schools—scientific schools seemed sufficient for them. We see the results in the most barbarous destruction of temples, cities and men ever seen in this world; in the tottering of governments which prided themselves most in their secular and technical schools.

Let us here in America learn a lesson from the countries of the Old World; let us get rid of a false idea that is abroad, that is common among most of our people—that the American schools and colleges should be unchristian and should not teach religion. True history teaches us the very contrary. The early settlers believed in Christian training. In New England the schoolmaster was a theologian, usually the minister, and the schoolmistress was his wife. The New England magazine of

1893 tells us that the schools were Christian in 1789, and that the patriots of Massachusetts professed Christian virtues to be necessary for the existence of the State. The Dutch and English settlers of New York taught religion in the schools and gave lands for gospel and school purposes. And so it was all over the country. In 1806, the trustees of St. Peter's Catholic School in New York got a State appropriation to maintain their school. Some 50 years ago, William H. Seward, the leader of the Republican party, sustained Archbishop Hughes in his fight for Christian education. The idea of a school without religion would not be tolerated by Americans of Washington's time. Foreign Masonry, imported infidelity and home bigotry of some religious sects have weakened the love of the American people for the Christian school.

That was the school in which Washington and his soldiers had studied. Washington the gentleman, the patriot, the Christian, considered religious education necessary to the stability of the State. Let us love to read the immortal words of his Farewell Address, in which he declared that "religion and morality are indispensable supports of political prosperity, of human happiness; that there can be no morality without religion, no national morality without religious principles; that religion is the foundation of the fabric of a popular and free government."

ADDRESS BY THE RT. REV. J. F. R. CANEVIN, D. D.,
Bishop of Pittsburgh.

It must be evident to everyone here that Duquesne University represents a system of education different from the systems of merely secular schools. Duquesne University is striving to maintain an ideal; and striving to maintain that ideal under great difficulties and at heroic sacrifices.

The paramount question which perplexes thoughtful minds in the United States in this twentieth century, is not political, social, or economic; it is educational—how best to educate the rising generation; for all agree that education, to be a benefit to the individual and useful to society, must be in harmony with man's nature and destiny. Education ought to be a growth and development of the whole man, according to his nature, that he may attain the end of his being. True education, therefore, is the full and symmetrical development of body and soul, mind, heart, and will; and the right guidance of man in the way of duty, with the view of leading man to completeness of life. To educate man,

as man, is to draw forth, cultivate, strengthen, train and direct all the powers and faculties that God has given him. It takes into account the present and future, the temporal and eternal; and no process of human development that does not thus take into account the whole existence of man, can claim to be philosophical, complete, or desirable.

To have moral growth and strength in a nation, the schools must not only instruct the intellect in human science; they must inculcate moral principles, form upright characters, and build human wills strong in justice and reverent in obedience to authority, if we are to be rescued from the prevailing vices of American society; vices that are increasing year after year, as is evident from the thousands of criminals and delinquents that are crowding prisons and reformatories, and winning for us a bad prominence before the world. Dishonesty is everywhere evident. In murder and suicides we rank highest among civilized nations. Divorce is undermining the social fabric, by destroying reverence for marriage and the purity and stability of the home. The sanctity of marriage as a divine institution, is publicly desecrated by the lust of free love and the lechery of birth restriction and race suicide—crimes that outrage the laws of nature and degrade the marriage contract to the depth of licensed prostitution. The old-time salutary respect for authority is growing weaker every day in the home, in the school, and in public life. The avarice, greed, and injustice of those who control trade, wages, and food, are pressing the poorer classes to pauperism and driving many to seek relief in the dreams of socialism.

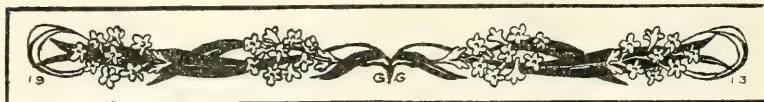
There is something wanting in the education of a people when there are so many and so great failures in life. Many parents and teachers neglect moral development and proceed as though mere intellectual training were sufficient to form virtuous men and women and patriotic citizens. The necessity of moral training is not recognized at all in some of the higher schools and universities; or, if it is recognized, the faculties depend on "ethical culture", "independent morality", or "non-sectarian moral culture", by which is meant some vague theory of morality without religion, or without any definite creed. It demands something stronger than "independent morality", or "non-sectarian moral culture", to sustain human nature in the storms of fierce temptation and hold men and women in honesty, purity, and truth; or to save a nation from decay and degradation. Knowledge is one thing, virtue is another. Education without

religion may produce a mathematician or a chemist, it cannot make a Christian. "Quarry the granite rock with razors or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may we hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passions and the pride of man."

Richly endowed institutions and foundations that aim at the secularization of education are a peril to the State. They are based on the false principle of naturalism, and on the supposition that morality can exist without religion. Man needs divine light and law. If there is a duty of self-restraint, or an ethical duty of any kind to be done, there must be back of it a religious truth to be learned, so that morality in action and truth in religion are inseparable. Without religion there is no such thing as fixed principles of morality. Ignore religion, and the power that sustains and the authority that sanctions all laws of human conduct are wanting. To exclude religion from education is to exclude morality from life. Morality means duty; morality means obligation. The reason why we are bound to be moral at all, or why some actions are designated as good and some as bad, cannot be determined or taught without religion. Moral duty is a law which binds the conscience, and the source and sanction of that law is God. There is then no morality or obligation to obey conscience without religion, which teaches us the existence and the revelation of God and the obedience which we owe to Him, our Supreme Law-giver and Judge.

To exclude religion from the schools of a nation means to exclude religion from the life of a nation. A religious people can never come from unreligious schools. When the religious principles of reverential obedience to civil rulers, because they rule in God's name, are gone, disloyalty, sedition, and rebellion become legitimate whenever expedient; and the beginning of the decay of reverence for authority in civil and social life may easily be traced to schools and the family circle. The good or evil of a nation has its origin in the homes and schools of the people, and homes and schools rest upon education. The father of our country recognized these great truths and, in his farewell address to the American people, spoke the memorable and familiar words: "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles. Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be

maintained without religion." Daniel Webster expressed the same idea in stronger language: "It is idle, it is a mockery and an insult to common sense, to maintain that a school for the instruction of youth from which Christian instruction by Christian teachers is sedulously and rigorously shut out, is not deistical and infidel both in its purpose and tendencies. This scheme of education is derogatory to Christianity, because it proceeds upon the presumption that the Christian religion is not the only true foundation, or any necessary foundation, of morals."



THE COMING CRUSADE.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS, this message is addressed to you. The "Mission Crusade Bureau," which is in charge of a committee of students, was established for the exclusive purpose of inducing and helping the students of our Catholic colleges and seminaries *to organize in the interests of the propagation of our holy Faith at home and abroad.* For this end it is planned to inaugurate a *vigorous crusade*, after the opening of the new school term, next September. The Bureau believes that it needs your advice and assistance. We would therefore like to have your answer to the following questions mailed to us as soon as convenient:

1. Do you think that the students of our Catholic colleges and seminaries should take more interest in our home and foreign missions? Why?

2. Do you think our Catholic students, as a body, could contribute more than they do at present, to the work of propagating our Faith? How?

3. Can you assign any reason why *American* Catholic students should take a special interest in mission work?

4. Do you favor introducing mission clubs, mission study classes, etc., in our institutions?

5. How could a mission society in an institution such as yours achieve the best results?

6. A sufficiently large number being established, do you think they would gain by *federation*? Why?

7. How would you answer the objection that our schools already have a sufficient number of clubs and societies?

8. Could you suggest any method whereby the existing clubs and sodalities could be made to co-operate in the interest of the missions?

9. How can this Students' Mission Crusade be made to achieve the greatest success? Please give your suggestions freely.

It is not necessary that one alone should answer all these questions. It would be an excellent idea for a number of students to club together, each taking one or more of the questions and thoroughly studying them before answering.

Next September the Bureau will issue a bulletin giving the consensus of opinion extracted from the replies to the above questions. This bulletin will be given wide circulation.

The "Mission Crusade Bureau" hereby declares that its exclusive aim is to *promote the mission interests of the Catholic Church in general* and not of any one particular society or congregation. It will confine its endeavors to inducing Catholic students to do *something* for the missions, maintaining complete indifference as to which particular corner of Our Lord's vineyard profits more from it. Indeed, it hopes to effect that no part of that vineyard may be entirely neglected.

The Bureau is merely a provisional institution to serve as a central agency for student missionary activities. As soon as the movement is well under way, it will gracefully retire to make way for one of a more permanent character. Till that time, however, the "Mission Crusade Bureau" wishes to be considered entirely at the service of those interested in the promotion of the glorious cause of the missions in our Catholic colleges and seminaries.

As a parting word, the Bureau would bid the kind reader not to allow "wars and rumors of wars" to divert his attention from the proposition set forth on this paper. Though the world should totter on its foundations, we cannot lose sight of the cause of Christ. There shall never be lasting peace on earth till all the sheep have been brought into the one fold under the one Supreme Shepherd. Four-fifths of all mankind are still outside the true fold. Aren't you willing to go to a little trouble to help some poor stray sheep find the way in?

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